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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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LOOK...

PHOTOPLAY

Your April issue will be on sale at your newsstand—March 8

March 1956

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Cover: Color portraits of Shirley Jones, star of 20th's "Carousel," by Powolny; Rory Calhoun, seen in U-I's "Red Sundown," by Bernard; Marisa Pavan, co-starring in M-G-M's "Diane," by Christa. Other color picture credits on page 98.

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MARCH 1956

VOL. 49, NO. 3

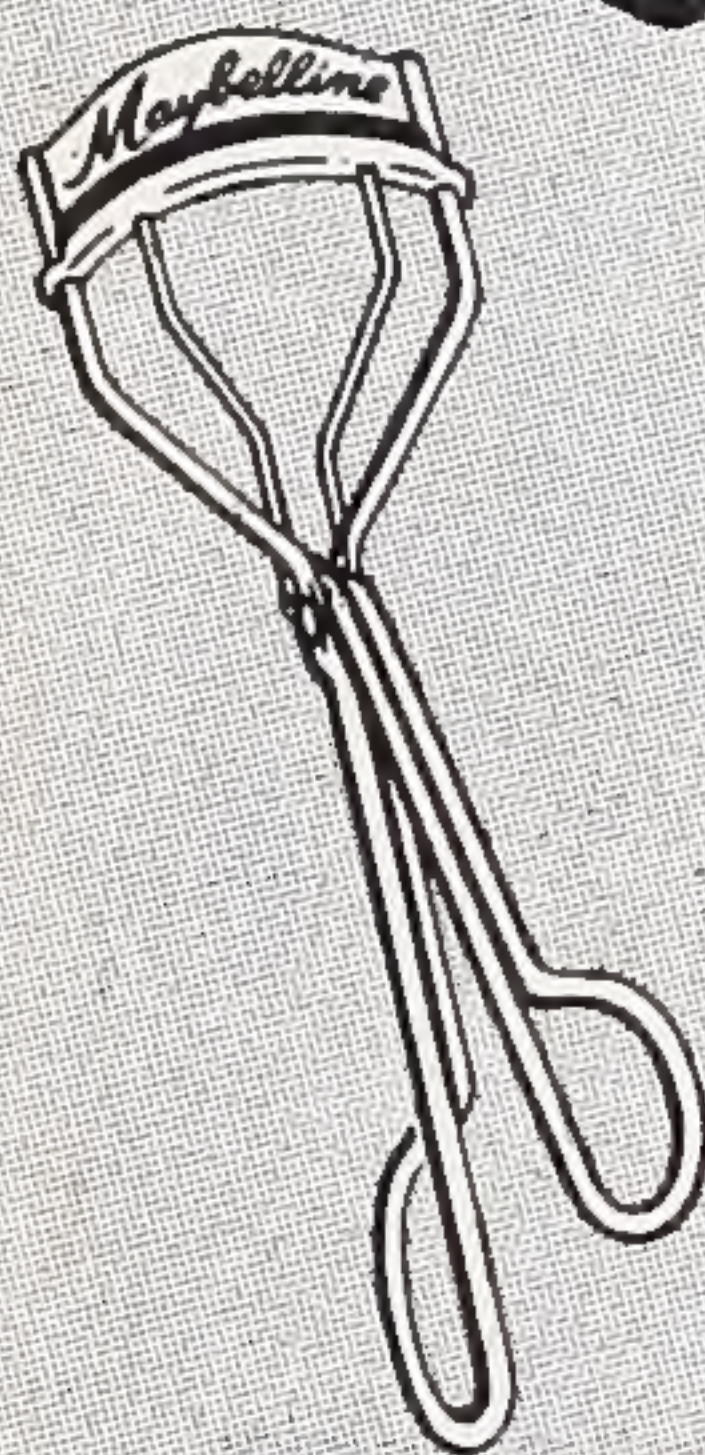


PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions. Canada \$2.50 one year. \$4.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President. Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1956 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

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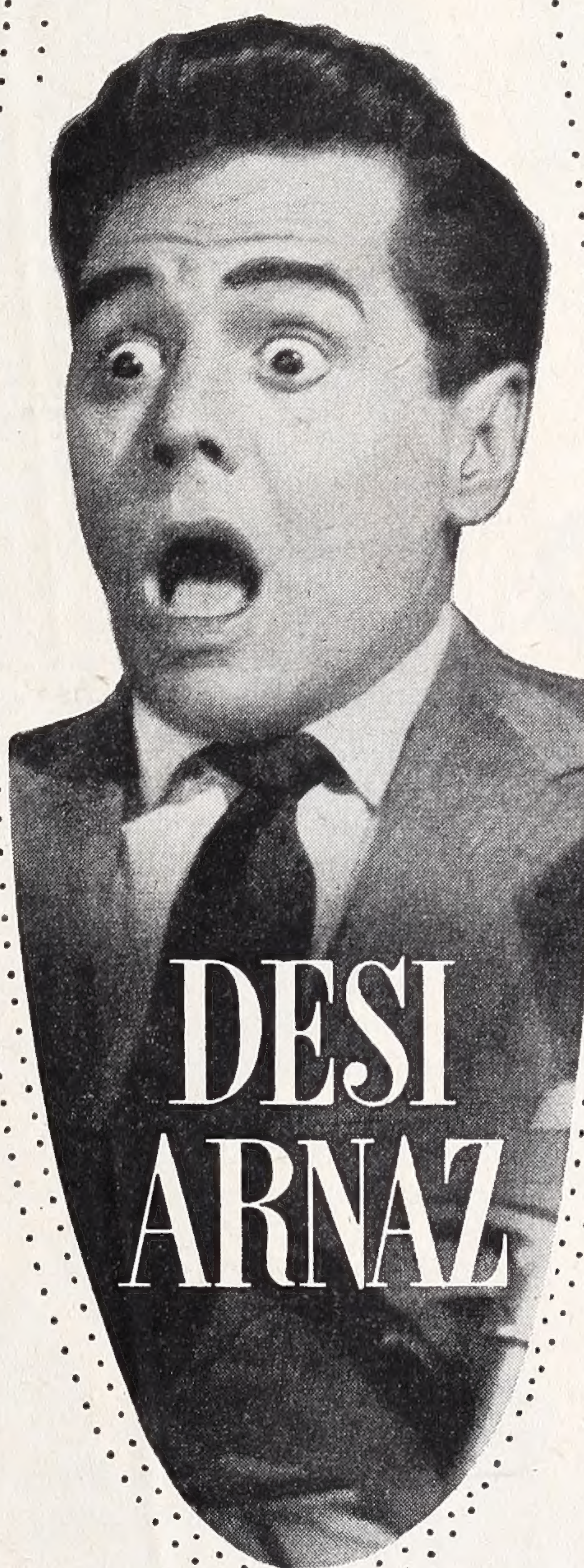
Lucy goes
to the movies
and dreams she's
a violent vamp!

Desi takes
her on a camp-
ing trip, funniest
ever filmed!

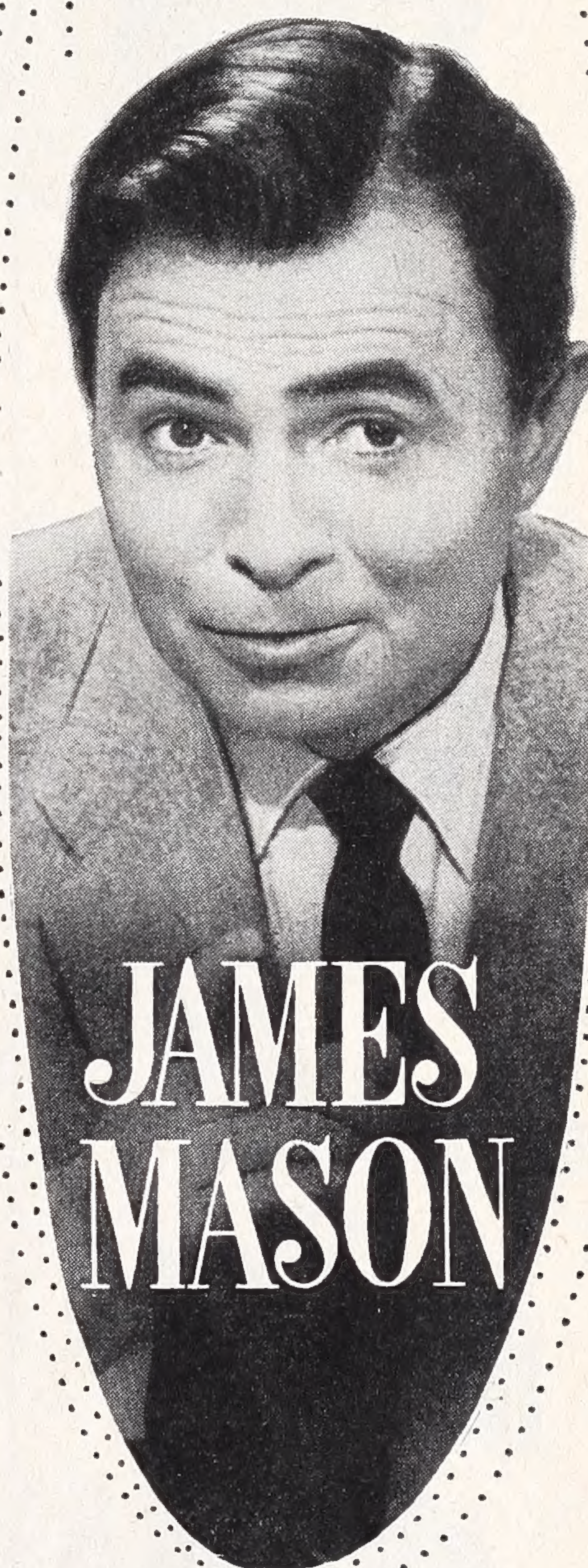
He turns up
at the most
embarrassing
moments!



LUCILLE
BALL



DESI
ARNAZ



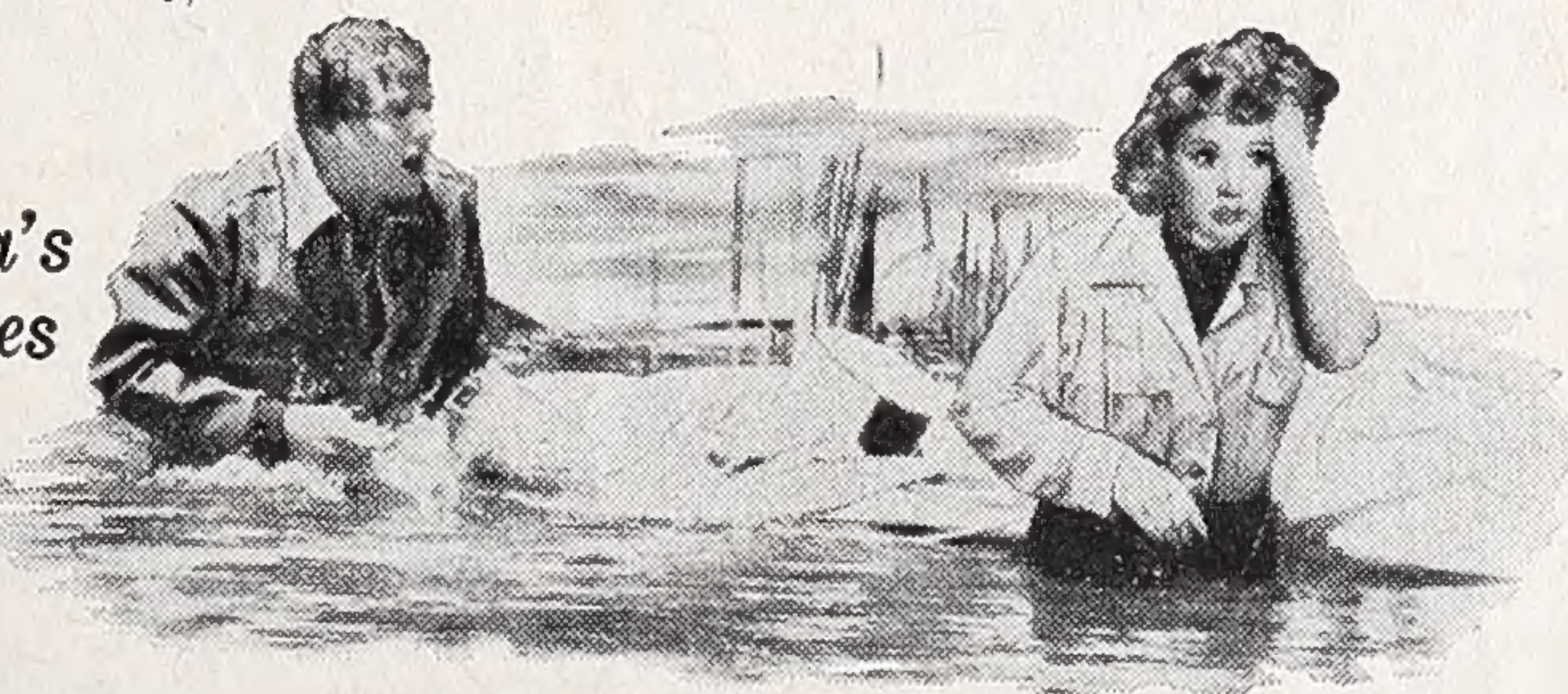
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Betty's BLUE

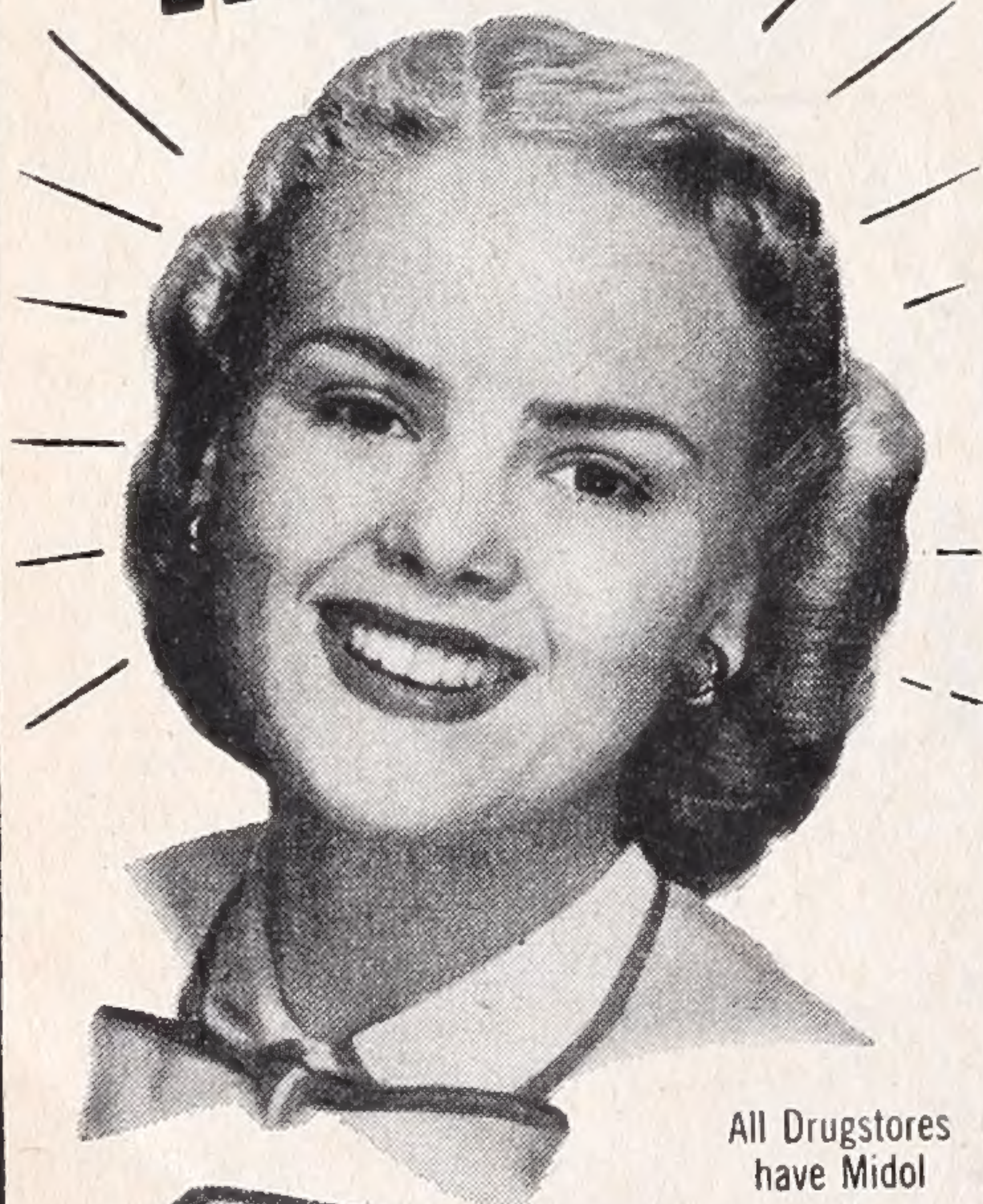


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Mama wore a stole but Liberace stole the show in white sheared-beaver coat!

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'd say Eddie Fisher is showing a lot more warm-hearted humor since his marriage. Maybe some of it rubbed off from Debbie. . . . At a party, Leslie Caron always looks as if she weren't invited, even when she's the hostess. . . . Vic Damone continues to puzzle me. He's just on the other side of the thin line from being a big hit in movies and records. . . . I wonder if Phyllis Gates Hudson approves of the name Rock. Knowing Phyllis, my answer to those movie mags preparing stories entitled "Will Marriage Spoil Rock Hudson?", my answer is No! . . . Whenever any movie boasts it's a "behind the scenes story," I become suspicious. . . . If you asked me (and I'm aware you didn't), Sophia Loren's real name is Sofia Scicolone. . . . Gary Cooper on the stand in "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell" reminds me of Cooper on the stand in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Only this time, Coop takes the stand with a historic purpose. . . . TV gives you a chance to prove you were right about a lot of people who were unjustly pushed around and out of the movies. Latest example: Phil Silvers. . . . Observing a famous dog and mule who were very friendly on a set between takes, I'd say this is a town in which only the animals get along the way human beings should.

Mickey Rooney is himself—wearing glasses and barking objections—on a local TV show called *Juke Box Jury*. . . . I have more than a suspicion that Marlon Brando wants to return to the Broadway stage. . . . Why isn't Lena Horne making a movie? Why! . . .

Oscar's song—I'll bet it wins—is "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing." . . . I wonder if Joan Crawford ever thinks back to the days when she was struggling to be accepted at Pickfair. . . . Whenever Rod Steiger wants to show his appreciation, he presents the person with: 1) a book of poetry; or 2) a special recording of waves breaking and rolling onto the sand. This record is great for lulling you to sleep. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor will tell you that this is a town where the most happily married couples are the ones who are separated.

I wonder if Frank Sinatra would be as great if he hadn't been torching for Ava. Also, I wonder if the fame is worth the torch. . . . Howard Keel is a nice guy and an excellent singer, but somehow he doesn't send me. . . . Despite her milk-and-honey appearance, I'm willing to wager that Shirley Jones knows the score. . . . Marlene Despite her milk-and-honey appearing a spy in a movie. . . . Grace Kelly always looks as if she's playing Grace Kelly. . . . George Dubrow says that Hollywood is a place where they think

Continued

Watching Eddie, Sidney wonders if Deb's sense of humor is catching



HEAR! HEAR!

It's

**DANNY
KAYE**

in the king-sized
comedy of this
or any year!



You'll roar at Danny as Royal diaper
changer to the pint-sized king!

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co-starring

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BASIL RATHBONE
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CECIL PARKER

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SONGS!

Baby Let
Me Take You
Dreaming

Life Could Not
Better Be

The Maladjusted
Jester

Out Fox
The Fox
and others!



Words and Music by Sylvia Fine and Sammy Cahn·Written, Produced and Directed by NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK



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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

Continued

they're doing you a favor when they let you do them a favor. . . . I thought Lori Nelson and Gene Nelson would make a fine romantic couple. I guess it's the same last name that misled me. At this typewriter sitting, it's Gene Nelson and Piper Laurie—a daily double I never would have selected. (I'm honest; I admit it.) . . . There's no middle-road feeling toward Anna Magnani. You either think she's the greatest or that she hams it up. . . . I don't think there should be a movie season which doesn't feature a picture with Katharine Hepburn. . . . Description of Sheree North's dancing: She shakes until you get tired. . . . Mamie Van Doren is a glamour girl I never thought I'd see develop into a mother. She is doing it gracefully, too. The other day she told some friends: "I'm expecting twins. It must be two, I feel so pregnant." . . . Audrey Hepburn can greet visiting royalty with the air of a princess, or do a great imitation of Jerry Lewis for her friends. Jerry caught a bit of it and howled. . . . Mr. Lewis says this is a town where you're a big man when you can not only toss your weight around, but also have a masseuse to do it for you.

Susan Hayward is "the \$64,000 question" as far as I'm concerned. . . . Why is it that every time I watch Perry Como on TV, I'm reminded of Bing Crosby? This isn't anything against Como, whom I like. . . . I wish some movie or TV producer would give Charlie Chaplin, Jr. a chance in an important role. Charlie, Jr. is a good performer, and his famous name shouldn't be held against him. . . . Mike Curtiz, attesting to the character of a starlet, remarked: "She'd tell you the truth, even if she had to lie to do it."

I wonder if Liberace signs his letters "Sincerely Yours." . . . Gregory Peck looks as if he's trying to decide whether

to tell you something or not. . . . In my opinion, Kim Novak gives her best performance to date in "The Man with the Golden Arm." . . . No matter how many openings, premieres, parties or what-have-yous Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman, attend, the announcer has to be informed who Paul Brinkman is. . . . At a dinner party given by Arthur Loew, Jr., Marlon Brando was seated opposite his look-alike, Paul Newman. The two got along fine; no comment was made of the fact that they act, as well as look, alike. . . . Tab Hunter always looks and sounds as if he had just run up a flight of stairs. . . . How many new



They make a handsome and happy pair. Rock and new bride Phyllis

faces of last month can you recall? . . . When you see "Around the World in Eighty Days," you're going to be treated to a full-screen close-up of Marlene Dietrich's legs—in that big Todd-AO process. . . . Tom Jenks says in this town, when an actress is described as a good housekeeper, it means every time she gets divorced she keeps the house. That's Hollywood for you.



Kudos for Kim, shown lunching with her mother in the Pump Room of Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel

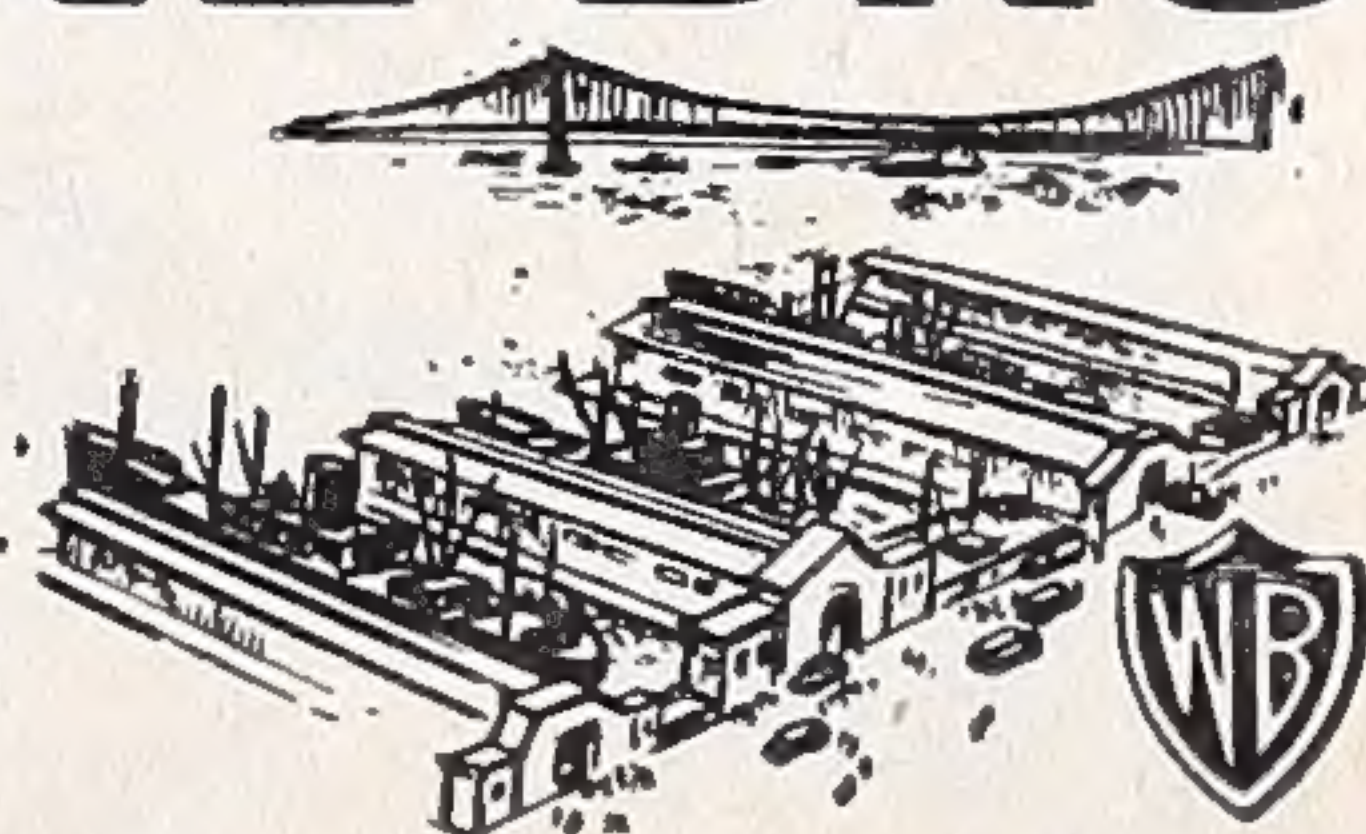


**TIME WAS
RUNNING OUT
FOR
STEVE ROLLINS-
AND SO
WERE HIS
FRIENDS!**

Those *were* his fingerprints on the gun—those *weren't* his fingerprints on his wife! The story of a man—his pride—his anger—and the vengeance that turned into hell on the dock! **ALAN LADD** and **EDW. G. ROBINSON** and **JOANNE DRU**
"HELL ON FRISCO BAY"

Actually filmed on the San Francisco bay-front in **CINEMASCOPE** and WarnerColor—from Warner Bros.

with WILLIAM DEMAREST · PAUL STEWART · PERRY LOPEZ · FAY WRAY Screen Play by SIDNEY BOEHM and MARTIN RACKIN A JAGUAR Production Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Presented by WARNER BROS. Music by Max Steiner



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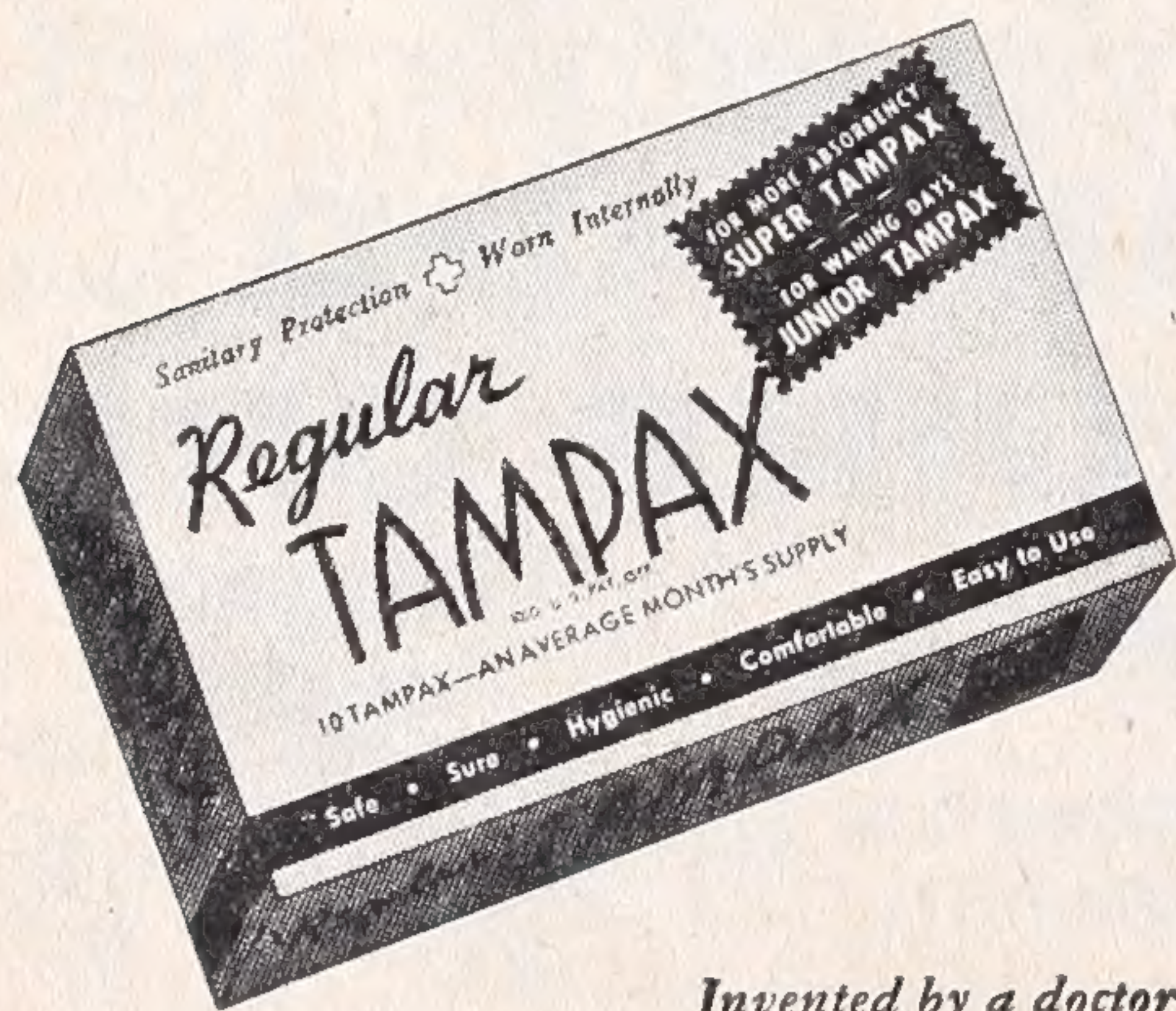
to your poise when it's "time-of-the-month" for you. Use Tampax internal sanitary protection. It's completely invisible when in place; you have no fears of telltale bulges or edge-lines. And even your uncertainty about the possibility of odor vanishes. Tampax positively prevents odor from forming!

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now used by millions of women

READERS INC...



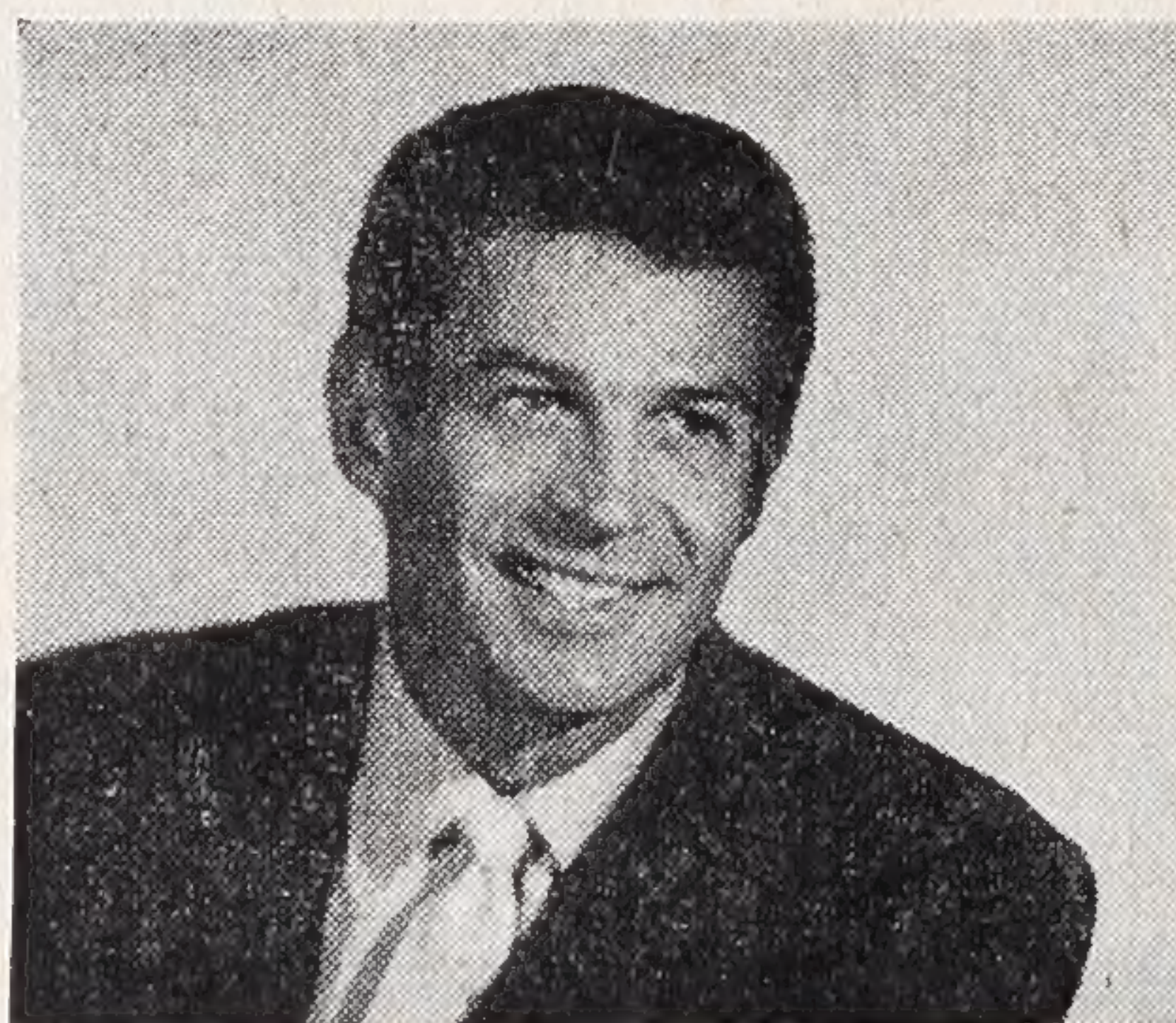
SOAP BOX:

I have just seen "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" and thought it was the most magnificent picture that I have seen in a long time.

I can't understand why William Holden didn't include Jennifer Jones as being one of his super-charmers.

To me, she is more professional than any other actress. I sincerely hope they will make many more pictures together.

MARLENE DAVISSON
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Some royal praise for George

Before the arrival of George Nader in Hollywood, I was beginning to fear that there would be no one to assume Clark Gable's role of "King" in the years to come, but now there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind.

This guy Nader has what it takes, and then some! Good looks, remarkable talent, overwhelming sex appeal.

After seeing "Six Bridges To Cross" and "Lady Godiva," I am convinced that here is a guy to watch. I predict great things in the future for our Mr. Nader.

So, move over Clark Gable, Tony Curtis, Tab Hunter and Marlon Brando, and make room for the new "King"... George Nader.

MARY ANNE CHANDLER
Aiken, South Carolina

I am very disappointed in many of the Cowboy-and-Indian movies that are made. Why must the Indians always be the losers, when actually they won a great many of the battles with the white men? Why can't the movie industry tell the truth once in a while?

It seems to me that whenever the white hero fights with the Indian chief or the chief's son, he wins all the time. I'm sure that white people would go crazy if the Indians were the ones who always won. Recently I saw a picture called "Massacre Valley," one of the worst I've ever seen. It was so unbelievable that the audience just sat and laughed at it. One scene in particular showed two men behind a wagon, shooting all the Indians as though they were ducks in a pond. Spending money and time making this kind of movie is senseless.

A plea to the movie industry: If you plan on making any more pictures like this one, please don't say that the Indians were Sioux. The Sioux are one of the proudest and bravest tribes in America. I, myself, am a Sioux, and I'm proud of it.

I am sure every other Indian in America feels the same way I do.

LA VAN KING
Scottsbluff, Nebraska

I have just read your December issue of PHOTOPLAY and would like to give three cheers for Margaret O'Brien in speaking her piece on juvenile delinquency.

I am seventeen and am constantly defending myself and other teenagers against unfair criticism because I feel as Margaret does. Just because a comparative few get into trouble is no reason to condemn all teenagers.

We feel that we are old enough to know right from wrong. I'm sure that if older people would just give us a chance, we could prove our point.

So, many thanks to Margaret O'Brien for sticking up for us.

MARILYN ST. CIN
Sacramento, California

I have about six or seven scrapbooks containing pictures and stories about June Allyson. Unless I find someone who would like to have them, I intend to burn them, since they are only collecting dust. I am sure some fan club would be interested since I started them at the beginning of June's career. I would be glad to share mailing expenses.

DELORES K. DEISLER
Olympia, Washington

In spite of her outstanding success as the "Marty" girl, Betsy Blair has the wonderful humility to refer to herself as "plain Betsy."

In my opinion, no other actress has so expressive a face as Miss Blair, and because of this she deserves the title "Most Beautiful Actress" instead.

The chance to direct the photography of such an intelligent, sensitive face must be an artist's dream assignment.

VICTOR HOLTAN
San Francisco, California



Betsy's a beauty, says fan

CASTING:

I read *Marjorie Morningstar* by Herman Wouk. It is a marvelous book and would make an excellent movie, in my opinion. As a cast I'd suggest: Kirk Douglas as Noel; Lucy Marlow as Marjorie; John Ericson as Wally.

FAITH WARRINGTON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have just finished reading *Star Money* by Kathleen Winsor. I enjoyed it very much and think it would make a wonderful movie starring Dorothy Malone as Shereen Delaney; Glenn Ford as Ed Farrell; Michael Rennie as Dallas, and Guy Madison as Johnnie.

GWEN TATMAN
Ville Platte, Louisiana

Continued on page 24



Often a bridesmaid . . .

never
a bride!



Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

**No tooth paste kills germs
like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

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**Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved
four times better than tooth paste**

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

...4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



BEST ACTING: ROSALIND RUSSELL

A picnic's end brings weary relaxation to Arthur O'Connell, Roz, Bill and Susan



BEST ACTING: FRANK SINATRA

In his struggle against a deadly habit, Frank must turn to Kim for inspiration

***The Man with the Golden Arm* U.A.**

✓✓✓✓ Honest, sympathetic and strongly emotional, Frank Sinatra's performance is the most arresting feature of a film packed with brilliant qualities. As a former narcotics addict, he returns to his sordid home neighborhood. He wants to become a jazz musician, and in this determination he is encouraged by his one-time girl, Kim Novak. But his wife, strikingly portrayed by Eleanor Parker, has a hold over him: He believes her permanently crippled, because of an accident that was his fault. She urges him to go back to his steady employment as shrewd dealer in a card game run by Robert Strauss. Forced by circumstance to obey her wish, Frank again is tempted by dope peddler Darren McGavin. All supporting players are fine, notably Arnold Stang as Frank's dim-witted, loyal hanger-on. The jazz score is highly effective.

ADULT

***Picnic* COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR**

✓✓✓✓ Here's a delightful and touching panorama of small-town life, with a first-rate cast paced by William Holden and Rosalind Russell. Cannily cast against type, Holden plays a light-hearted drifter who hits a Kansas town one summer day, lifting the spirits of many of its people (especially the women). With him and the wistful, lovely Kim Novak, it's love. Her dreaming kid sister, Susan Strasberg, admires his adventurous manner. But the girls' mother, Betty Field, deserted by her husband, is distrustful. At the annual picnic (a wonderful, uproarious, yet poignant sequence), matters come to a climax. It's here that Rosalind particularly triumphs, as an old-maid schoolteacher pathetically eager to marry cautious bachelor Arthur O'Connell. And the picnic's last hours also bring Holden to a moment of decision.

FAMILY

Continued



From the moment
he hit town...
she knew it was
just a matter
of time!

*The famed
Pulitzer Prize Play...
on the screen
at last!*

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
WILLIAM HOLDEN
in
Picnic
with
KIM NOVAK
BETTY FIELD • SUSAN STRASBERG • CLIFF ROBERTSON
and
CO-STARRING
ROSALIND RUSSELL
AS ROSEMARY
CINEMASCOPE
TECHNICOLOR

Screen play by DANIEL TARADASH • Based upon the play "Picnic" by WILLIAM INGE • Produced on the stage by THEATRE GUILD, Inc. and JOSHUA LOGAN
(prize-winning screen writer of "From Here to Eternity")

Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR

The problem every woman faces

There's a certain kind of body odor that perfumes can't conceal, deodorants can't help. Because of its embarrassing nature, *women won't even talk about it among themselves.* Therefore many girls grow up in complete ignorance of the need for douching—and *the particular need for a special kind of douching.*

The wise, the informed, have already found in "Lysol" the *right* answer to this problem. For "*Lysol*" *kills odor-producing bacteria rapidly, on contact.* Just a teaspoonful added to the douche water both cleanses and deodorizes—gives you long-lasting daintiness. Yet the new improved "*Lysol*" is bland and harmless to feminine tissues. Actually, its antiseptic action is beneficial as well as gentle. And it spreads into each fold and crevice to give you complete assurance of personal cleanliness.

There are, of course, especially important times to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Married women naturally use more. But every woman faces the problem of "waning days," of extra secretions, of times when it just seems sensible and *right* to use it.

And don't ignore that feeling. Don't risk being guilty of "embarrassing odor." Not when "Lysol" is so gentle, so effective, so available, so easy! ...Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-563.



"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*

The Court Jester

PARAMOUNT;
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Danny Kaye's latest tenders a hilarious but friendly spoofing to the medieval swashbuckler. As a mild-mannered peasant of old England, he cares



Ready for a change, Danny guards the baby who is the true king of England

for his true king, an infant kept in hiding to evade the wrath of the usurper. This bumbling monarch is amusingly portrayed by Cecil Parker. In love with pretty Glynis Johns, gallant member of the underground, Danny takes on a risky job: impersonating a famed jester and acting as secret agent at the royal court, to pave the way for an uprising. Angela Lansbury lends more humor as a haughty princess who casts a love spell over the dashing jester, with the aid of her personal witch (inimitable Mildred Natwick). Loaded with merriment, song and spectacle, the picture admirably showcases Danny's varied talents, yet gives his supporting players opportunity.

FAMILY

The Benny Goodman Story

U-I

✓✓✓✓ From start to finish, this account of a great musical career is alive with the vibrant rhythms of good jazz. Steve Allen's a splendid choice for the title role. Modest-mannered, gently humorous, sincere in serious interludes, he gives body to a story that isn't strong on dramatic conflict. Of a poor but loving Chicago family, Benny actually faced only two real struggles in his life: getting managers and the public to accept his new brand of music; overcoming social differences between himself and his blue-blood sweetheart (charming Donna Reed in the movie). And the finish is foreseen, since everybody knows Benny now as a universally respected musician and a happy family man. But Steve and the excitement of swing keep interest at full pitch. While Goodman just supplies the sound of his clarinet, other members of his band—notably Gene Krupa—turn in nice minor acting jobs.

FAMILY

Riviera

I.F.E., FERRANICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ From Italy comes a wry film with more of a French flavor, and not just because it stars France's appealing Martine Carol. With her little, convent-bred daughter, from whom she has been long separated, Martine arrives at a swank Riviera resort. The other vacationers—scathingly shown as a lot of phonies with uncertain morals—are charmed by Martine's beauty and gracious yet retiring air. Their attitude abruptly changes when they learn about the lady's past. As the town's young mayor, Raf Vallone has discovered her background earlier and answers her plea to help her escape it. As the millionaire who really runs the town, Carlo Bianco surveys all the proceedings with bored detachment. Shot in a lush Mediterranean locale, the picture is mostly sentimental—with a cynical finish.

ADULT

The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell

WARNERS;
CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In an underplayed yet forceful near-documentary, a dramatic episode of recent American history returns to life. Gary Cooper's unique style—sometimes awkward with dialogue but always commanding and full of conviction—is perfectly suited to the story. He's cast as Mitchell, the Army flyer who waged a



As Billy Mitchell, Gary is prepared to stand trial by the Army he loves

bitter campaign in the early Twenties for America's air force, then shamefully neglected, undermanned and supplied with fatally outdated equipment. In this role, Cooper deliberately invites court-martial by making a blistering statement to the press. Ralph Bellamy's excellent as a congressman who takes up the flyer's cause. So are Charles Bickford, as an unyielding general, and Elizabeth Montgomery, as an air force widow whose

Continued

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GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

1. Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

2. Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

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CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET
SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE
CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER,
WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

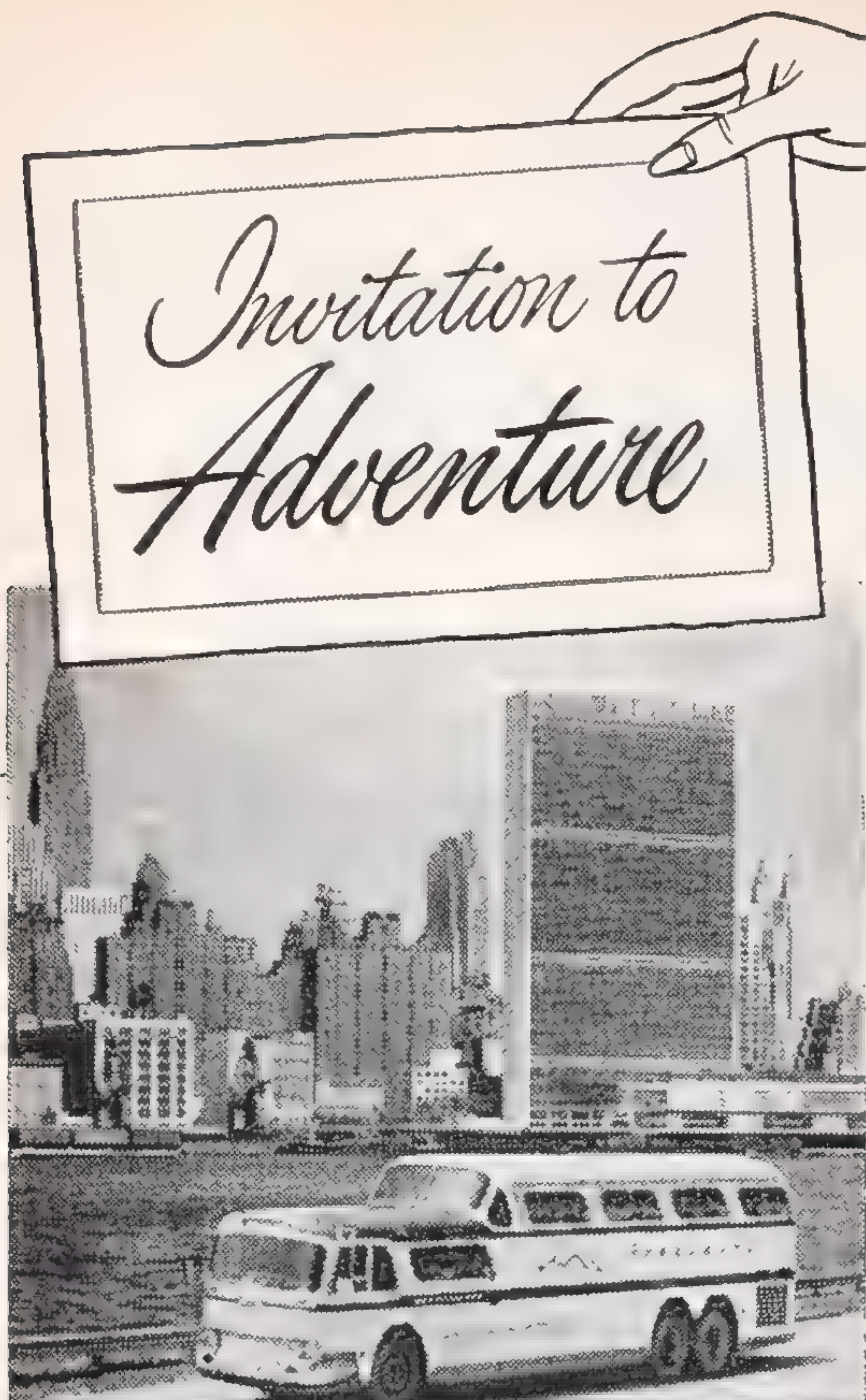
Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



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GREYHOUND

testimony is needed for the defense. But Rod Steiger's work as chief prosecuting attorney is a shade too colorful. **FAMILY**

Diane M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR
✓✓✓ With a nod in the direction of 16th Century French history, Lana Turner's new film concentrates on romance and suspense. She plays a lady of the provinces who gets involved in court intrigue in order to save the life of her elderly husband (Torin Thatcher). Handsome Roger Moore is a bit pallid as the young prince who eventually becomes Lana's lover—and her king, looking to her as a trusted adviser. But Pedro Armendariz radiates true authority as Roger's royal father. And Marisa Pavan walks off with the show. In the important role of a Medici princess, Queen of France but an unloved wife, she is at once menacing and pitiable. **ADULT**

The Rains of Ranchipur 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR
✓✓✓ Background scenes filmed in India and an overwhelming climax of flood destruction here overshadow personal problems, emotional as they are. Lana Turner is an American heiress who taunts husband Michael Rennie with her many conquests, but actually falls in love with one of them—Richard Burton, as an earnest Indian doctor. Done more winningly, with touches of humor, is the romance of Fred MacMurray, as a disillusioned engineer who's turned to drink, and Joan Caulfield, as a fellow American. **ADULT**

Helen of Troy WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR
✓✓✓ Ancient battles set off by a classic love rage across the screen in this imposing spectacle. Italy's Rossana Podesta and France's Jack Sernas fill the bill visually as Helen, the Greek queen, and Paris, the Trojan prince who woos her from her brutish husband (Niall McGinnis). But both are handicapped by the fact that their dialogue has been dubbed in by English voices. However, the siege laid against Troy by the allied kings of Greece moves with sweeping scope and good detail to its tragic end. **FAMILY**

Lucky Kid LOPERT, TECHNICOLOR
✓✓✓ A pleasant little fancy in soft British color goes on a ramble through a London slum, to meet some likable people. Young Jonathan Ashmore is an imaginative child. He and his mother (Celia Johnson) board with a kindly tailor (David Kossoff), who tells the boy about the fabulous unicorn, gentle beast that can grant all wishes for its owner. Jonathan manages to buy a sorry one-horned goat, believing it the magical unicorn. Somehow, wishes do come true for Jonathan and his friends. **FAMILY**

The Houston Story COLUMBIA
✓✓✓ Unencumbered by good guys, this crime yarn slashes its way through to the inevitable finish. Gene Barry does a

smart job as a young oil driller, genial in manner but ruthlessly ambitious. With a clever scheme for stealing oil directly from the fields, he worms his way into the Houston rackets, aiming to displace boss Edward Arnold—and perhaps go higher. In a casting switch, wholesome Barbara Hale plays an unscrupulous blond nightclub doll very neatly. The only sympathetic characters are Frank Jenks, Gene's innocent stooge, and Jeanne Cooper, an affectionate waitress. **ADULT**

Too Bad She's Bad GETZ-KINGSLEY
✓✓✓ A luridly named Italian movie (titles in English) turns out to be a nice satirical comedy. It relates the hopeless efforts of an honest young cabbie (Marcello Mastroianni) to escape the wiles of luscious Sophia Loren. Her distinguished-looking dad (Vittorio De Sica) collects fine luggage—when its owners aren't looking. Her kid brothers are adept at removing spare tires from unwatched cars. And Sophia's own property sense is hazy. But she's a lovely girl. A light jest to run feature-length, it's still fun. **ADULT**

The Indian Fighter U.A.; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR
✓✓✓ Kirk Douglas cuts a lusty figure as a frontiersman who can fight Indians, but would rather be friendly with them—especially with a spirited redskin maiden, Elsa Martinelli. As scout for a wagon train, Kirk must contend with a pair of gold-hungry trouble-makers and with a widow intent on remarriage. This outspoken lady is portrayed amiably by Diana Douglas, Kirk's ex off-screen. It all adds up to a vigorous Western that never takes itself too seriously. **FAMILY**

The Last Frontier COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR
✓✓ This time, it's Victor Mature who plays the mountain man reluctantly opposing Red Cloud's Sioux. Nature-loving and happily illiterate, he feels closer to them than to the whites he protects. But Army wife Anne Bancroft represents a more alluring side of "civilization." As her martinet husband, Robert Preston is a frontier tyrant, with Guy Madison standing by ready to be a hero should Preston really go off his rocker. **FAMILY**

Forever, Darling M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR
✓✓ The beloved personalities of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz lend liveliness to a featherweight fantasy, while James Mason slips in and out of the story with suave comments. As newlyweds, Lucy and Desi seem headed for happiness. But his scientific work and her giddy cronies push them apart—until Mason appears, as Lucy's guardian angel. He's a delusion, she fears. But pop Louis Calhern assures her that her angel is the McCoy. **FAMILY**

The Killer is Loose U.A.
✓✓ Compact, to the point, this thriller leads up to a frightening day in the life
Continued on page 21

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Announcing PHOTOPLAY'S



The time: February 9th, 1956, evening. The place: the Grand Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel. The event: a shining landmark in any Hollywood year, the presentation of PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards. The master of ceremonies: witty and attractive Jack Lemmon.

Keeping up his amazing pace, William Holden captures the hearts and votes of PHOTOPLAY's readers for the



GOLD MEDAL ACTRESS

Jennifer Jones, seen too seldom on the screen in recent years, takes the lead among feminine stars in a startling upset at the ballot box



GOLD MEDAL ACTOR

Top man in last year's voting, William Holden rises to victory once more, combining an engaging personality with an irresistible talent

Award Winners of 1955-1956

second consecutive year. Solid citizen, solid actor, Bill ranks first among your male favorites of 1955-56. You applauded him last year in Paramount's "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and "The Country Girl" and in 20th's "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing." He'll prove his versatility further in Columbia's "Picnic," Paramount's "The Proud and Profane" and Warners' "Toward the Unknown."

Sharing honors with Bill is his co-star in 20th's romance, Jennifer Jones of the haunting features and the sure acting talent. Boomed to a new high in popularity, Jennifer also starred in 20th's "Good Morning, Miss Dove." For the same studio, she is in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," and husband David O. Selznick presents her next in "A Farewell to Arms," for RKO. Into the winners'

(Continued on page 76)

Special Awards

COLUMBIA PICTURES CORPORATION: For bringing to motion-picture audiences a delightful screen reflection of Americana, in "Picnic." Personal situations involving stars William Holden, Rosalind Russell and Kim Novak take on greater depth because they're set against a wise, humorous and loving portrait of life in the Midwestern United States. The charming title scenes give you a family cross-section, glimpsing everyone from infants to young lovers to grandparents, all reveling in a typically American day of picnic activities.

JAMES DEAN: Posthumously, for his outstanding dramatic performances in Warners' "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause." His brilliant and tragically brief career can serve as his own monument. There it stands, to show other young actors how much can be accomplished in a short time if genuine ability is combined with intensity of purpose and a sincere feeling of dedication. Actors in motion pictures are granted a special blessing: Their work does not die with them. Moviegoers will see James Dean again in Warners' "Giant."

GLENN FORD AND ELEANOR POWELL FORD: For their magnificent contributions to the establishment of better relationships among the boys and girls of their community. With her husband's encouragement, Eleanor conducts on Los Angeles TV a sort of Sunday school of the air. At all times, Glenn shows a strong sense of civic responsibility, though the past year has been crowded for him, with strenuous starring roles in M-G-M's "Blackboard Jungle," "Interrupted Melody" and "Trial," Columbia's "The Violent Men," RKO's "The Americano."

OTTO PREMINGER: For his courage and great talent in bringing to the vast motion-picture audience his distinguished production "The Man with the Golden Arm," released through United Artists. Making an excellent choice of leading players in Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker and Kim Novak, Preminger took a firm approach toward a difficult subject. It demanded more than mere daring; it called for honesty, integrity and a high degree of skill. To these were added understanding and compassion for the story's troubled human beings.



GOLD MEDAL PICTURE

With the tender East-West romance linking Jennifer and Bill, 20th's "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" emerges as 1955's favorite movie

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURE

BENNY GOODMAN STORY, THE—U.I. Directed by Valentine Davies: *Benny Goodman*, S. Allen; *Alice Hammond*, Donna Reed; *Mom Goodman*, Berta Gersten; *John Hammond*, Herbert Anson; *Pop Goodman*, Robert F. Simon; *Fletcher Henderson*, Sammy Davis, Sr.; *Gil Rodin*, Dick Winslow; *Benny Goodman (16 years)*, Barry Truax; *Benny Goodman (10 years)*, David Kasday; *Mr. Hammond*, Wilton Graff; *Harry James*, Gene Krupa; *Mae Tilton*, Lionel Hampton; *Ziggy Elman*, Ben Pollack; *Teddy Wilson*, Kid Ory, Themselves.

COURT JESTER, THE—Paramount. Directed by Norman Panama, Melvin Frank: *Hawkins*, Da Kaye; *Maid Jean*, Glynis Johns; *Sir Ravenhurst*, Basil Rathbone; *Princess Gwendolyn*, Angela Lansbury; *King Roderick*, Cecil Parker; *Griselda*, Fred Natwick; *Sir Griswold*, Robert Middleton; *Sir Locksley*, Michael Pate; *Capt. of the Guard*, Herbert Rudley; *Fergus*, Noel Drayton; *Black Edward*, Ashley; *Giacomo*, John Carradine; *Brockhurst*, Alan Napier; *Sir Finsdale*, Lewis Martin; *Sir Pertwee*, Patrick Aherne; *Archbishop*, Richard Kean; *Hermine's Midgets*, American Legion Zouaves; *Richard F. Smith* Post #29, Jackson, M.

COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL, THE—Warners. Directed by Otto Preminger: *Billy Mitchell*, Gary Cooper; *Gen. Guthrie*, Charles Bickford; *Frank Reid*, Ralph Bellamy; *Maj. Allan Guill*, Rod Steiger; *Margaret Lansdowne*, Elizabeth Montgomery; *Col. Moreland*, Fred Clark; *Col. Heri*, White, James Daly; *Comdr. Z. Lansdowne*, J. Lord; *Captain Elliott*, Peter Graves; *Russ*, Peter Darren McGavin; *Admiral Gage*, Robert Simon; *Senator Fullerton*, Charles Dingle; *Gen. Douglas MacArthur*, Dayton Lummis; *Capt. Eddie Rich*, backer, Tom McKee; *Major Carl Spaatz*, Steve Ferts; *General John J. Pershing*, Herbert Hey; *Major H. H. Arnold*, Robert Brubaker; *Fiorello*, Guardia, Phil Arnold; *President Calvin Coolidge*, Wolfe; *Admiral William S. Sims*, Will Wright; *Stewart*, Steve Holland; *Yip Ryan*, Adam Kenne; *Ted Adams*, Manning Ross; *General Pershing's A*, Carleton Young.

DIANE—M-G-M. Directed by David Miller: *Diane*, Lana Turner; *King Francis I*, Pedro Armendariz; *Prince Henri*, Roger Moore; *Catherine de Medici*, Marisa Pavan; *Ruggieri*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Count de Breze*, Torin Thatcher; *Alys*, Taina F. Regnault; *John Lupton*, Gondi, Henry Daniell; *Dauphin*, Ronald Green; *Count Montgomery*, S. McClory; *Duke of Savoy*, Geoffrey Toone; *Count d'Alfi*, Michael Ansara; *Lord Bonnivert*, Paul C. nagh; *1st Court Physician*, Melville Cooper; *L. Tremouille*, Ian Wolfe; *Chamberlain*, Basil R. dael; *Gian-Carlo*, Christopher Dark; *Piero*, M. Cavell; *Montecuculli*, Gene Reynolds; *Marechal*, Chabannes, John O'Malley; *Sardini*, Peter Gr. Charles, Micky Maga; *Francis*, Ronald Anton.

FOREVER DARLING—M-G-M. Directed by Alexander Hall: *Susan Vega*, Lucille Ball; *Lore*, Xavier Vega, Desi Arnaz; *The Guardian Angel*, James Mason; *Charles Y. Bewell*, Louis Calhe; *Dr. Edward R. Winter*, John Emery; *Bill Fin*, John Hoyt; *Millie Opdyke*, Natalie Schafer; *Soc*, Reporter, Mabel Albertson; *Henry Opdyke*, R. Dumke; *Amy*, Nancy Kulp; *Mr. Clinton*, Willis Bouche; *Laura*, Ruth Brady.

FURY AT GUNSIGHT PASS—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Whitey Turner*, David Brian; *L. Hogan*, Neville Brand; *Roy Hanford*, Richard Lo; *Kathy Phillips*, Lisa Davis; *Mrs. Boggs*, Katha; *Warren*, Boggs, Percy Helton; *Doc Phillips*, Mo; *Ankrum*, Charles Hanford, Addison Richards; *drew Ferguson*, Joe Forte; *Okay, Okay*, Wally V. non; *Squint*, Paul E. Burns; *Sheriff Meeker*, Fr. Fenton; *O'Neil*, James Anderson; *Daley*, Gee; *Keymas*, Sam Morris; *Robert Anderson*, Spen; *Fred Coby*, Forrest, John Lehmann; *Hammond*, C. Teague.

GLORY—RKO. Directed by David Butler: *Clara*, Tilbee, Margaret O'Brien; *Ned Otis*, Walter B. nan; *Mrs. Tilbee*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Chad Cl*, burn, John Lupton; *Hoppy Hollis*, Byron Palm; *Candy Trent*, Lisa Davis; *Joe Page*, Gus Schilli; *Alexander*, Theron Jackson; *Sobbing Sam*, Coor; *Hugh Sanders*, Doc Brook, Walter Baldwin; *B*, Wickwire, Harry Tyler; *Vasily*, Leonid Kinsk; *Squeaky Bob*, Paul E. Burns; *Aunt Martha*, Ma Blake.

HELEN OF TROY—Warners. Directed by Robert Wise: *Helen*, Rossana Podesta; *Paris*, Jack Serr; *Priam*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Achilles*, Star Baker; *Menelaus*, Niall MacGinnis; *Hecuba*, N. Swinburne; *Agamemnon*, Robert Douglas; *Ulys*, Torin Thatcher; *Hector*, Harry Andrews; *Cassand*, Janette Scott; *Andraste*, Brigitte Bardot; *And*, Eduardo Ciannelli; *Diomedes*, Marc Lawrence; *A*, Maxwell Reed; *Polydorus*, Robert Brown; *Cora*, I. bara Cavan; *Patroclus*, Terence Longdon; *An*, mache, Patricia Marmont; *Nestor*, Guido Not; *Adelphous*, Tonio Selwart; *Dance Specialty*, Geor; *Zoritch*, The High Priest, Edmond Knight.

HOUSTON STORY, THE—Columbia. Directed by William Castle: *Frank Duncan*, Gene Barry; *Crane*, Barbara Hale; *Paul Atlas*, Edward Arne; *Gordie Shay*, Paul Richards; *Madge*, Jeanne Coop; *Louie*, Frank Jenks; *Emile Constant*, John Zarem.



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ris Barker, Chris Alcaide; Willie, Jack V. Little; Duke, Paul Levitt; Marsh, Fred Krone; Kalo, te Kellett; Inspector Gregg, Leslie Hunt; Clara, audia Bryar; Talbot, Larry W. Fultz; Stokes, Charles Gray.

DIAN FIGHTER, THE—U.A. Directed by Andre de Toth: Johnny Hawks, Kirk Douglas; On-ti, Elsa Martinelli; Captain Trask, Walter Abel; es Todd, Walter Matthau; Susan Rogers, Diana Douglas; Red Cloud, Eduard Franz; Chivington, Lon aney; Will Crabtree, Alan Hale, Jr.; Briggs, sha Cook; Tommy Rogers, Michael Winkelman; ey Wolf, Harry Landers; Lt. Blake, William ippis; Lt. Shaeffer, Buzz Henry; Morgan, Ray al; Trader Joe, Frank Cady; Crazy Bear, Hank orden; Head Settler, Lane Chandler.

DE MACBETH—Columbia. Directed by Ken ighes: Joe Macbeth, Paul Douglas; Lily, Ruth Ro-in; Lennie, Bonar Colleano; Duncan "King Pin," egoire Aslan; Banky, Sidney James; Tommy, ilip Vickers; Rosie, Minerva Pious; Dutch, Harry een; Ruth, Teresa Thorne.

LLER IS LOOSE, THE—U.A. Directed by Budd etticher: Sam Wagner, Joseph Cotten; Lila Wag-er, Rhonda Fleming; Leon Poole, Wendell Corey; nny, Alan Hale; Chris Gillespie, Michael Pate; ry Gillespie, Virginia Christine; Otto Flanders, nn Larch; Mac, John Beradino; Greg, Paul Bryar; ace Flanders, Dee J. Thompson.

1ST FRONTIER, THE—Columbia. Directed by athony Mann: Jed, Victor Mature; Captain Rior-n, Guy Madison; Colonel Frank Marston, Robert eston; Gus, James Whitmore; Corinna, Anne Ban-ft; Captain Clarke, Russell Collins; Sgt. Major cker, Peter Whitney; Mungo, Pat Hogan; Red ud, Manuel Donde; Lt. Benton, Guy Williams; ke, Mickey Kuhn; Spotted Elk, William Calles.

UCKY KID—Lopert. Directed by Carol Reed: unna, Celia Johnson; Sonia, Diana Dors; Mr. Kan-sky, David Kossoff; Sam, Joe Robinson; Joe, athan Ashmore; "Lady" Ruby, Brenda de Ban-; Python Macklin, Primo Carnera; Blackie Isaacs, u Jacobi; Madam Rita, Sydney Tafler; Ice Berg, lney James; Mimi, Vera Day; Dora, Daphne An-son; The Vagrant, Joseph Tomelty.

AN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, THE—U.A. irected by Otto Preminger: Frankie, Frank Sinatra; sh, Eleanor Parker; Molly, Kim Novak; Sparrow, nold Stang; Louie, Darren McGavin; Schwiefka, bert Strauss; Drunky, John Conte; Vi, Doro Me-de; Markette, George E. Stone; Williams, George thews; Dominowski, Leonid Kinskey; Bednar, ile Meyer; Shorty Rogers, Himself; Shelly Manne, mself; Piggy, Frank Richards; Lane, Will Wright; orka, Tommy Hart; Antek, Frank Marlowe; ter Reader, Joe McTurk; Chester, Ralph Neff; d Dog, Ernest Raboff; Vangie, Martha Went-rth; Junkie, Jerry Barclay; Taxi Driver, Leonard emen; Suspenders, Paul Burns; Landlord, Charles el.

CNIC—Columbia. Directed by Joshua Logan: Hal-ter, William Holden; Rosemary Sydney, Rosalind ssell; Madge Owens, Kim Novak; Flo Owens, tty Field; Millie Owens, Susan Strasberg; Alan, ff Robertson; Howard Bevans, Arthur O'Connell; s. Helen Potts, Verna Felton; Linda Sue Breck-idge, Reta Shaw; Bomber, Nick Adams; Mr. Ben-ey, Raymond Bailey; Christine Schoenwalder, Eliza-h W. Wilson; Juanita Badger, Phyllis Newman; Policeman, Don C. Harvey; 2nd Policeman, Steve nton.

INS OF RANCHIPUR, THE—20th. Directed Jean Negulesco: Edwina, Lana Turner; Dr. Safti, hard Burton; Tom Ransome, Fred MacMurray; rn, Joan Caulfield; Lord Esketh, Michael Rennie; harani, Eugenie Leontovich; Mrs. Simon, Gladys rilbut; Mrs. Smiley, Madge Kennedy; Mr. Adoani, rlo Rizzo; Oriental Dancer, Beatrice Kraft; Mr. uiley, King Calder; Mrs. Adoani, Argentina Brun-i; Ranchid, John Banner; Louise (Maid), Ivis ulding; Major Domo, Ram Singh; Courier, Lou ugman; Lachmaania, Rama Bai; Guest, Trude yler; Wagonlit Porter, Naji Gabbay; Head Hunter, at Bhatia; Nurse Gupta, Phyllis Johannes; Mr. non, George Brand; Sattar, Ram Chandra; Guest Party, Elizabeth Prudhomme.

VIERA—I.F.E. Directed by Alberto Lattuada: na Maria, Martine Carol; Silvio, the Mayor, Raf llone; Signor Albertocchi, Mario Carotenuto; Sig-a Albertocchi, Clelia Matania; Chiastriano, Carlo unco; Roberto, Nico Pepe; Caterina, Anna Pisani; igi, Carlo Romano.

HERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—U.I. Directed Douglas Sirk: Norma Miller, Barbara Stanwyck; fford Groves, Fred MacMurray; Marion Groves, n Bennett; Ann, Pat Crowley; Vincent Groves, illiam Reynolds; Ellen Groves, Gigi Perreau; Bob, ce Gentry; Ruth, Myrna Hansen; Frances Groves, ly Nugent; Mrs. Rogers, Jane Darwell.

DO BAD SHE'S BAD—Getz-Kingsley. Directed Alessandro Blasetti: Lina, Sophia Loren; Strop-mi, Vittorio de Sica; Paolo, Marcello Mastroianni; n whose wallet is stolen on bus, Umberto Melnati; s Wife, Margherita Bagni; Brunetto, Walter Bar-tetti; The Commissioner, Mario Passante; Cesare, ss of the Garage, Memmo Carotenuto; Luigi, Gia-no Furia; His Wife, Lina Furia; Man whose bag stolen at station, Mario Scaccia; His Wife, Wanda nedetti; The Fence, Vittorio Braschi; The Journal-Manlio Busoni; Toto, Michael Simone; Peppino, uro Sacripante; Night Watchman, Giulio Calli; glish Tourist, Charles Stacy; Wife of English urist, Maria Britnrewa.

HALO leaves hair Cleaner Softer Brighter



—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



**Halo—unlike most shampoos—
contains no greasy oils or soap to leave
dulling, dirt-catching film!**

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo.

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Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

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CAROUSEL

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MORE THAN YOUR EYES HAVE EVER SEEN!

A NEW WONDER HAS BEEN ADDED TO A WONDERFUL SHOW!

It brings you • Four times more photographic detail
Greater depth • Increased sharpness • Heightened
audience participation! It makes every
seat the perfect seat!

STARRING

GORDON MacRAE • SHIRLEY JONES WITH **CAMERON MITCHELL**

BARBARA RUICK • CLARAMAE TURNER • ROBERT ROUNSEVILLE • GENE LOCKHART

PRODUCED BY HENRY EPHRON • DIRECTED BY HENRY KING • SCREENPLAY BY PHOEBE and HENRY EPHRON • MUSIC BY RICHARD RODGERS • BOOK AND LYRICS BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

From their musical play based on Ferenc Molnár's LILIOM as adapted by Benjamin F. Glazer. COLOR by DE LUXE • In the Wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND

of police detective Joseph Cotten. When Cotten arrests bank teller Wendell Corey for aiding a robbery, Corey's wife is accidentally killed. Doing time, Corey plans vengeance and finally escapes, intent on squaring accounts by killing Cotten's wife (Rhonda Fleming). The detective tries to shield the innocent target from knowledge of her desperate situation, but events move too fast for him. **FAMILY**

Glory **RKO; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR**

✓ Grown to winsome prettiness, Margaret O'Brien leads a capable cast in a cheerful horse-racing yarn. As the tomboy heroine who later goes feminine, Margaret gives her heart to the filly *Glory*, part of the scant stable owned by doughty Charlotte Greenwood, Margaret's guardian. The young girl is courted by John Lupton, blueblood of the Kentucky Blue Grass country (where many scenes were shot), and by a lady-killing bandleader, Byron Palmer. **FAMILY**

There's Always Tomorrow **U-I**

✓ A familiar domestic problem finds successful businessman Fred MacMurray, taken for granted by his family, turning to career woman Barbara Stanwyck for attention. The friendship is an innocent one (though with dangerous potentialities), but Fred's older children read an ugly interpretation into it and decide to interfere. As these shallow youngsters, William Reynolds and Gigi Perreau have roles as thankless as that of Joan Bennett, who plays their thoughtless mother. But Pat Crowley shows warmth as a sensible teenager, Reynolds' girl. **FAMILY**

Fury at Gunsight Pass **COLUMBIA**

✓ It's a turbulent wedding day for Richard Long and Lisa Davis in this modest Western. While the town attends the happy ceremony, robbers led by David Brian raid the bank. The thieves are caught—but the loot's missing. Excitement mounts as Neville Brand and gang snatch their confederates out of jail. To add complications, there are feuds among both the crooks and the honest citizens—so the honeymoon's delayed. **FAMILY**

Joe MacBeth **COLUMBIA**

✓ A very strange movie, this—a gang melodrama following the outline of Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Like the Scottish warrior, hoodlum Paul Douglas unwillingly murders his way to power, egged on by his more single-minded wife (Ruth Roman). In place of the three witches, there's Minerva Pious as a sleazy fortune-teller. To those who know the original tragedy, the results are often slightly comic. Supposedly set in the U. S., the film was shot in England, and that increases the weird feeling. **ADULT**

For today's Naturally beautiful look

—POND'S Cold Cream

No other cleanser . . .

cleanses more deeply

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses by *molecular action*. Tiny molecules of pure oils and moisture work down to where dirt hides, and literally float it out!

removes make-up more completely

Some cleansers remove *oily* make-up. Others remove *dry* make-up and powder. Pond's Cold Cream removes *both*. Leaves pore-openings *really* clean, unclogged, *free*.

corrects dryness faster . . . keeps skin lovelier

Pond's quick-penetrating creaminess instantly restores vital oils and moisture to dried-out flaky skin. Keeps skin looking fresh, satin-soft, *young*.



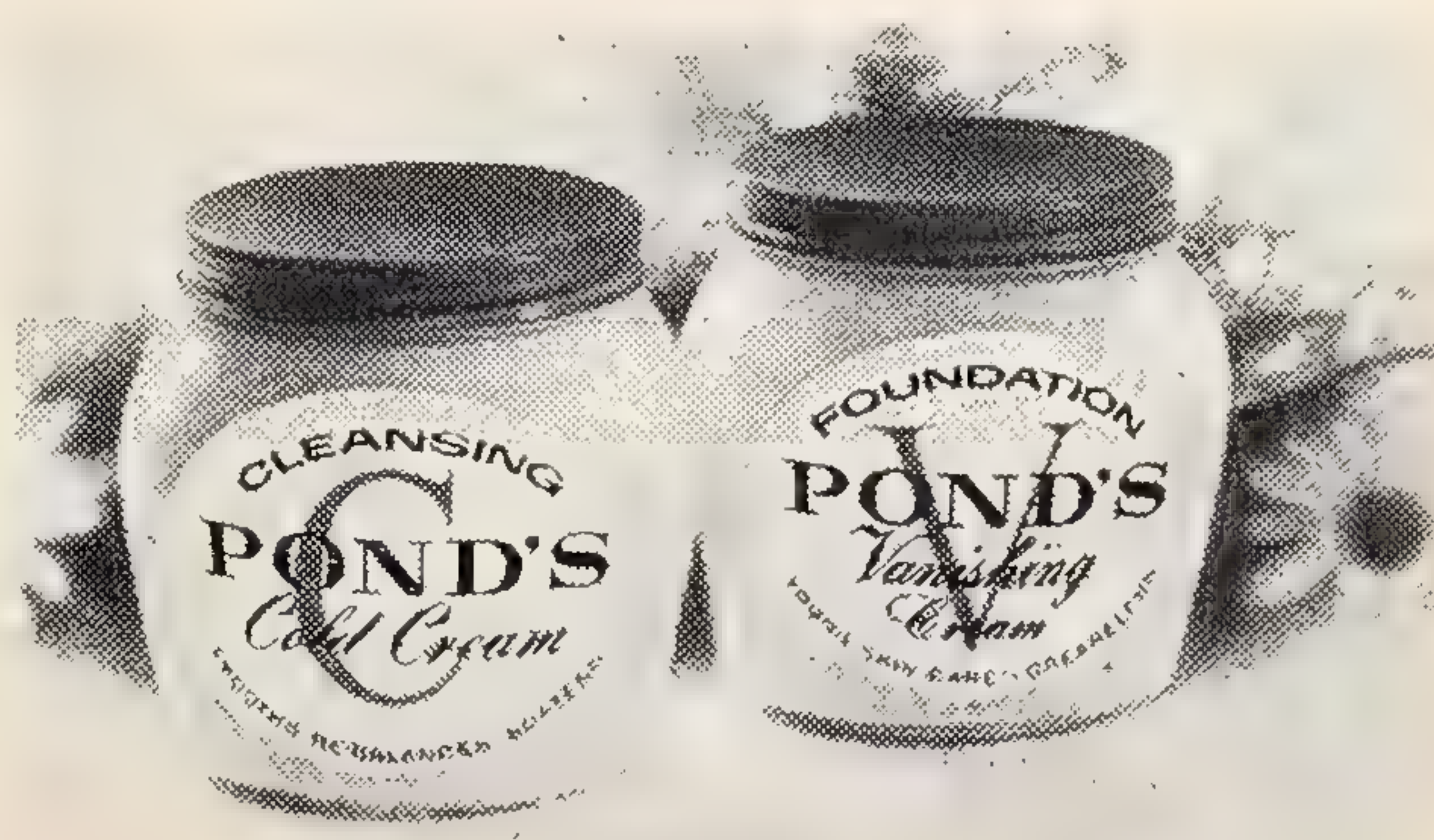
Mrs. Bertrand L. Taylor III

Described by the editors of *Vogue* as "everyone's idea of the American-American beauty," Mrs. Taylor—like so many lovely society women—relies on Pond's. "I find that *nothing* cleanses my skin as thoroughly as Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Complete beauty care— in only 3 minutes a day!

Every night, deep-cleanse your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream

Before make-up, smooth on a sheer, greaseless base of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It never streaks or discolors. Keeps powder fresh, lovely for hours



Smart girls never
go outdoors without it . . .



Helene Curtis spray net®

And what a lot of smart girls there
must be — for **SPRAY NET** outsells
all other sprays combined!

Some girls are satisfied with just any
old kind of hair spray. But smart girls
pick Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET**!

For nothing sets such long-lasting
pin curls, nothing holds your hair so
smoothly in place as **SPRAY NET**.
Dampness won't wilt your wave.
Breezes won't bother your curls. Yet
SPRAY NET can't dry your hair. Never
leaves it sticky. Is really invisible.

Be a smart girl, use **SPRAY NET**.

There are two **SPRAY NET** formulas:

SUPER SOFT, without lacquer,
for gentle control . . .

REGULAR, for elaborate styles,
harder-to-manage hair.

THREE SIZES:
New 69¢ size,
Large, \$1.25,
Giant, \$1.89
all plus tax



**SMART GIRLS
NEVER SET
PIN CURLS
WITHOUT IT...**



Set your pin curls as you al-
ways do. Then spray. And in
that misty swoosh: more body,
bounce, spring to your curls.



The longest-lasting curls that
ever brushed out to a silky
softness. Last for days and
days—and then another day!

\$1.50 VALUE
FOR ONLY
\$1.25
plus tax



FREE! Set of Professional Pin Curl Clips

These are the more-expensive-type, double-prong,
spring clips that hold pin curls so neatly. Of rustproof
aluminum. Look for Helene Curtis **SPRAY NET**, **REGULAR**
or **SUPER SOFT**, with the free pin curl clips on the cap.

ANNOUNCING

the fifty

lucky winners of

December PHOTOPLAY'S

Record Contest

The following have each received
a \$24.95 Gift Certificate for RCA
Victor's special Glenn Miller Army
Air Force Band album:

L. J. BURKE, *Seattle, Wash.*
MRS. MARVIN E. COLLINS, *Englewood, Colo.*
MISS E. O'HARA, *Detroit, Mich.*
MRS. KAY SCHOEDINGER, *Napa, Calif.*
MRS. RUDOLPH L. VON BERNUTH, *Malba, N. Y.*

The following runners-up have
each received a \$12.00 Gift Cer-
tificate for a choice of three LP
records or four 45 EP albums:

MRS. LLOYD ANDERSON, *Everett, Wash.*
HELEN BUCHANSKY, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
DON CAILLIEZ, *Lansing, Mich.*
MRS. DANIEL CARPENTER, *West Hartford, Conn.*
MARY CARTER, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
MISS ROBERTA CONNELL, *Whitewater, Wis.*
ELIZABETH M. DAY, *Austin, Tex.*
MRS. ELIZABETH M. FRANZ, *Camden, N. J.*
MRS. RALPH GOBEL, *Fairbury, Nebr.*
MRS. JULIUS GRATZ, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
MR. FRED GREEN, *Detroit, Mich.*
MR. MICHAEL HENSON, *Cleveland, Ohio*
MISS THERESE HENNESSEY, *San Antonio, Tex.*
MRS. JESSICA HILLHOUSE, *Los Angeles, Calif.*
MRS. EDITH F. HOLMES, *Eugene, Ore.*
LILLIAN HRICKO, *Cleveland, Ohio*
LOUISE HUBNER, *New York, N. Y.*
MISS JO ANNE HUDSPETH, *Lubbock, Tex.*
JOSEPH W. HYLAND, *Rego Park, N. Y.*
MRS. EDWARD JARISH, *East Hartford, Conn.*
MRS. WALTER L. KOTULA, *Chicago, Ill.*
LINDA K. LEE, *West Hartford, Conn.*
MRS. DONALD H. LITTLER, *Jacksonville, Ill.*
MRS. F. R. MACMILLAN, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
MRS. VALLIE MCDANIEL, *Marshall, Ill.*
MRS. ESTHER MARGOLIS, *Bronx, N. Y.*
MRS. RONALD MORTENSEN, *Delta, Utah*
MARCIA JANE MORTON, *Xenia, Ohio*
G. J. MYERS, *Pierre, S. D.*
PFC. ALFRED E. NACCARATO, *Fort Polk, La.*
JUNE PAGE, *San Diego, Calif.*
MRS. HARRY A. PARKER, *Chattanooga, Tenn.*
MRS. KATHRYN W. PASSONNO, *Albany, N. Y.*
BETTYE LOU REILLEY, *San Antonio, Tex.*
MISS JOSEPHINE RUMMELL, *Deansboro, N. Y.*
MRS. GEORGE R. RUSSELL, *Arlington, Va.*
MRS. S. SCHWELLENBACH, *Chicago, Ill.*
MISS LORETTA SIEDJAK, *Kenosha, Wis.*
WILLIE E. SULLIVAN, *Studio City, Calif.*
MRS. G. M. TRAVIS, *Temple City, Calif.*
MRS. PAULINE VINCENT, *Fresno, Calif.*
MRS. MARGIE WETZEL, *Fallbrook, Calif.*
MRS. PETER A. WHITE, *College Park, Ga.*
MRS. DARRELL R. WILLIAMS, *Oklahoma City, Okla.*
MRS. R. R. WOOD, *Wellington, Kans.*



*I dreamed I was
an International Figure in my maidenform bra*

I've whirled 'round the world, and caused a sensation in every nation! When I pass by, ex-kings and sultans sigh over my fabulous Maidenform lines! Yes, wherever I happen to be — there's international agreement about me! The dream of a bra: *New Maidenform Intermezzo** — the bra that's designed to round out your

lines! Look! It's a lovely, lacy, luxurious confection of a bra — with the appearance of the costliest lingerie. Look again! It's made of silky-fine, sturdy-firm cotton broadcloth panels...just where you need them most... for disciplined control! White cotton broadcloth and nylon lace, A, B and C cups...2.50, D cup...3.00.

It's Romantic **ROCK HUDSON**
with an exciting New Star in his arms
... lovely **CORNELL BORCHERS!**



**Could these moments
in the arms of the man she despised
bring back the child he had
turned against her? Could these
desperate kisses erase the shame
of that one wild indiscretion?**



Universal-International presents
**Never Say
Goodbye**
PRINT BY **TECHNICOLOR**

STARRING

ROCK HUDSON *Miss* **CORNELL BORCHERS** **GEORGE SANDERS**

Directed by JERRY HOPPER • Screenplay by CHARLES HOFFMAN • Produced by ALBERT J. COHEN

Based on the screenplay by BRUCE MANNING, JOHN KLORER and LEONARD LEE

From the Play "Come Prima Meglio di Prima" by Luigi Pirandello



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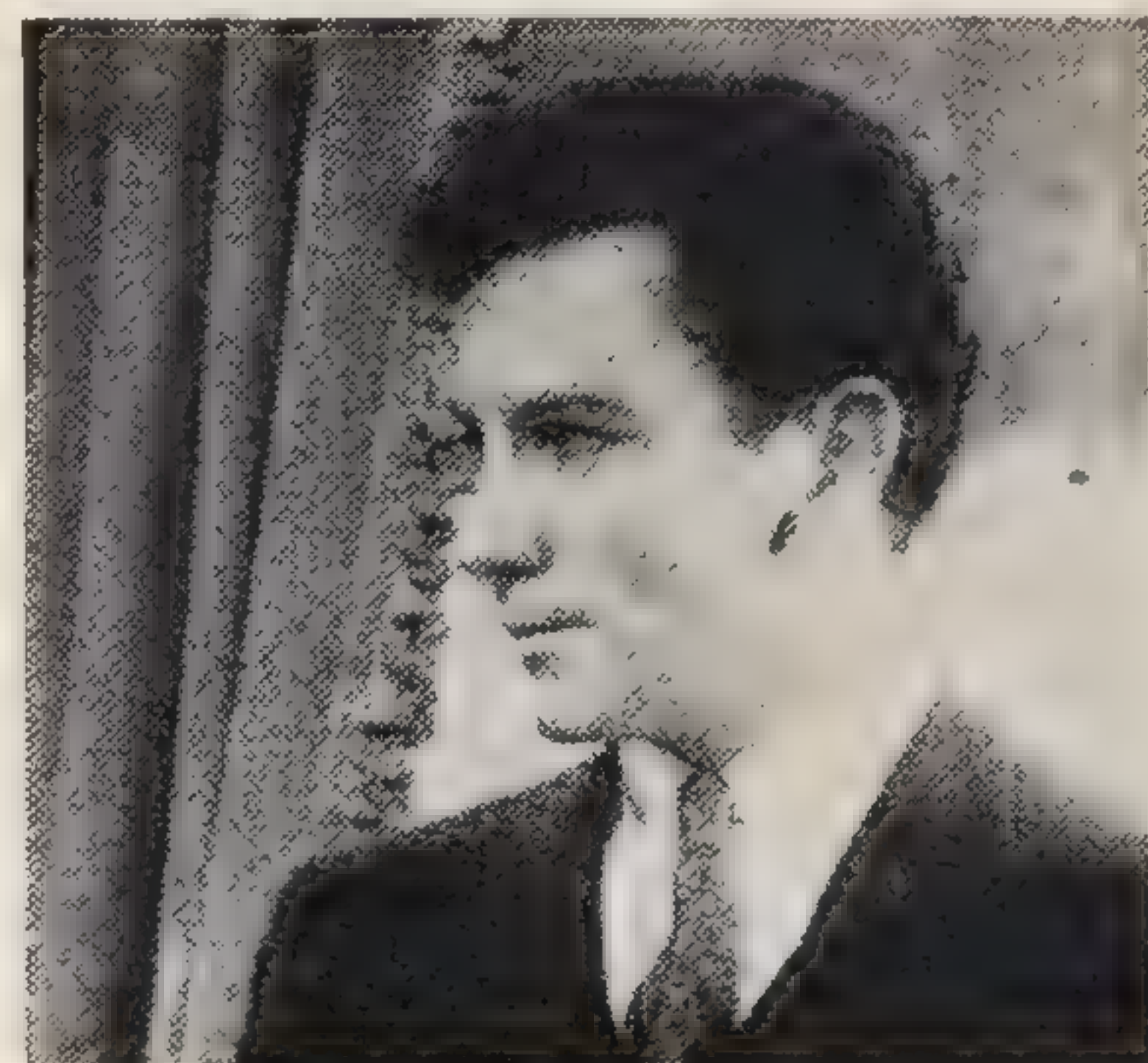
I have just read Frank G. Slaughter's *Song of Ruth* and think it would make a fine movie with the following cast:

Naomi, Irene Dunne; *Ruth*, Grace Kelly; *Oraph*, Joan Collins; *Adah*, Angela Lansbury; *Boaz*, Stewart Granger; *Michlon*, Richard Long; *Cillion*, Tony Curtis; *Prince Hedak*, Lee J. Cobb.

MARILYN BENBASSAT
New York, New York

QUESTION BOX:

Being an ardent fan of Cameron Mitchell, I would greatly appreciate some



Cam Mitchell—Wish granted

information about him. Also, what is his next movie?

HELEN S. GHIZ
Worcester, Massachusetts

He was born in Dallastown, Pennsylvania on November 4. He is 6' tall, weighs 180 lbs., has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Cam's been giving a number of fine performances lately, gives another in his latest, "Carousel."—Ed.

I recently saw "The Seven Year Itch" and would like to know the name of the classical music that was played in it. Has it been recorded?

CAROLYN JOHNSON
Marmet, West Virginia

Sergei Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in C was the music and a number of recordings of it have been made—Ed.

My aunt and I were discussing Bette Davis one day and she said that the actress was married to Ozzie Nelson. I wonder if you could tell me if she was.

JANICE HAVEN
Santa Rosa, California

Your aunt has confused Ozzie with Bette's first husband, Harmon O. Nelson. She divorced him in 1938, is now married to Gary Merrill.—Ed.

Which movie did Richard Burton appear in first in the United States, "The Robe" or "My Cousin Rachel"?

If I win the bet I have with my buddy, I'll be \$5.00 richer.

A/3c EDMUND M. KNIGHT
Lockport, New York

Richard Burton appeared first in "My Cousin Rachel."—Ed.

Never before have I seen such fine and striking performances as are given by John Hudson. In "Fort Yuma" and "The Racers" he was wonderful. I would be grateful for some information about him.

RUTH TUCKER
New York, New York

Photoplay has had many requests in the past few months for information about John Hudson. For all his fans, John was born May 31, 1922, in Gilroy, California. He is 6', weighs 165 lbs., has blue eyes and brown hair.—Ed.

(continued from page 8)

My girlfriend and I disagree as to when the movie "A Place in the Sun" was released. She thinks it was in 1952 and I say 1951. Who is right?

Whom did Elizabeth Taylor play?

CYNTHIA MARCUS
Brookline, Massachusetts

You had the date. The movie was released late in 1951. Elizabeth Taylor played Angela Vickers.—Ed.

I am in disagreement with someone as to who were the principal players in an old picture "I'll Be Seeing You." We believe Joseph Cotten was the male lead, but cannot agree on the female. Would you please give me her name?

H. HAYASHI
Washington, D. C.

Ginger Rogers played opposite Joseph Cotten.—Ed.

I've just seen the movie "The Purple Plain" and I'm very excited about the handsome fellow who played Greg Peck's navigator. He's an English actor, I believe.

BARBARA UHL
Caro, Michigan

You're right. Navigator Williams was played by Harold Siddons.—Ed.

Could you please settle an argument between my cousin and I? She says that Marilyn Monroe played in "So This is Paris," but I say Gloria DeHaven. Please name the female stars in the picture.

PAT KOWALCZYK
Hopelawn, New Jersey

You win this argument. Gloria DeHaven and Corinne Calvet were the feminine leads.—Ed.

Could you please give me the name of the actor who played Kirk Douglas' son in "Ulysses"? If he is an example of Italian actors, I say "viva Italiano!"

GAIL AMERS
Long Beach, California

His name is Franco Interlenghi.—Ed.

Please tell me who was the sigh guy who played Buzz in "Rebel Without a Cause." I think he looks exactly like Marlon Brando.

GLORIA MARLOWE
Center Point, Alabama

Buzz was played by Corey Allen.—Ed.



Brando and Allen look alike, says fan

■ Please address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We'd like nothing better than to answer every letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale.



When friends call, does a good hostess—

☐ Turn on TV

☐ Consult them

☐ Start a scrabble game

Do you muzzle your guests—or make them shout out your favorite program? For instance, say they've just settled down to a lively debate on some fascinating topic when—click!—that Un-silent Screen takes over. Why risk your chat-happy visitors' resentment? Why not consult them before turning

on the video? Good hostessing means keeping guests at ease. And to keep yourself at ease (at certain times) choose Kotex, the sanitary napkin that gives the complete absorbency you need—the sure, unfailing kind. Remember, too, to get a new Kotex belt; it goes with Kotex* for perfect comfort.



Should you expect your date to—

☐ Play Sir Walter Raleigh

☐ Carry the umbrella

Don't expect him to carpet your storm-lashed path with his best tweed jacket. (Wear your galoshes!) But it is his job to hold the umbrella—no matter how frilly the item may be. Incidentally, on "those" days you'll want to keep your tootsies dry; avoid getting chilled. And you'll want the chafe-free comfort of Kotex—this softness holds its shape. What's more, you can't make a mistake, for Kotex can be worn on either side safely.



Can a hefty lass look slimmer—

☐ In minutes

☐ Via calorie counting

Turning a plumpkin into a lean queen takes doing; and if that's your problem, here's how to start paring down—in minutes! Get yourself a girdle. A good, carefully fitted one that's right for your own figure needs. Then note the difference! As for calendar time needs, you can find the sanitary napkin just right for you by trying all 3 sizes of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super have flat pressed ends; prevent telltale outlines.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

P. S. To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Unscented. Positively destroys odors.



New sunshine yellow

shampoo

puts sunny

sparkle in hair!



silkier... softer... easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, \$1.

Helene Curtis

shampoo

plus egg^{2%}

SUPER FAST RINSING!

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 10.

✓✓ ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS—U-I; Technicolor: Mild romance reuniting Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. As a well-to-do widow, Jane falls in love with Rock, a gardener, but her two grown children disapprove. (F) February

✓✓✓ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: The latest Martin and Lewis romp gives horror comics a genial kidding. Dean teams with artist Dorothy Malone; Jerry, with model Shirley MacLaine. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ GUYS AND DOLLS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Delightful musical about Broadway folks. Gamblers Marlon Brandó, Frank Sinatra love mission doll Jean Simmons, nightclub doll Vivian Blaine. (F) January

✓✓ HELL ON FRISCO BAY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Routine waterfront melodrama pits ex-cop Alan Ladd against racketeer Edward G. Robinson. Joanne Dru plays Alan's wife, a nightclub singer. (A) February

✓✓✓ I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP, THE—Rank, Continental: Shrewdly made British suspense film. Michael Redgrave and Alexander Knox are among passengers on a terrifying plane trip. A dream has predicted disaster. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ OKLAHOMA!—Magna; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest. As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menaced by Rod Steiger. Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ PRISONER, THE—Columbia: Beautifully acted British drama. As a cardinal in an Iron Curtain country, Alec Guinness is jailed and subjected to shattering interrogations by a knowing Red, Jack Hawkins. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ RANSOM!—M-G-M: Harrowing, intense account of a kidnapping. When manufacturer Glenn Ford's small son is taken, he defies public opinion and wife Donna Reed's anguish by refusing to pay ransom. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, warm-natured widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

✓✓✓ SPOILERS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Straightaway adventure yarn of gold-rush Alaska. Partners Jeff Chandler and Anne Baxter discover that Rory Calhoun, supposedly a good guy, is out to grab their mine. (F) February

✓✓✓ SQUARE JUNGLE, THE—U-I: Prize-ring movie with a fresh approach. Because of his upbringing, Tony Curtis pursues his career ruthlessly, estranging his girl, Pat Crowley, and his trainer, Ernest Borgnine. (F) February

✓✓✓ TENDER TRAP, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Laughs and lively romance. Sinatra's a carefree New York bachelor, until Debbie Reynolds gets after him. Celeste Holm, David Wayne team engagingly. (F) December

Beautiful NEWS— a years-ahead rubber girdle!

first with detachable,
adjustable garters!

Shadow[®]

by WARNER'S

*Preferred 3 to 1 over
old fashioned rubber girdles
by women who have worn both*

Here's why:

YES—when hundreds of women tested both rubber girdles in regular wear, 75% found Shadow clearly superior. Now you can enjoy this wonderful new way to be slim—for every fashion, from sheath to beach. Dunks and dries like a dream. Your nicest store now has Shadow in its eye-catching package. Pick it up today! Girdle or Pantie Girdle. White or Pink. Extra small, Small, Medium, Large, Extra large.

- Easily adjustable garters that you can detach in a twinkling—nothing complicated, no broken finger-nails. Exclusive with Shadow!
- Fabulously fitting—because of new sizing method. Wonderfully strong and rip-resistant.
- First with softer, more comfortable, cooler all-cotton lining; easier to take on and off.
- First with hidden reinforcements at stress points.
- Special tummy-tucking panel; firmness but ease through hips for the sleekest fashions.
- Made with the special Warner care that smart women love.

\$7.95

by the makers of the famous "Merry Widow"

Also shown: A'Lure[®] elastic bra by Warner's, P1045 (in package) . . . \$3.95.

BY EDITH GWYNN



"Guys and Dolls" preem rated raves for Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra (with Stew Granger, Deb Kerr)

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

Of the many preems this month, the biggest, in more ways than one, was "The Rose Tattoo." It not only brought forth stars in bunches but gave Filmville a great "new" star of its "own" to rave about—Anna Magnani, in her first American film. Leave us just say "Wow!" for Anna and all concerned

with a white foxtail dangling therefrom! Also Merle Oberon; Jan Sterling with Paul Douglas; Shirley MacLaine and her spouse, Steve Parker; Oreste, Paramount's new singing star; Ben Cooper, who brought his sister, Bunny; Marisa Pavan, twining with Tom Tyron; the Rock Hudsons, and scads more. Yvonne de Carlo looked real-great in a low-cut, strapless floor-length black dress with a huge diamond pin "front and center," and dragging a luscious cape stole of white ermine.

John Wayne and Pilar Pallete tossed a fancy soiree for visiting Panamanian Ambassador Roberto Arias and his wife, who is ballerina Margot Fonteyn. The Waynes told their guests in the Rodeo Room (which they'd had decorated with thousands of red carnations) that they hope the expected baby will be a boy. Among those sipping champagne at the huge buffet were Dana Wynter with Richard Gully; Esther Williams and Ben Gage; the Gary Coopers; Laraine Day and Leo Du-rocher; and the Robert Newtons.

One of the biggest affairs of the season was the COMPO (Council of Motion Picture Organizations) dinner at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, for which hundreds turned out to see actors and movies receive honors resulting from a nationwide audience popularity poll. Everyone stood in a moment of silence as Natalie Wood accepted the Best Actor Award for the late Jimmy Dean. Others honored were Tab Hunter, Peggy Lee, Jennifer Jones, and "Mr. Roberts" ran away with Best Film votes. Grace Kelly, Bill Holden, Walt Disney, Glenn Ford and Jack Warner were among the hosts and speakers. Debbie Reynolds beamed as Eddie Fisher started things off by singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Roz Russell came dressed in red—a Dior job—and wearing a "diamond" necklace that must have weighed two tons! Piper Laurie, with her big love, Gene

Nelson, sported a shoulder-length bob—and she wasn't the only gal there proving the trend toward longer hairdos. Then there was Dorothy Malone with Scott Brady; Judy Garland and Sid Luft; Sarita Montiel, whom you'll see opposite Mario Lanza in "Serenade"; Jane Powell (in a darling maternity dress she designed herself) and Pat Nerney; and Alec Guinness, who got the most applause.

Preview of "The Benny Goodman Story" featured almost as many glamour-pusses as a regular preem. Joan Collins—with a super *uncombed* hairdo—was there with Arthur Loew, Jr., along with Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino, George Nader and Dani Crayne, and star-of-the-picture Steve Allen's wife, Jayne Meadows, who was stunning in a costume of gray trimmed with deep red. Kim Novak swayed to the great Benny Goodman music with her best feller, Mac Krim. Kim wore her favorite lilac shade again, and with it a coat of white sheared beaver—just like the one Liberace wore at his preview of "Sincerely Yours." Naturally, Kim took lots of kidding.



Monroe has Marlon in a spin at party following New York opening of "Rose Tattoo"

with the project. The opening was staged for the benefit of the City of Hope. Wendell Corey was emcee for the night, with pretty Valerie Allen, the Paramount starlet, assisting. Valerie handed out "rose tattoos" in the form of rose clusters to each arrival. Lovely, sixteen-year-old Elaine Laird (who rode the "Rose Tattoo" float in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade) plus other dolls, also helped in their white satin gowns with real roses tacked all over them. Among those greeted in the theatre foyer were Yvonne de Carlo and her brand-new groom, Bob Morgan; Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall, almost reconciled; Jeanne Crain with Paul Brinkman (of course); Carol Ohmart in deep beige taffeta which featured a hustle in back



How time flies! Cute Natalie Wood is the glamour girl on a date with Tab



Born gentle

PROUD mothers, please forgive us if we too feel something of the pride of a new parent. For new Philip Morris, today's Philip Morris, is delighting smokers everywhere. Enjoy the gentle pleasure, the *fresh unfiltered flavor*, of this new cigarette, born gentle, then refined to special gentleness in the making. Ask for new Philip Morris in the smart new package.



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LAUGHING STOCK

The irate wife of a movie star who had gone fishing and left her alone was asked where he could be found.

"Just go down to the bridge," she snapped. "Look around until you find a pole with a worm on each end."

An Irma-brained starlet overheard a Hollywoodsman describe a doll as having "elemental appeal." Later the starlet told a friend: "I think he's going with a girl named Ella Mental."

Movie starlet to another: "I wonder if George loves me?"

Friend: "Of course he does, dear. Why should he make you an exception?"

A film queen with an unemployed husband read about Columbia's movie, "The Queen Bee," and telephoned her agent. "You should get my husband a part in it," she said. "He's a perfect drone."

Hear about the producer who sent his gal a Jaguar and a Renoir painting? Next day he phoned to ask if they had arrived. "One of them is here," she replied.

"Which one?" asked the producer.
"How should I know?" she answered.

Overheard in a movietown cafe: "I don't want all Hollywood thinking I'm different when I become a star, so I've already started snubbing people."

Andy Devine tried to telephone his wife from a movie set, but every time he dialed the number, he got a busy signal. Finally he sent her a telegram. It read: "Hang up."

Jack Carson says he's mighty proud of his chef. "I sent him to pastry school and he graduated with flying crullers."

Someone asked Red Skelton's TV director, Jack Donahue, about working with the comedian. Said Jack:

"It's like Clyde Beatty's act. All you need is a chair and a whip."

Definition of an autograph hound: Someone who jumps at you from between two parked cars, breathes hot licorice in your face and sneers:

"You're not so hot without make-up."

A Hollywood starlet, it's said, is gambling for mink in her romance with a Mr. Moneybags.

She calls the game "Chemin de FUR."

Buddy Lester's telling about the Englishman who was about to be hanged. He was asked if he had a last request and said:

"Yes, may I please have a Windsor knot?"

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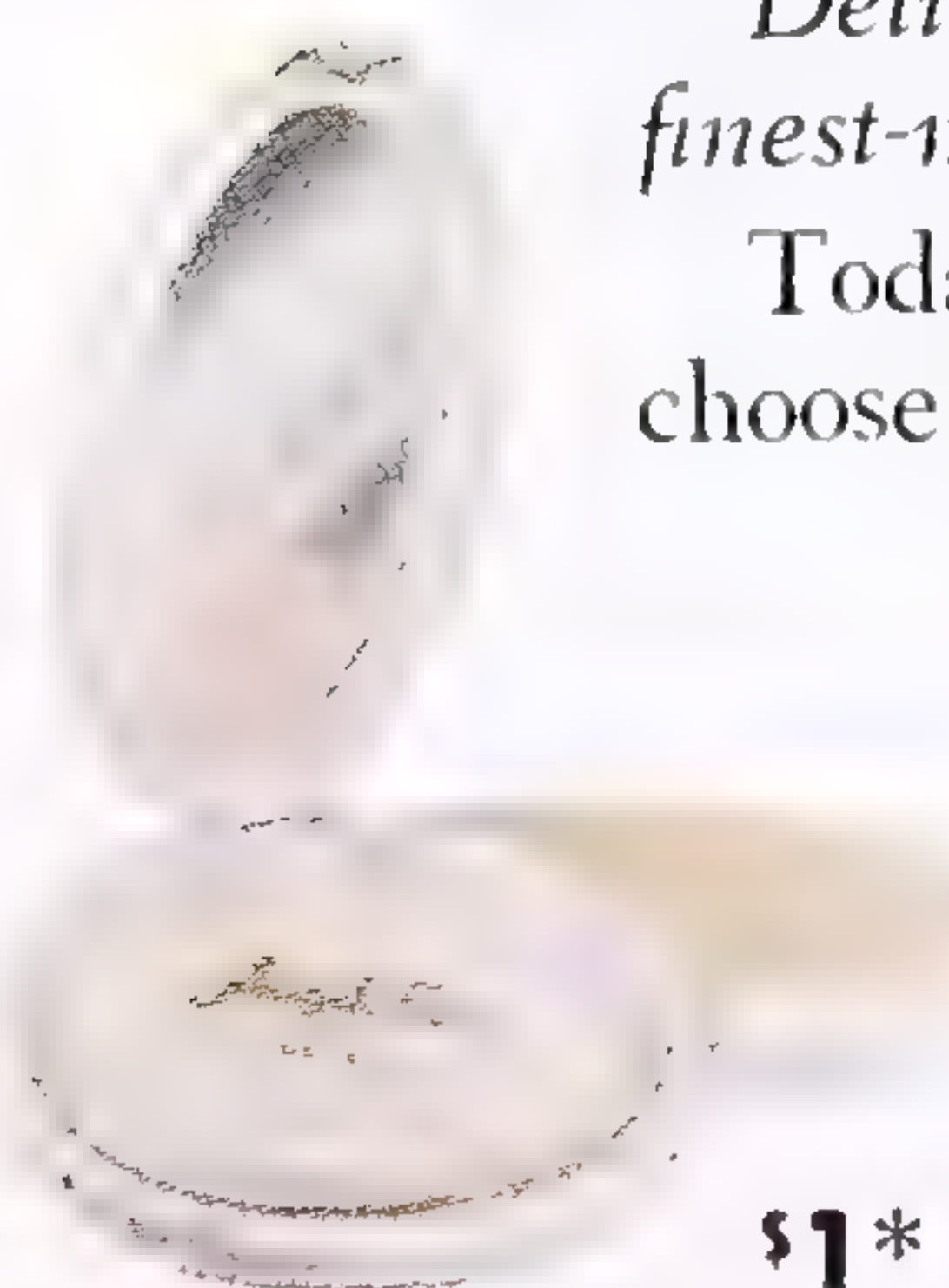
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THE WOMAN?

I WILL TAME HER!

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mighty as the man
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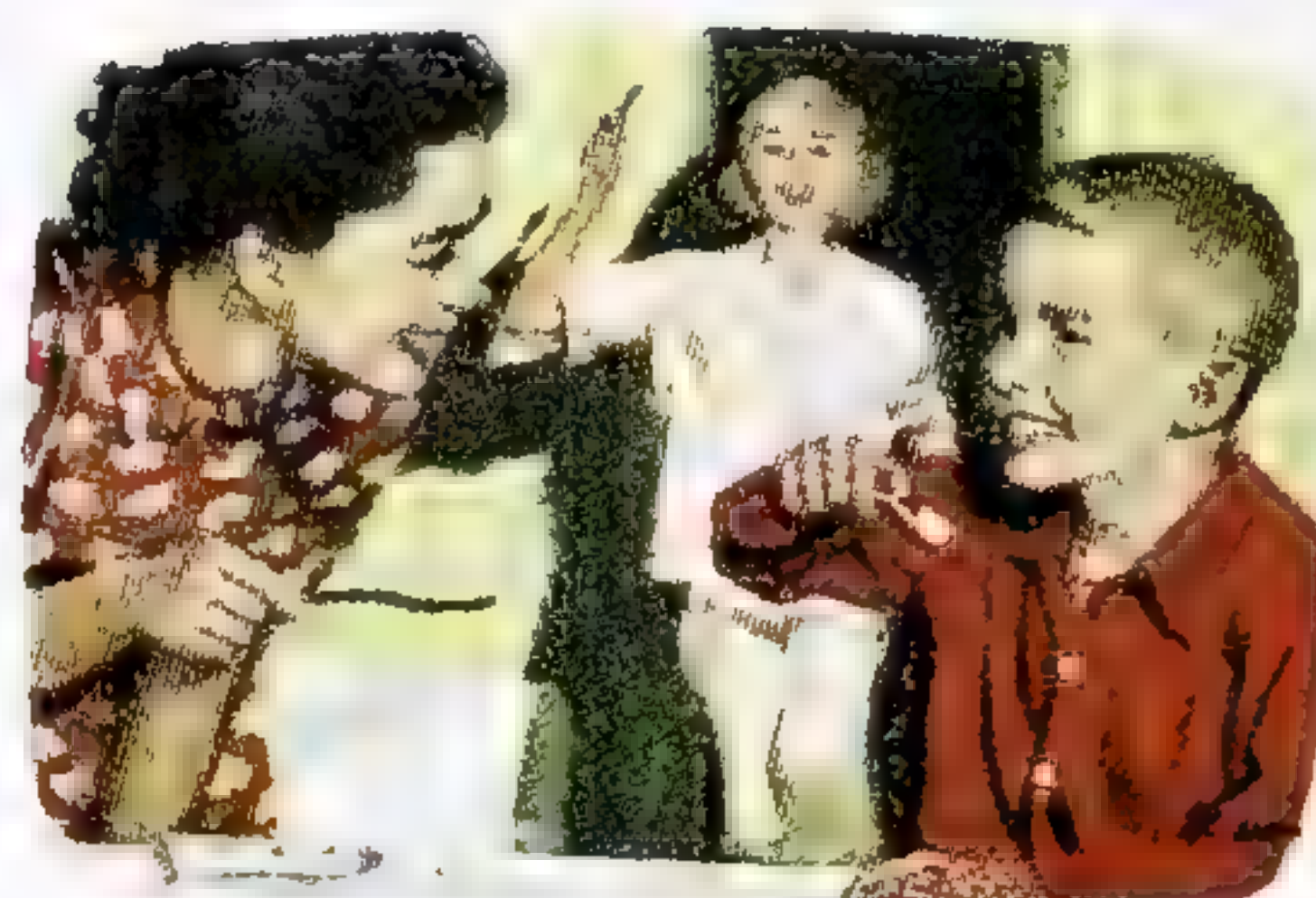
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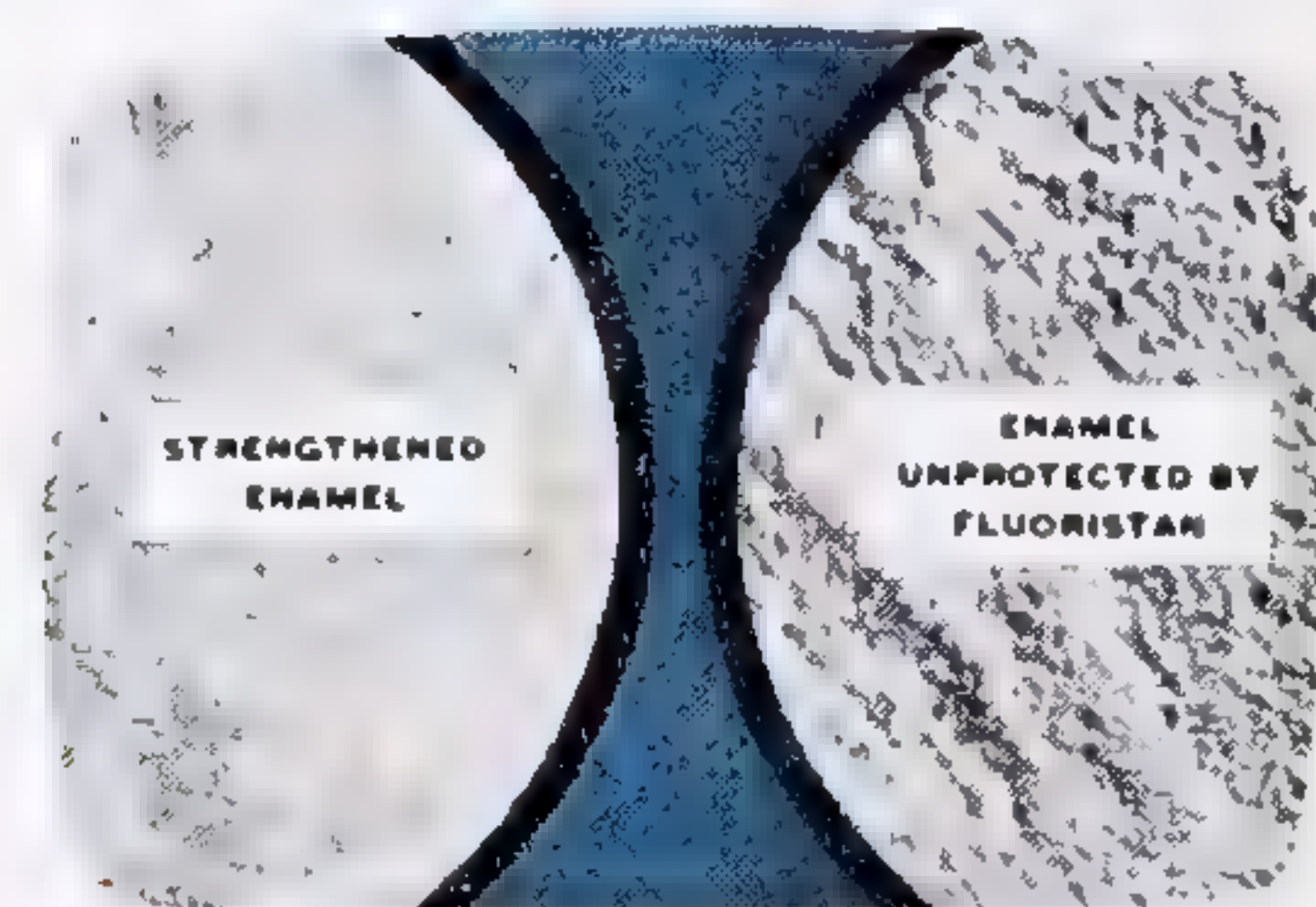
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Page B

Cal York, Photoplay's gossip expert, predicts that Rock Hudson will be the biggest star to hit Hollywood when "Giant" is released. Joan Collins, the sexpot from England, will be as magnetic as the late Jane Harlowe with her studio, 20th-Century Fox, having big production plans for her in 1956. Watch for marriage to Sid Chaplin. Kim Novak's studio may want her to see any more of Mac Krim but this will stop Kim from marrying Mac in the near future. Mitchum will make exciting headlines when his case against a scandal magazine comes to trial. But how will he always? Add George Nadar and Martha Hyer to your list of newcomers who are most likely to succeed.

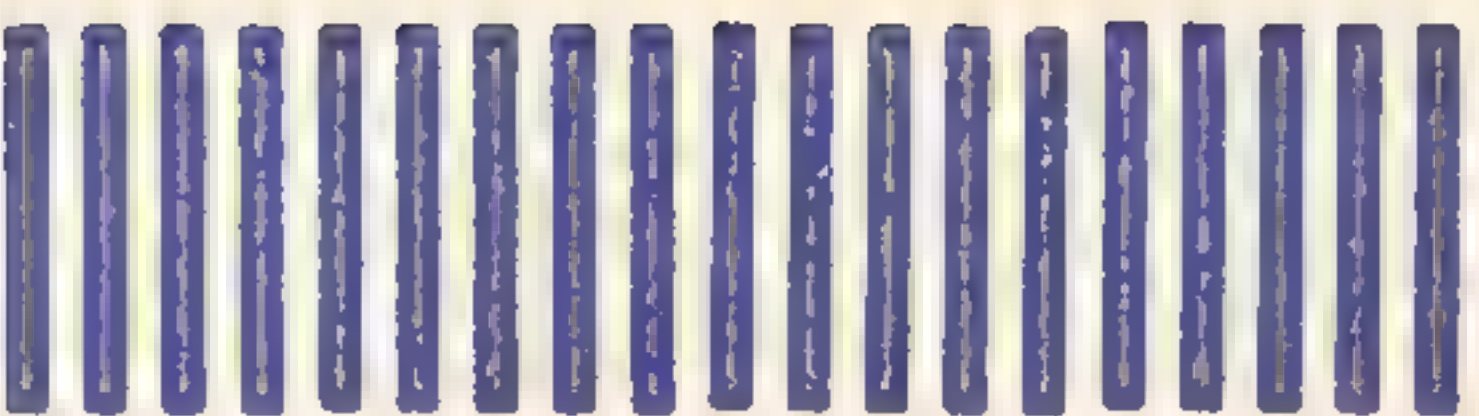
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the **b**est is yet to be—

In this, the 36th year of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards—the oldest in the motion-picture industry—we are once again pleased and proud to present the coveted Gold Medals to the outstanding actors, actresses and movies which you, the moviegoer, have selected as your favorites.

Throughout the years, PHOTOPLAY has never attempted to set itself up as an arbitrary judge of pictures or performers. The decision has always been left up to you—for you are the one we and the motion-picture industry seek to please. And, in selecting the Gold Medal winners, we have adhered to the adage that "the customer is always right."

Each year, it seems, as another movie-making cycle draws to a close and we reminisce about the pictures we have seen, the new stars who have begun to glitter on the horizon, we—and you, too, we believe—invariably say to ourselves, "This has been the best year of all; they'll never top this one." But, as night follows day, the next year brings new and greater achievements and with it our continued admiration and enjoyment.

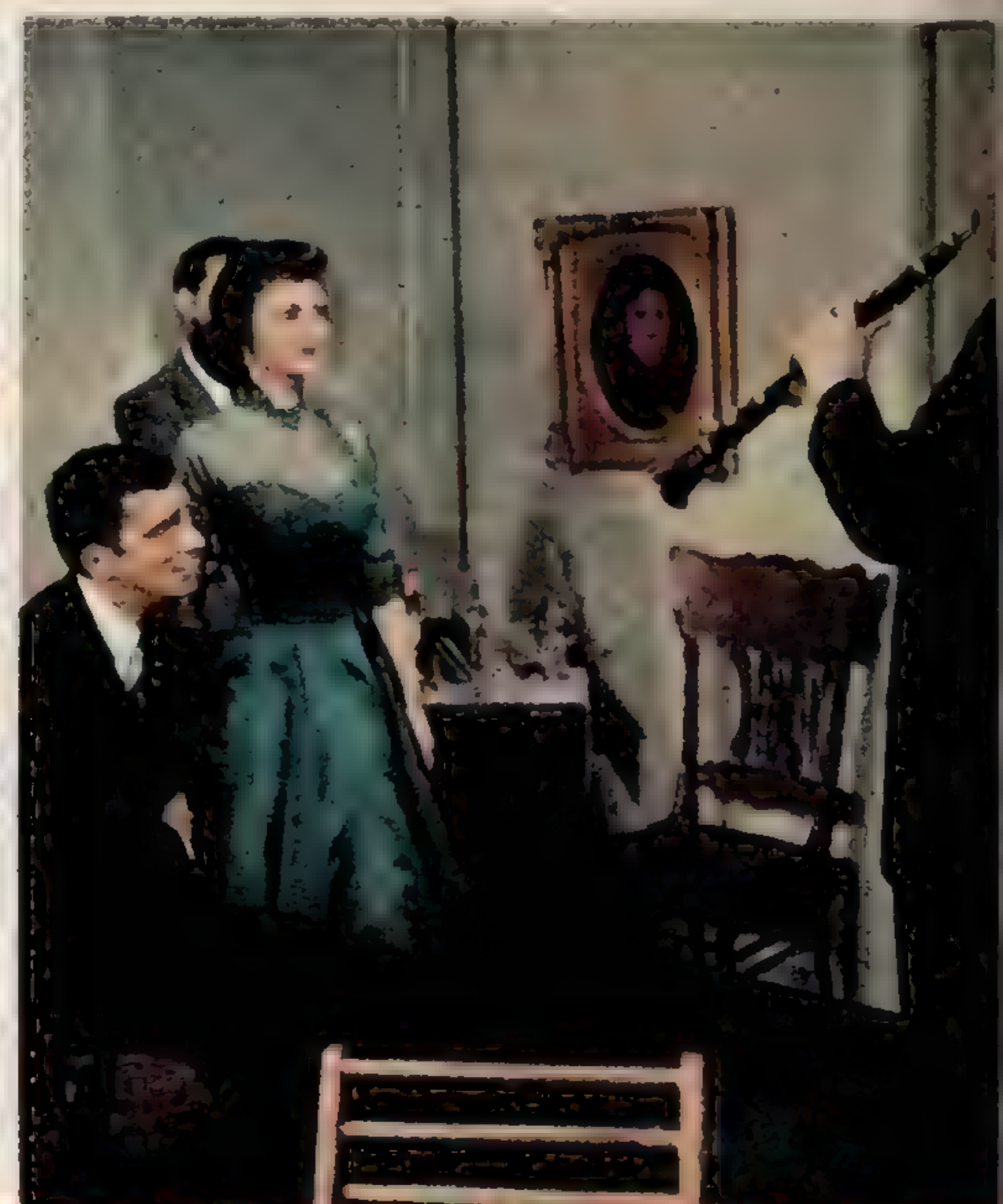
During the 1955-56 season, we have been treated to an unusual variety of superb movies and performances, but already there are others equally as exciting in prospect. Music-wise, there were such hits as "Guys and Dolls" and "Oklahoma!", and now "Carousel." Drama-wise, we thrilled to such performances as Frank Sinatra's in "The Man with the Golden Arm"; Rosalind Russell's in "Picnic"; Ernest Borgnine's in "Marty"; Anna Magnani's in "The Rose Tattoo." And we can look forward to many others, such as "Giant"—which, in particular, will bring us the last performance of the late and much beloved James Dean—and the star-studded "War and Peace." Of course, there are many more, but it would take pages to list them all. Suffice it to say again that it has been a wonderful year, a historic year. But, looking to the future—as sure as our name is PHOTOPLAY—we feel, as before, the best is yet to be.

Ann Higginbotham
EDITOR

In U-I's jazz saga, Barry Truex is Benny at sixteen. Dad Robert Simon takes him to tailor Benny Rubin to get a tuxedo for a name-band job

Steve Allen moves in as the grown-up Goodman. Family scenes (here with Berta Gersten, as his mother) add warmth to musical excitement

Other real-life roles go to Herbert Anderson and Donna Reed, as jazz-authority John Hammond and his sister Alice—Mrs. Goodman-to-be



THE BENNY GOODMAN



Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson join in. Later, Harry James, Ziggy Elman and other hot-music greats play themselves, keep the rhythm going



Steve learned how to finger the clarinet correctly, but the notes you hear—swing or this Mozart concerto—were all blown by Benny himself



INSIDE STUFF

BY CAL YORK

Mr. Show Business: Temperamental movie stars could learn a lot from the example set by Steve Allen while he was making "The Benny Goodman Story." When the famous comedian came west to star in the biography of the famous musician, it was the challenge of his career. Steve worked ten hours a day on the set, and five nights a week he appeared on *Tonight*, his own big TV show. He was never irritable, he

didn't complain of exhaustion—in fact, he had a ball. "Hard work never hurt anyone who loves what he's doing," declares the bespectacled master of ad lib. "However," Steve adds, "it was really tough on my wife, Jayne Meadows, who was appearing on a TV panel show in New York at the time. Jayne commuted seven thousand miles each week to be with me, and we still managed to fall (Continued on page 106)

*The growth of the famous Goodman
combo is put across dramatically.
Benny discovers Lionel Hampton
(himself) as a waiter in a small cafe*



STORY"



*A career that influences popular
music to this day reaches a climax
with Goodman shows at the New
York Paramount and Carnegie Hall*



Swedish Dish

...with Hollywood Trimmings

BY MARY WORTHINGTON JONES

Anita Ekberg is in "War and Peace" and "Zarak Khan"



Royal reception from Duke of Edinburgh at London preem (above with Liz, Mike Wilding), was warmer than one Anita got from Stockholm press, who reflected Swedish resentment that her fame's built on glamour rather than talent, so far. "Why the fuss?" people said. "Sweden's full of beautiful girls!"

● On a cold, wintry day in Malmo, Sweden, not too long ago, Anita Ekberg landed at the airport, to be greeted by a crowd of reporters, photographers and townspeople. Anita had come home.

It had been almost four years since she had left her native land, a comparative unknown, determined to carve her niche in Hollywood. Then, she was a round-cheeked, corn-fed, naive girl, whose main claim to fame was having been chosen Miss Sweden of 1951. That year, in August, she had journeyed to America for the first time. But success and notoriety hadn't been waiting with open arms for Anita on that visit, and she returned to Sweden, a disappointed beauty queen without a throne.

Then, in May, 1952, Anita returned to America. This time, she resolved, she would make the country sit up and take notice of her. It didn't happen overnight—but, when the spotlight finally did play on her, less than two years ago, it was with blinding force. From New York to Hollywood, Rome to London, Anita's statuesque, eye-catching figure adorned newspapers and magazines; she was heralded as the Swedish Venus, The Build, the sexiest thing since Marilyn Monroe.

Continued





Anita
Ekberg

Swedish Dish

Continued

Everywhere she went, escorted by a Tyronne Power, a Frank Sinatra or a wealthy magnate, she created a sensation; the studios clamored for her services.

After her first major appearance, in "Blood Alley," Anita had gone into "Artists and Models," then on to Italy and the filming of Paramount's mammoth production of "War and Peace," in which she plays Princess Helene, opposite Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Mel Ferrer. And, after her visit in Sweden, she would be off again—this time to Spanish Morocco and the filming of "Zarak Khan," in which she stars opposite Victor Mature. At last, Anita had come into the big time; there would be no stopping her.

Now, after four years, as she stepped off the plane in Malmo—a star by anyone's standard, with a fat contract, shared by John Wayne Productions, Hal Wallis-Paramount and Warner Brothers—Anita had every right to expect a royal welcome. But, after the dubious welcome she had received in Copenhagen and Stockholm, just a few days before, she sensed that the red carpet awaiting her would be a bit fringed around the edges.

Originally, Anita had intended to go straight home to Malmo from Rome, after completing her part in "War and Peace," but Paramount had persuaded her to re-route her trip via Stockholm, so they could show off their new star to the press. Therefore, her parents—Alva and Gustav Ekberg—went to Copenhagen (where Anita changed planes) to meet her and accompany her on her triumphal entry into Stockholm. (Continued on page 78)

← "She is still my little Anita. Changed? Well, she wears more make-up," laughs Mrs. Alva Ekberg, a jolly woman. Anita brought home many presents. "She was always generous," says Mom

Pictures with mother and of Anita outside of home in Malmo, right, were photographed by Georg Oddner. Anita was his favorite model before she went to Hollywood



Age three, with brother Torsten



Nineteen, she won Miss Malmo title

Age eight (in circle) with parents, three of her six brothers and only sister Inga, who adores Anita

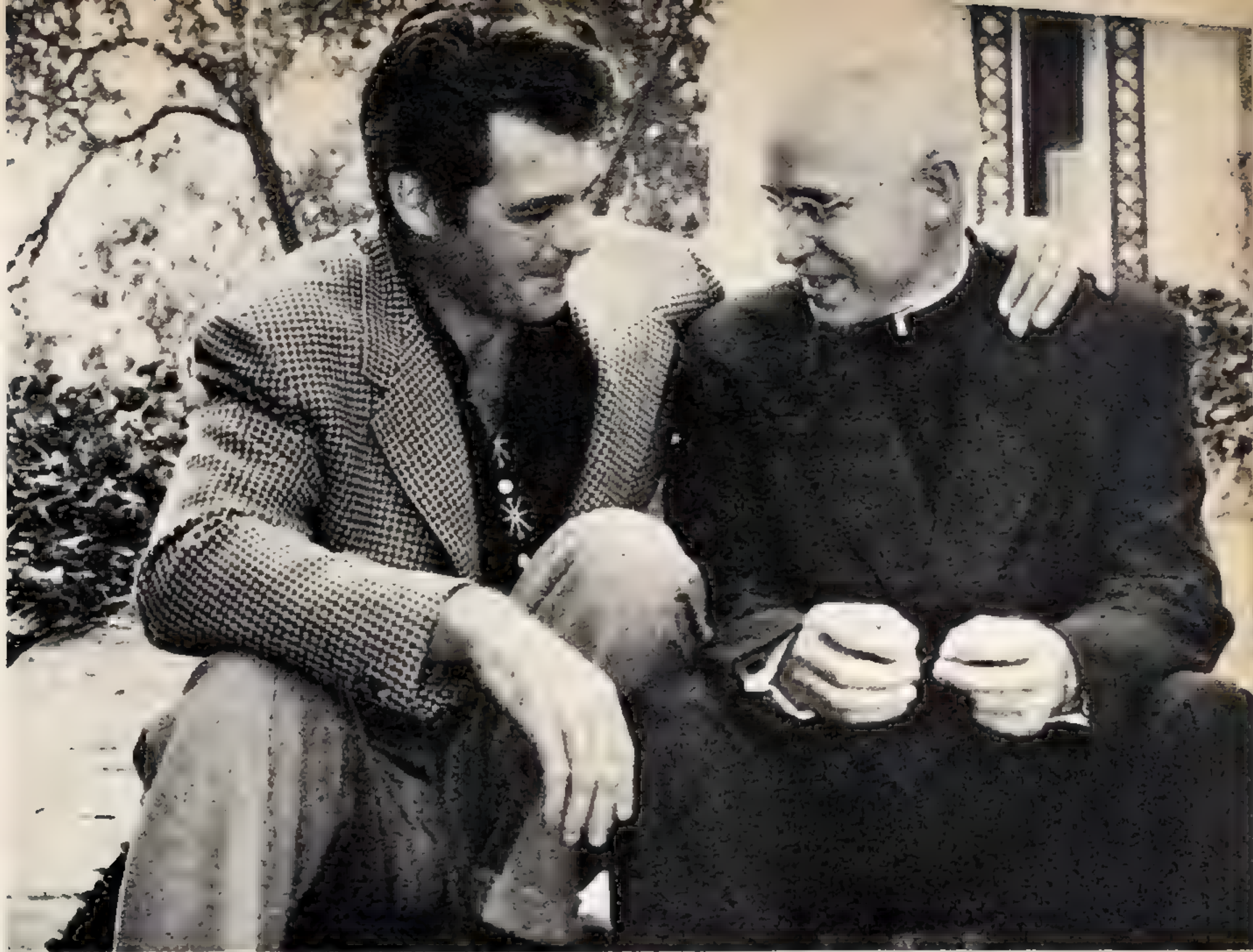


The Ekberg home in Malmo, Sweden





*In a dingy railroad station,
a boy's destination
was changed for life—
by the man
who'd come to rescue him*



Time has only strengthened the bond that was forged fifteen years ago between Rory and Father Kanaly

The day that decided Rory's life

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● It happened in Rory Calhoun's living room one recent Tuesday evening. The phone rang and, picking up the receiver, Rory heard a beloved voice from out of the past.

"Smokey?"

"Hello, Padre!" he said.

Monsignor Don Kanaly was calling from McAlester, Oklahoma. He needed some "help," he said.

"Sure, Padre. Name it. Anything."

"I want you to pray with me."

From California there was an abrupt silence. In Oklahoma the voice so well remembered went on.

The priest said he was preparing a youth to die. The boy, whose mother and father were in prison, too, had no family outside to pray for him. This boy, and two others, had been caught robbing a store. The police had been tipped off and were waiting for them. In the ensuing melee, a gun was fired and a cop was killed. Two of the boys were given life sentences. The boy convicted of using the gun was sentenced to the electric chair.

On Thursday, five minutes past midnight, he was to die. Only prayer could save him now. "I need your (Continued on page 86)



Of Lita, the Padre says, "She's the girl he needed. I always prayed for Rory to find someone like her"

Rory Calhoun is in "The Spoilers" and "Red Sundown"

By Dee Phillips

SUGAR PUSS



Temperamentally, still the girl she was at sweet sixteen



Happy with people, Shirley has no need for long "alone" periods

When a roommate says, "I used to wake up grouchy—now I'm a living doll!" and glamour-weary stars act like there's magic in the air, you know why the whole town's crazy about this Jones girl!

● One afternoon, five years ago, Shirley Jones and her friend Charlotte sat clipping pictures and stories from movie magazines. Their idol? Guy Madison. Shirley's scrapbook was bulging as a result of her ardent search for every bit of news on Guy. As she clipped and pasted, Shirley turned her dreams to the day when she would be a star, with pictures of her in color and stories of her childhood filling magazines and newspapers. She was sixteen, and it was good to dream the typical, mythical All-American Girl dream of sixteen. For Shirley—blond and still plump then, with the serene, happy, lovely face of adolescence—was, indeed, a typical example of the mythical All-American Girl. At South Huntington High in Smith-ton, Pennsylvania, she was popular, a cheerleader, honor student, drum majorette, class secretary, leading lady in all the plays, captain of the softball and basketball teams, and deep in the throes of first love with a four-letter man who was finding his success at





Shirley Jones
plays role of Julie
in "Carousel"



*Turn the page
for a typical day
with Shirley—and
her roommate Barbara*



"Shirl's always happy when she wakes up," says roommate Barbara Ruick, who's also in "Carousel"



Girls cue each other from script. "Shirl's never suspicious or envious, always ready to help"



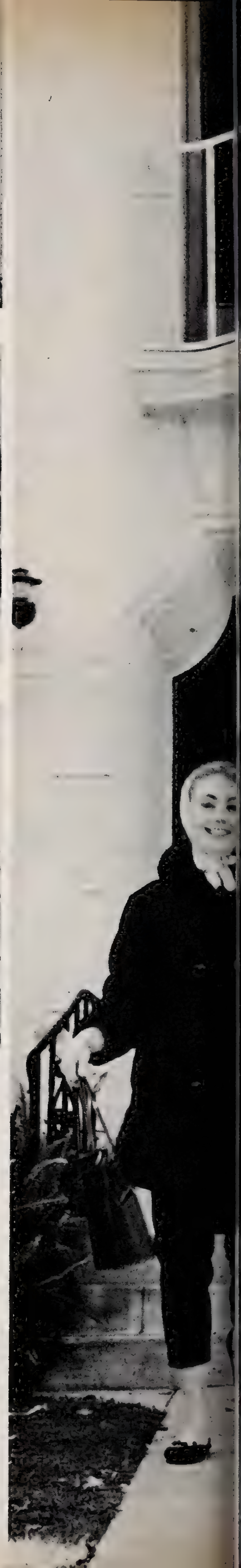
Still at pedal pushers and popcorn stage, but neither one can resist buying glamour clothes!

SUGAR PUSS

Continued

West Point. Life was as gay as a song.

Every other night, the local movie theatre changed its bill. Every other night, Shirley was there, hoping to see Guy or her female idols, Lana Turner and Judy Garland, but settling for anything that flashed on the screen. Twice a week, Shirley's father drove her thirty miles, to Pittsburgh, for voice lessons. Every Sunday, her lovely full voice filled the Methodist church as she sang the choir solo. Every day of her life Shirley knew what she wanted from life—and she had learned early the secret of success. She also had learned to work for it. And she had been blessed with a loving and approving





All dolled up for "Oklahoma!" preem, in which Shirley stars. Both girls are real movie fans

mother and father, a happy home and the self-confidence to dream her dreams on the basis of reality.

That was five years ago.

A few days ago, Shirley Jones sat in the 20th Century-Fox commissary and gazed around her. Still blond and lovely—but not plump—her hazel eyes took on a look of wonder as she said, "All the stars sitting in here. And there's Guy Madison. It's the strangest feeling. It's like seeing the first pictures and story on me in *PHOTOPLAY* last fall. Like a dream come true. It was such a short time ago that I was looking at the first story and pictures of some new-

comer and wondering if *I* would like *them*. It's wonderful," she sighed with pleasure.

Shirley's genuine pleasure in the situation was coupled with a simple dignity and maturity, unexpected in a twenty-one-year-old girl who flashed to stardom in her first picture, "Oklahoma!", and was just completing the lead in a stronger dramatic-singing classic, "Carousel."

It has been said by the perennial speculators around Hollywood and Vine that her sudden fame and extreme youth are a combination that will lead Shirley to conceit, self-centeredness and souring. But they have overlooked the (*Continued on page 90*)



*A persistent guy, he talked
the Indians into a trade deal,
the Navy out of a rating,
a talent scout into waiting
until he made up his mind.
When it comes to promoting
what he wants*

DEWEY IS THE DARNDEST!

BY
PEER J.
OPPENHEIMER

●Sitting on the bed in his hotel room in Madrid, Dewey Martin glanced alternately at the steamship ticket in his left hand and the cablegram in his right hand. The ticket was for passage to the island of Majorca, garden spot of the Mediterranean, with an atmosphere of beauty, romance and seclusion dating back into the Middle Ages.

The cablegram in Dewey's other hand was from his agent in Hollywood, was straight to the point, and not very encouraging: IN REPLY TO YOUR INQUIRY, CHANCES OF YOUR GETTING THE PART OF HAL GRIFFIN IN THE DESPERATE HOURS ARE SLIM. SUGGEST YOU CONTINUE YOUR VACATION.

Dewey put down the cablegram, got up and started to pace the floor. His right fist was nervously hitting the palm of his left hand, his mind working feverishly. Finally, he mumbled to himself, "He didn't (Continued on page 98)"



Dewey Martin is currently in "The Desperate Hours"



Friends thought Dewey was crazy when he turned down first big movie offer, went back to wrapping packages because role didn't offer him break he needed! "For me, it's got to be the best or nothing at all!" Later events proved he knew what he was doing. This attitude extends to sports, too. He maneuvered lessons in skin-diving from the Navy, is the only civilian with a Navy Frogman Certificate!





Gail Russell stars in "Seven Men from Now"

A mere block away from the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, where night clubs, sleek apartment buildings, smart shops and fabulous beauty parlors touch one another for mile after colorful mile, there is a contrasting section of Santa Monica Boulevard crowded with warehouses, lumberyards, dime stores and dark, dingy bars.

While the top class of \$5,000-a-week

stars, directors and producers play on the Strip, there are two classes of Hollywood people who frequent the little bars on Santa Monica Boulevard. One of these two groups is always talk-talk-talking about what it is about to do. This bunch is composed of bit players, technicians, would-be directors and writers on their way up. The other group talks very little, and

sometimes is given to crying. This group is made up of former glamour people on their way down—'way, 'way down.

In the darkest corner of one of these little bars, late in 1954, beautiful Gail Russell sat, crying, with a male friend.

Get that straight. This Hollywood personality was a male friend, not a boy friend, (*Continued on page 102*)

**GAIL
RUSSELL:**

a woman re-born

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Late in the winter
of 1954,
Gail Russell sat
crying in
the darkness.
“God help me,”
she whispered.
He did

*A tragic figure in court, Gail's
plight tore the hearts of friends.
They did what they could. But they
knew only a miracle could save her*

The hilarious adventures of a suburban housewife in Hollywood. The way Mrs. Arnold Stang tells it, she's almost as funny as her famous husband



Scenes from "The Man with the Golden Arm," with Frank Sinatra, Arnold Stang, others. Mrs. Stang found film so exciting she was on the set every day at 7:45 when work started. "I'd get up at 6:45 so I could lead my groggy husband to his coffee by 7:15!"



BY
MRS. ARNOLD STANG

Mrs. Stang, center, with husband (in rear), Kim Novak, Eleanor Parker, who have star roles in the movie

So this

● The morning before I took one of those super-constellation planes out to California—"Skied from Gotham to Tinseltown" my husband, Arnold Stang, calls it—I appeared at the local grammar school to pick up my five-year-old son David and the two other kindergartners it was my turn to drive home.

It was a warm, sunshiny day, and many of the other mothers were lined up outside waiting for their offspring. They were a clean-faced, combed-hair, cashmere-sweatered bunch and com-



"Arnold's beard for role of Sparrow made him so self-conscious, we ate in the darkest places so people wouldn't see him!"

is Hollywood!

pared with them I looked rather a sight in white paint-spattered dungarees, yellow paint-spattered sneakers and one of last summer's middies that had been through Hurricane Carol (it was the one we'd salvaged *after* the flood waters had receded, I believe).

The other mothers looked at me as if I didn't know that Westchester County was practically the highest average income in the United States, and I can't say I blamed them. I longed desperately to say something like, "Listen, by

this time tomorrow I'll be on my way to Hollywood, the glamour capital of the world." Instead, I made some vague apologies about my appearance, referring to the fact that I was in the middle of painting my little girl Deborah's room, and made a quick getaway with the children before son David could be embarrassed by their stares and possible caustic remarks.

But that's me. It seems that inevitably I am either cleaning the garbage pails and stripping the upstairs hall doors of

varnish, or trying to exude a sort of suburbanized allure in glamorous places such as Sardi's or Twenty-One. One back-handed tribute to how artfully I flutter out from my housekeeper's cocoon to the brighter things—the housewife's metamorphosis, I call it—was paid to me by our milkman, who sees me every morning without make-up wearing an old, striped terry cloth robe. One morning, after I had appeared with Arnold on a network television show, (Continued on page 115)



What Kim wants, she means to get—and it isn't mink or Cadillacs. Believe me, this gal's different. And I hope she never changes

**she
ain't
fooling,
men!**



Kim's description of her tragic scene with Ty Powers in "The Eddie Duchin Story" gave Earl the shivers just to hear her tell it!

● One day recently, Kim Novak and I took an auto ride—and we ran out of water. Not gas, but water.

In broad daylight, too. (Darn!)

We had been having lunch here in New York and, as we got into a taxi afterward, the driver said, "Do you mind if I stop for some water?" Kim was already late for her next appointment, but she said, "Okay." The radiator was steaming. It took the driver quite a long time to get the water. Then, to top it off, we got stalled in New York's murderous crosstown traffic.

But Kim seemed to take it all in stride. "Wait till your wife hears you took me for a ride and we ran out of water," she laughed.

"Wait till you try to explain it to Mac Krim!" I said, referring to her handsome boyfriend.

I had already known Kim was a serious gal—but until then I didn't appreciate that she has a Greta Garbo approach to acting. She loves it, but she wants to do it superbly. During our taxi ride, I happened to mention a hit Broadway show which is to be made into a movie by a big Hollywood star.

Personally, I had liked the Broadway show very much.

"I walked out on it," Kim confessed.

"But why?" I was curious to hear.

"It was bad," she said honestly. "The show didn't have any meaning. The actors went through their lines like a bunch of amateurs. And I was so disappointed in the script. I'd expected something. It was vague and empty!" (Continued on page 113)



**BY
EARL
WILSON**

Kim Novak is also in "The Man with the Golden Arm"



Studio thought she was too sexy for "Picnic"—until Kim convinced them

If she suddenly decides to become Mrs. Mac Krim it wouldn't surprise Earl

A Girl's Best Line

*. . . is a curved one! And not
only Hollywood stars, but women
everywhere are discovering
that bosom beauty can be theirs
with the aid of modern magic*

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

● Back in the Roaring Twenties, when Clara Bow and Colleen Moore were fascinating the fans, the flappers had discarded Mama's heavy cloth-and-bone corset for a shapeless tubular garment that was the forerunner of today's girdle. But a girl's best line was definitely *not* her bosom. And many a mom, searching for her ample bra, would discover it tightly wound around daughter. Pinned tightly, it would effectively disguise the presence of curves underneath! Ample-bosomed girls used to strap themselves down with tape in a desperate effort to achieve the flat, boyish look then in vogue.

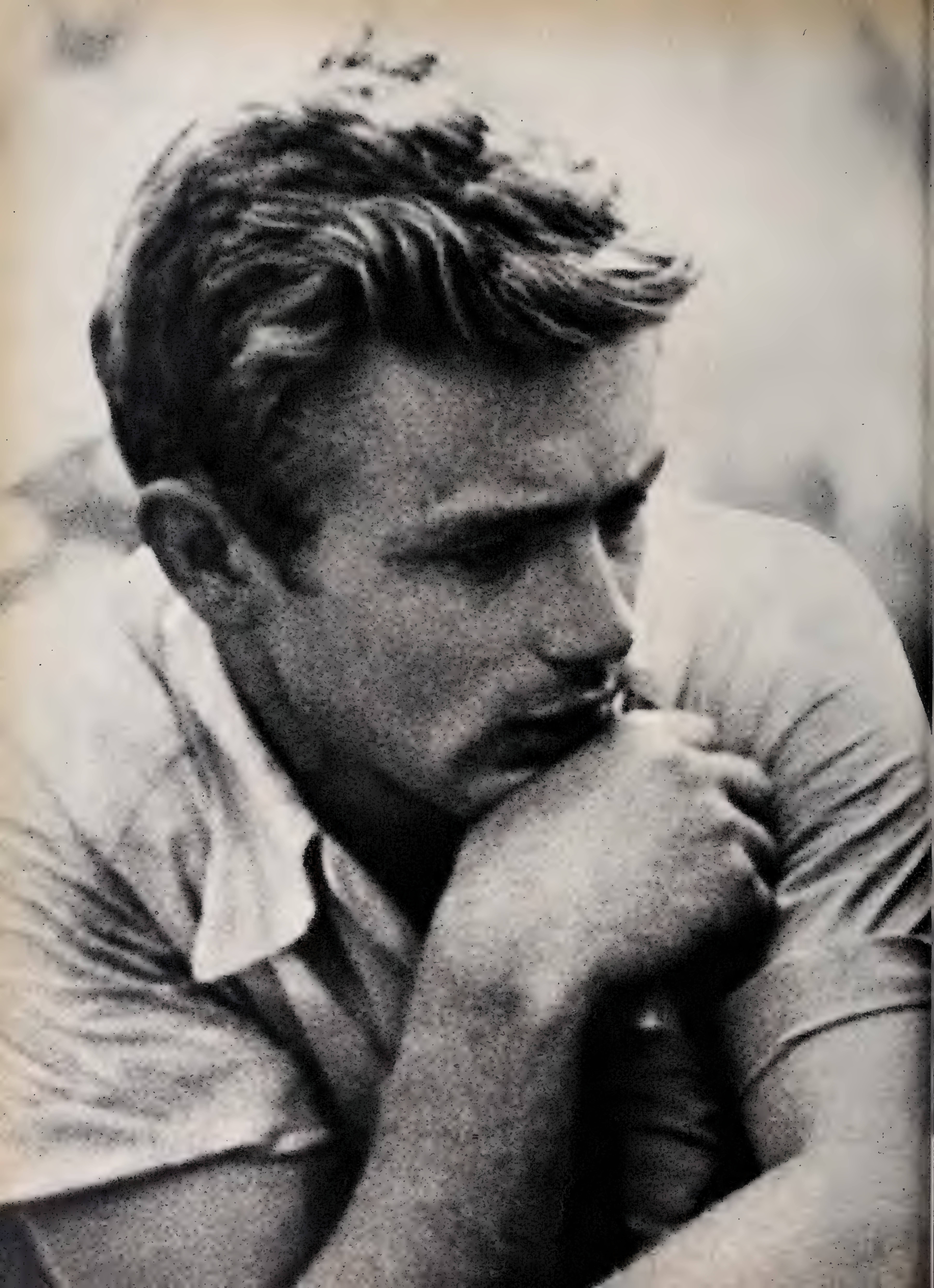
Then came the Thirties—and sanity. Bras, following the natural line of the figure, appeared in

fine brocades, lace, satins and broadcloths. Girls began breathing again! And, ever since then, normal, healthy women's figures—like Donna Reed's, Mitzi Gaynor's, Pier Angeli's—have been the rage. Any attempt to return to the distortion of the Twenties has met with firm rebellion. Dior's famous group of designs featuring a flattened look, had few disciples and died as quickly as it was born. It was soon realized that women would never again yield to the dictates of a fashion that de-emphasized their natural beauty. For the practice of strapping, wearing too-tight brassieres had resulted in a permanent breaking down of muscles and tissues, giving (Continued on page 108)

Donna Reed is in "Ransom!"
and "The Benny Goodman Story"

*For helpful sketches and information on new
bra styles designed for your figure, see page 108*





JAMES DEAN— THE BOY I LOVED

By Jimmy's Grandmother
EMMA WOOLEN DEAN



On location for "Giant," Jimmy's last picture. Far right, with Natalie Wood in "Rebel Without a Cause." At right, in "East of Eden," with Julie Harris

*When you voted him
one of your favorites
for a Photoplay Gold Medal Award,
I knew you loved him, too.
And I knew you would want
to know him the way I did*

● None of us will ever forget that last family reunion we had with Jimmy in the spring of 1955. He had finished "East of Eden." He'd got his wish: he knew he was a good actor.

Jimmy had been to New York, then came here to Fairmount before returning to California. Everybody here was excited—not that Jimmy had to be an actor to be welcomed in Fairmount; he didn't. People here always liked him. But this was different. When "East of Eden" was at the drive-in, so many people went it made a traffic jam.

But, in spite of all the fanfare, Jimmy only wanted to be with his family. We all gathered out at my daughter Hortense's farm. Hortense and Marcus Winslow raised Jimmy after his mother died. Jimmy and Charlie—that's my husband—had just come back from the cemetery, where Jimmy had taken pictures of his great grandfather's and great-great grandfather's graves. When they came in, Jimmy turned to Charlie and said, "Gram-pa, do you think you could do some auctioneering?"

Now my husband Charlie has always claimed his father was the best auctioneer living. So with us, what Jimmy said was kind of a little joke. When Jimmy was little, Charlie would hold him on his knee and auction him off to me, and I'd buy him and Jimmy would laugh.

Well, it ended up this time that Jimmy talked Charlie into auctioneering little Markie Winslow's dog right back to Markie. (Markie is Hortense's and Marcus' little boy.) We laughed, but didn't think anything about this little joke until the next day when Jimmy opened this "satchel" he'd had standing around. It turned out the satchel was a tape recorder. You should have seen my husband's face when Jimmy played it back! Charlie said, "Hey, you shouldn't have done that without telling me. I used some words there that maybe don't belong in polite society."

Well, Jimmy wouldn't give in. He said, "That's how I'm going to take you back to California (Continued on page 84)"



Just a fan until fate made Doris her friend

● The sun sparkled on the water in the pool. Ruth Gordon wriggled her toes in its cool depths, wondered idly whether to go in again. Most of the hotel guests had gone indoors to dress for dinner. Ruth took off her swim cap . . . mmm, the sun felt good! Her eyes closed—flew open again at the sound of a voice. “Hi!” Grinning down at her was a freckle-faced blond. “I wanted to know who cuts your hair,” she said. Ruth straightened up—and gasped. Those freckles, that grin—you couldn’t mistake them. Not when you’d been a fan for years. “D-D-Doris Day!” she stuttered. “Yep!” And Doris sat down beside Ruth. “I hope you don’t mind but I’ve been thinking of cutting my hair and yours looks so darling and—well?” “Oh—of course, of course!” said Ruth. And soon the two were deep in conversation about hair styles and hairdressers.

Ruth didn’t see Doris during the rest of her vacation at Palm Springs. But one day, back home in Los Angeles, the phone rang. It was Doris. Inviting Ruth to go with her to the hairdresser’s! The trip lengthened into lunch, a shopping tour—and a fast friendship between the two girls. Today, Ruth drives Doris to her studio, spends hours in her home listening to records while they stuff themselves on penny candies and bubble gum, joining in games with Doris’ son Terry, listening to the affectionate kidding that is always going on between Doris and her husband Marty Melcher. It’s been over a year now since that day in Palm Springs when Ruth Gordon met Doris Day—and fate made them friends.

The bubble-gum champ. As son Terry has learned, any attempts to beat her end in a complete bust!



Pooped! Tour of Saks Fifth Avenue sends Doris to a divan while Ruth continues shopping. High heels kill this Day—she’d rather go barefoot!





Doris Day is in "The Man Who Knew Too Much"



Doris was so impressed with lunch at Linny's Delicatessen she had to go and thank the cooks!

Shopping at Jean Long's. Doris loves monograms on her things, orders three blouses initialed DDM



L B R O S A



● "Here he is," Marisa Pavan said, smiling delightfully and holding out her hands. "This is the man I love."

He was about five inches tall, carved out of hardwood, a droll-looking Oriental figure, grinning ecstatically, with a round, merry stomach and arms joyously upflung.

"He is a Chinese God of Happiness," Marisa explained. "On the first day of shooting a new picture I take him to my dressing room. So he is always with me. When I want something special, it is only necessary to rub his stomach."

Marisa Pavan is also in "Diane" and

Although Marisa has many dates, she is not in love. "This is a serious thing," she says. "I am not yet ready for it"



BY DON ALLEN

and then make a wish." She indicated the spot, which had been rubbed to a high polish. "As you can see, I have kept him very busy.

"He has been good to me," Marisa continued, in her delightful, soft Italian accent. "A friend gave him to me about two and a half years ago. Since then, things have gone very well. My career has taken what you could call a spurt. Before that," she shrugged, "it was not so good." "What's wrong here? Pier Angeli, they have said, is the "fanciful" sister. This one, Maria Luisa Pierangeli—who for professional reasons



Happy because career "has taken what you call a spurt!"

As the spirited young daughter in "Rose Tattoo," matching Magnani's fire with her own, Marisa Pavan gave Hollywood a preview of what they could expect from the girl they'd called "the quiet one"

Continued

thcoming "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit"



With Magnani, in "Rose Tattoo."
"I told myself I must play Rosa"

"She is the one with the sense
of humor," says Mrs. Pierangeli

Marisa's vivid play-acting en-
chants her little sister, Patrizia

LA BELLA

ROSA

Continued

Samples of blank verse written by Marisa. "It is a way to express myself"

WAITING

*I'll keep waiting
For you to come
And
I'll keep loving
The moments
We spent together . . .
I shall wait
I shall call
Your name in the
Deep silence
Of the night
I shall scream
This love of mine
To the stars above
To the sky and
All nature above
Till exhausted.
I will rest
In the
Coldness
Of
The night.*

SOLITUDE

*The light dancing
On the trembling leaves.
The sun shining
On an empty bed
The Bird singing
What is heard no more.
A girl drowned
In the myst of thoughts . . .
She has loved
And still loves
The one
She has no more.
Tears running down
The face
Of the laughing
Lover
Who tries to hide
Such pain and
All her sorrow.*

Marisa Pavan

calls herself Marisa Pavan—has been described as the "practical" twin. But what about this grinning little man. . . .

"What do I wish for?" Marisa laughed deliciously. "Well, happiness for one thing. And health, of course. And—oh, yes—love. Definitely love." She shrugged faintly, and raised one eyebrow in a typical Latin gesture. "So far, I regret, this love has not happened to me. Perhaps," she hesitated, "perhaps I have been too busy with other things."

Practical? In her flat ballet slippers, black toreador pants, and red turtle-neck Austrian ski sweater, Marisa does not look entirely practical. She stands a scant five-feet-two and weighs scarcely more than a hundred pounds.

Marisa has fine Italian cheekbones and her skin has a gardenia quality. Her dark-brown eyes are deeply luminous, the whites faintly touched with blue. Her brows are level, dark-etched, her nose is straight, her lips softly curved. With all this, Marisa looks fragile and exquisitely feminine. But practical? No. However. . . .

"Happiness I have found," Marisa went on, "up to a certain point. Many good things have happened to me. I have been very busy—making "The Rose Tattoo," and playing in "Diane" with Lana Turner. And I am very excited about this. This is wonderful. But away from the studio, 1955 was not a good year. Too many unhappy things happened. Not to me, but to Anna."

Anna, of course, is the real name of her twin sister, Pier Angeli, who is also Mrs. Vic Damone.

"Everything was wonderful at the start," Marisa said. "It couldn't have been better. Anna and Vic were so much in love. The wedding was beautiful, and she was radiantly lovely. We were all very happy. Later our joy was doubled when Anna told us she was going to have a baby. Then—the accident."

Pier had been flying to Palm Springs. Over the mountains, in turbulent air, (Continued on page 94)

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

fashion
forms
a shapely
you*

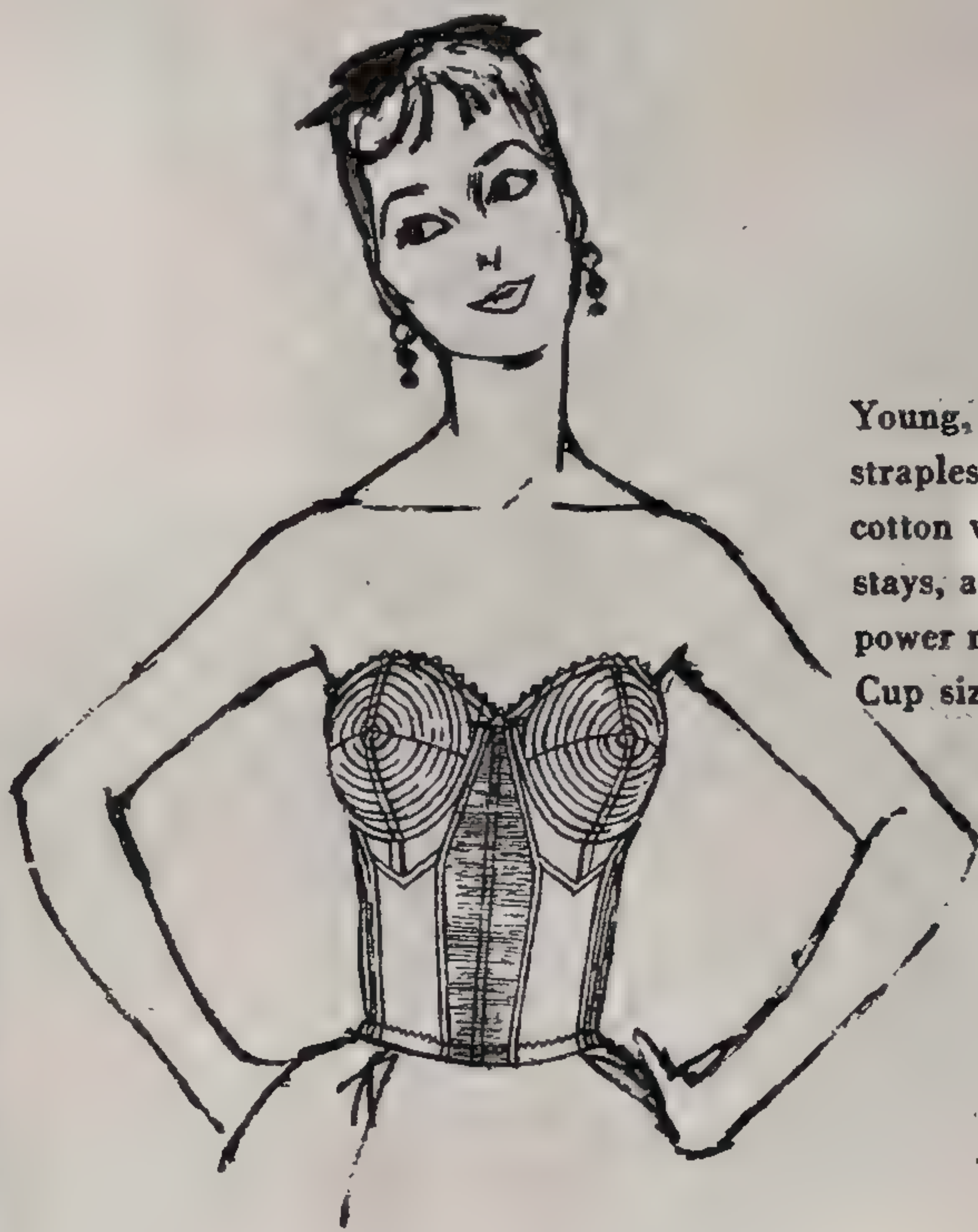
*Lovely Leslie Caron, star of
M-G-M's "Gaby," shows you an elegant
new way to look this spring*

Spring 1956 silhouettes a new and prettier you. The lines of fashion are graceful and easy-going around the curves, but controlled by new shape-makers below the surface where all fashion begins. Best way to show off your new figure: Leslie's little cropped jacket over its own pencil-slim sheath. In black and velveteed beige silk linen, by Junior Sophisticates. Her handsome black pumps, high at the heel, low at the throat, Hamlet by Trim Tred.

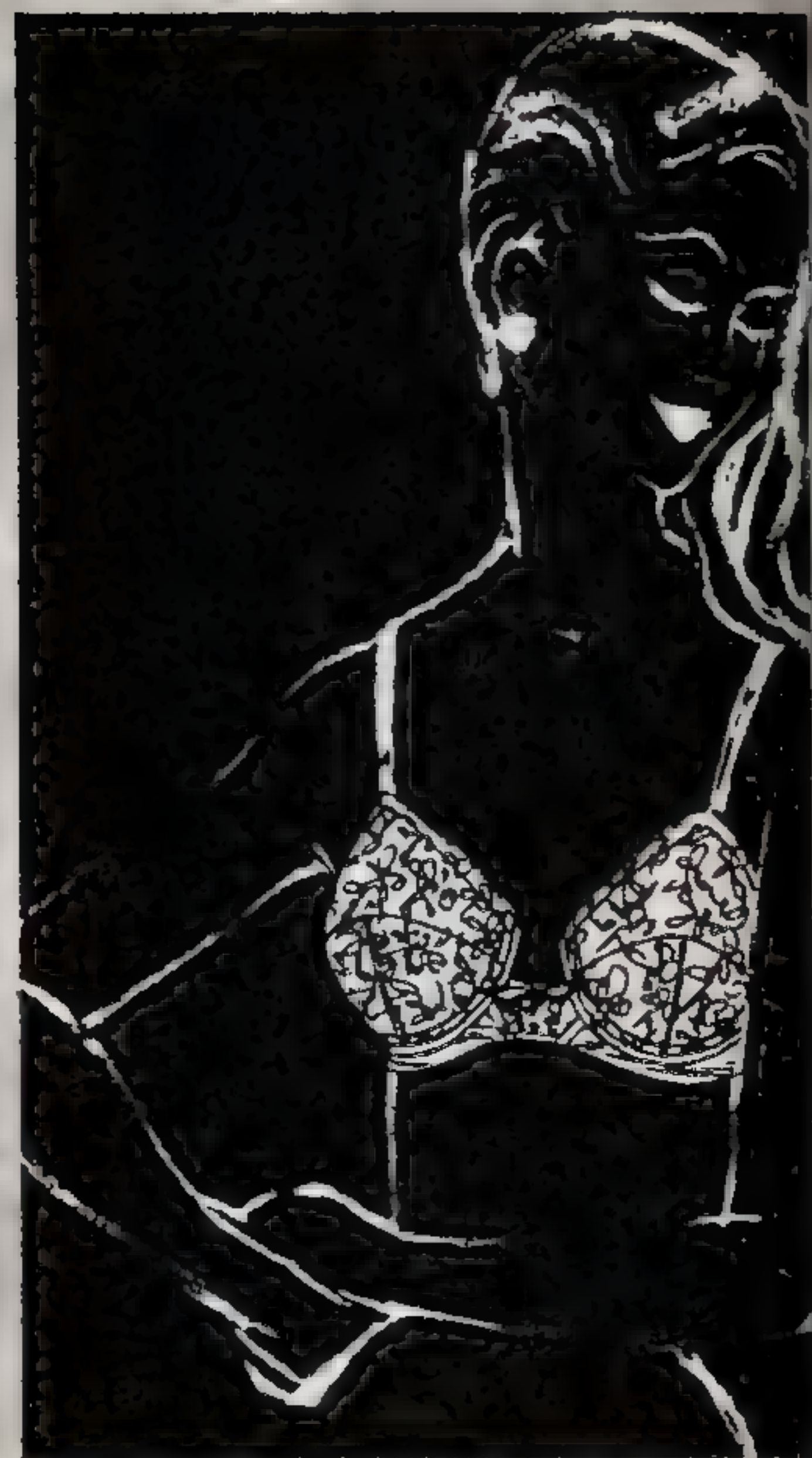
**For pretty new figure-makers
with your shape in mind,
turn to the following pages*

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



Young, sleek-to-the-waist strapless bra in white cotton with adjusting cuddle-stays, and firmed with a power net back. Formfit. Cup sizes B, C, \$6.95



Prettiess plus in a nylon lace bra lined in marquisette, comfortably ribbon wired and cut low for fashion purposes. Exquisite Form. A, B, C, cups. \$5

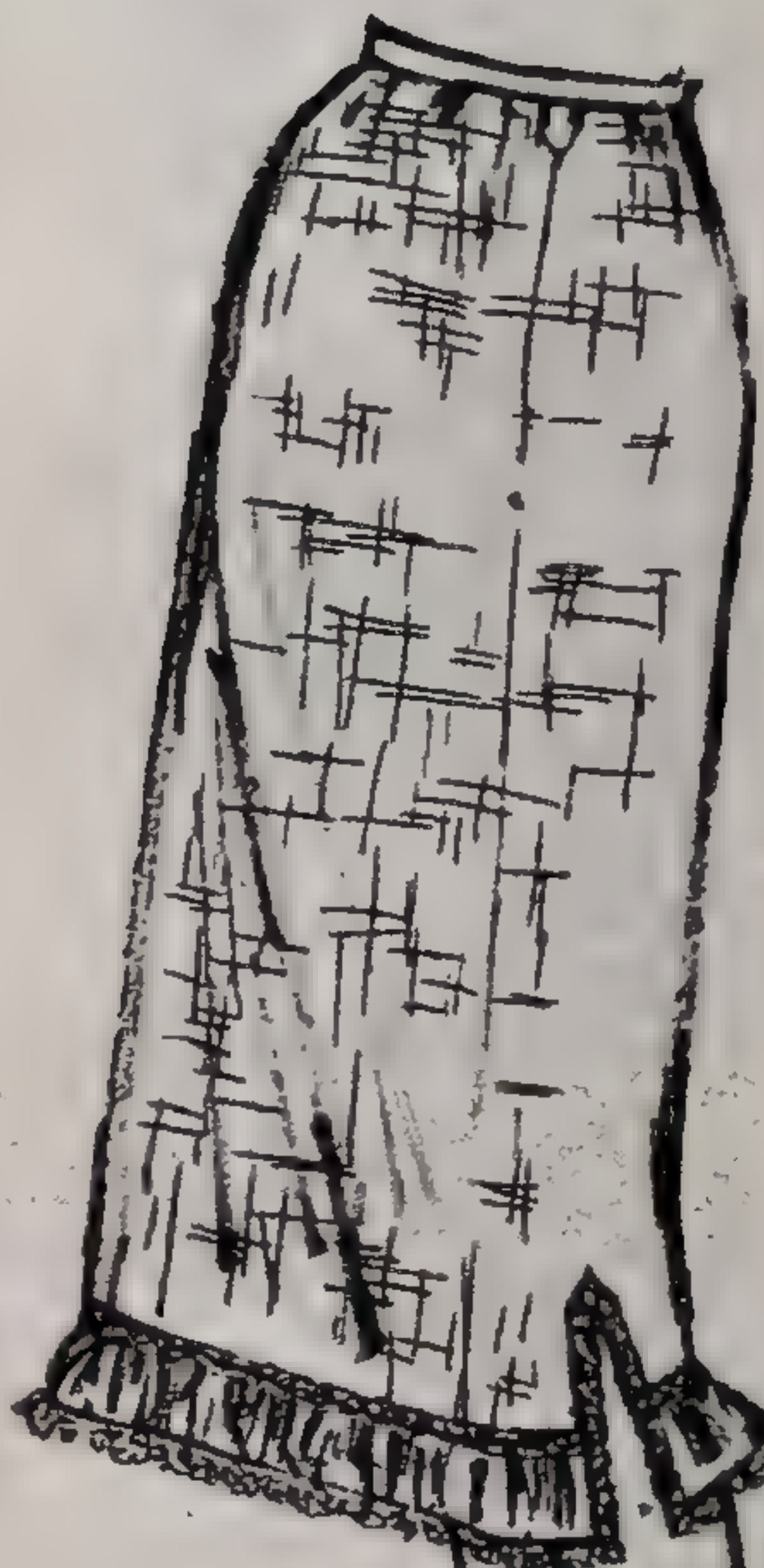
beautiful beginnings for a new



Famous Playtex figure-streamliners: the rounded Living bra of criss-cross design, in batiste elastic and nylon. Here, a new long line version. A, B, C cups, \$5.95; D cup, \$6.95. Girdle, a soft blend of latex and cotton, newly scalloped and floral-patterned. White, pink. Extra-S to L, \$7.95; extra-L, \$8.95



To deftly smooth a young figure, a light and airy leno elastic girdle frosted with lace over net, banded with lacy elastic. White. Gossard-deb. S, M, L. \$6.95



Slim and handsome, a shadow-paneled petticoat of linen-like batiste, with shirred, lacy, slashed-side hem. Sans Souci. S, M, L. Average, tall. \$3.95



A wisp of girdle in molding power net with easy lowered waist, famous criss-cross front of nylon sheer embroidered in pink, green. Sarong. Petite, S, M, L. \$5



Delicate nylon Alençon lace belies this bra's firm uplifting, rounding qualities. Low-cut with inset center band. Hollywood-Maxwell. News: the creamy pastels. A, B, C cups. \$3.95



Embroidered cotton underwired bra with sculptured foam rubber padding that floats the bosom up. To be worn with straps or not. Maidenform. White only. A, B cup sizes. \$5



Cotton eyelet bandeau with very mobile straps to wear in any position, or not at all. Padding and cushioned wire below. Lovable. White, black. A, B, C cups. \$2.50

Spring figure



scant three ounces of Helenca nylon stretch yarn shapes a brief, comfortable, effective girdle for young figures. Kleinert. One size or 24-30. \$3.95



Petit point patterned elastic net in a high-rise girdle, lightly boned to smooth a young waist. Satin lastex contour panels. Flexees. White, pink, blue. Sizes S, M, L. \$7.95



Bandeau and girdle with the light frothy look of delicate lingerie. Nylon bra with beribboned camisole straps. A, B, C cups. \$5. Same froth trims a firming power net girdle. S, M, L. \$8.95. Both, Warner's

For bare-topped dresses, a white strapless slip with elasticized shirred bodice that stays. In no-iron Everglaze batiste, shadow-paneled. Artemis. Sizes 32-38. About \$4.00

Hermine Cantor and Cyd Charisse

show

Fashion Editor
Photoplay Magazine



*co-starring in MGM's
"MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS"
in CinemaScope and color



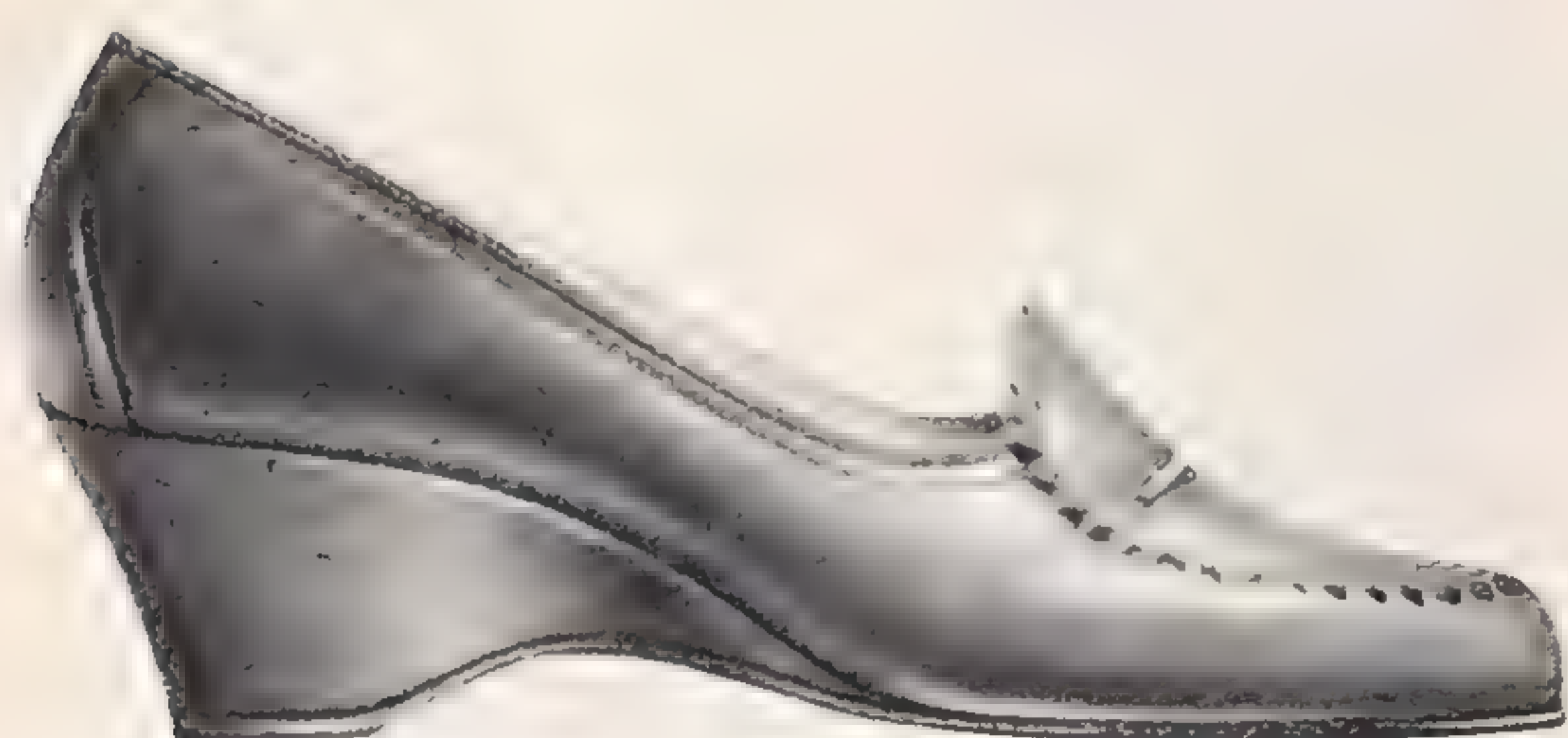
Winx • New trim pump with one eye on flattery—accented by smart Italian stitching fore and aft, a gay bow on the toe.



Pixie • So gay, so light, so easy-going, this smart walking shoe almost feels it isn't even on the foot.



La Junta • Well-heeled way to take a smart jaunt cross country—takes you there so soft and easy.



Roxie • High living, high riding little shoe that looks, fits and feels like a glove . . . all day long.



Vegas • Lucky you! You can gambol all evening long in this nude-look shoe that snugly embraces the foot.

*Coordinated
bags also
available
for many of
these shoes*

What's new in Shoes for Spring by *Trim Tred*

"There's smart style news in shoes this spring! Casual, sport and dress-up shoes have all taken on a fresh approach to styling . . . translating it in terms of wonderful new softie leathers, clever new treatments at ankle, heel and toe. Here, we present eleven 'highlight' shoes . . . taken from Trim Tred's new spring selection of over a hundred patterns . . . to show you what's new in smart footwear for spring. Each one earns the compliments you'll get!"

Eva Charisse
Hemmerl Cantor

Hey There • The sweater pump is queen of the May this spring—a "must" for every wardrobe — comes in every heel and color imaginable.



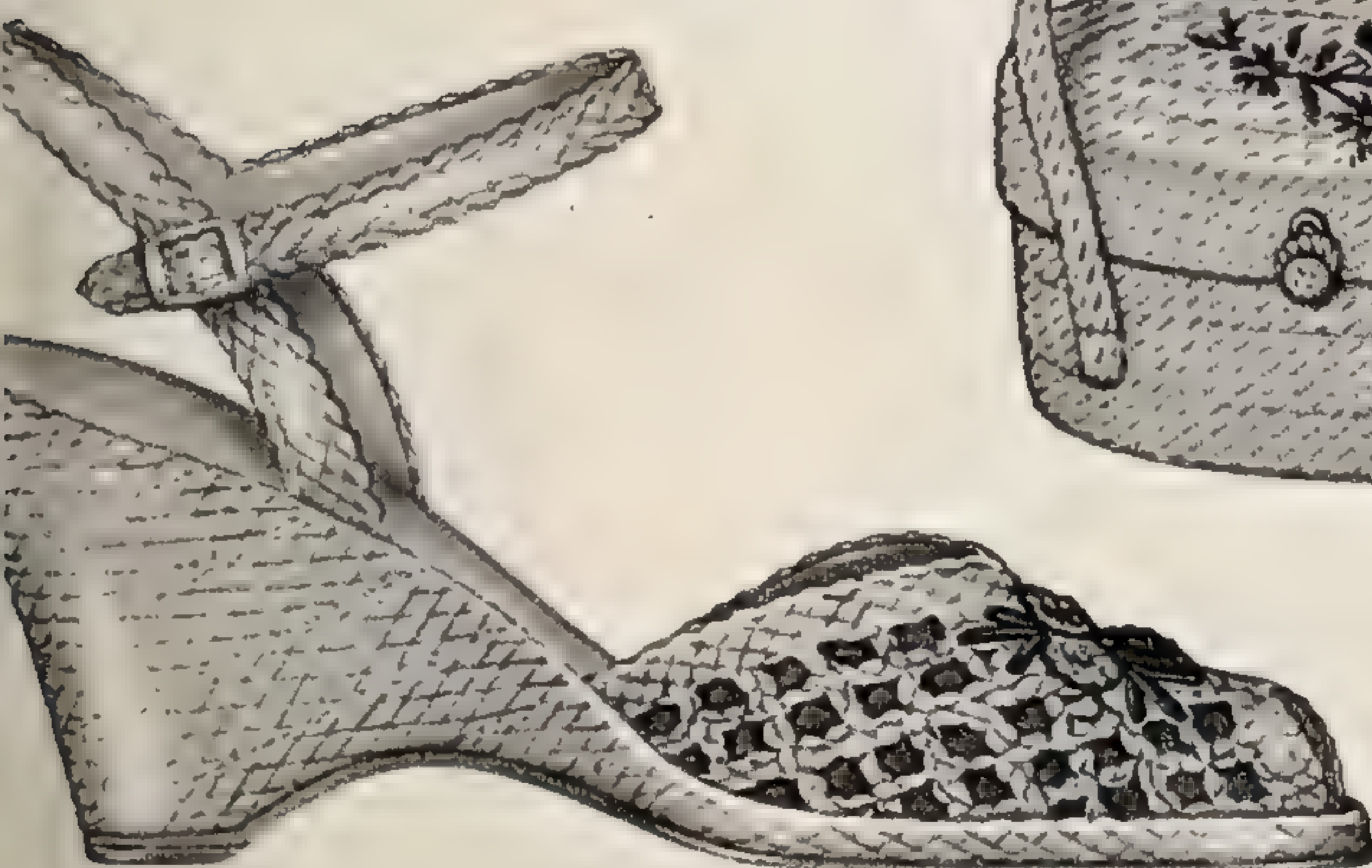
Wendy • New idea in spectators that turns every eye your way.

Madness • Styled for the gal who's mad for trim glove-soft pumps.

Melva • New spring version of the smart padded-vamp suit shoe.

Isabel • This dressmaker pump makes the headlines with a hand tailored theme, uses a pleated vamp to put on a dramatic front.

Sarasota • Straw's in the wind for fashionable warm weather wear and this imported straw wedgie is just right for sunny high living.



Available at fine shoe stores everywhere . . . \$6.95 to \$10.95
(some styles higher)

Trim Tred

SHOES

Specially styled for the "Gal-on-the-Go!"

YOUNG IDEAS:

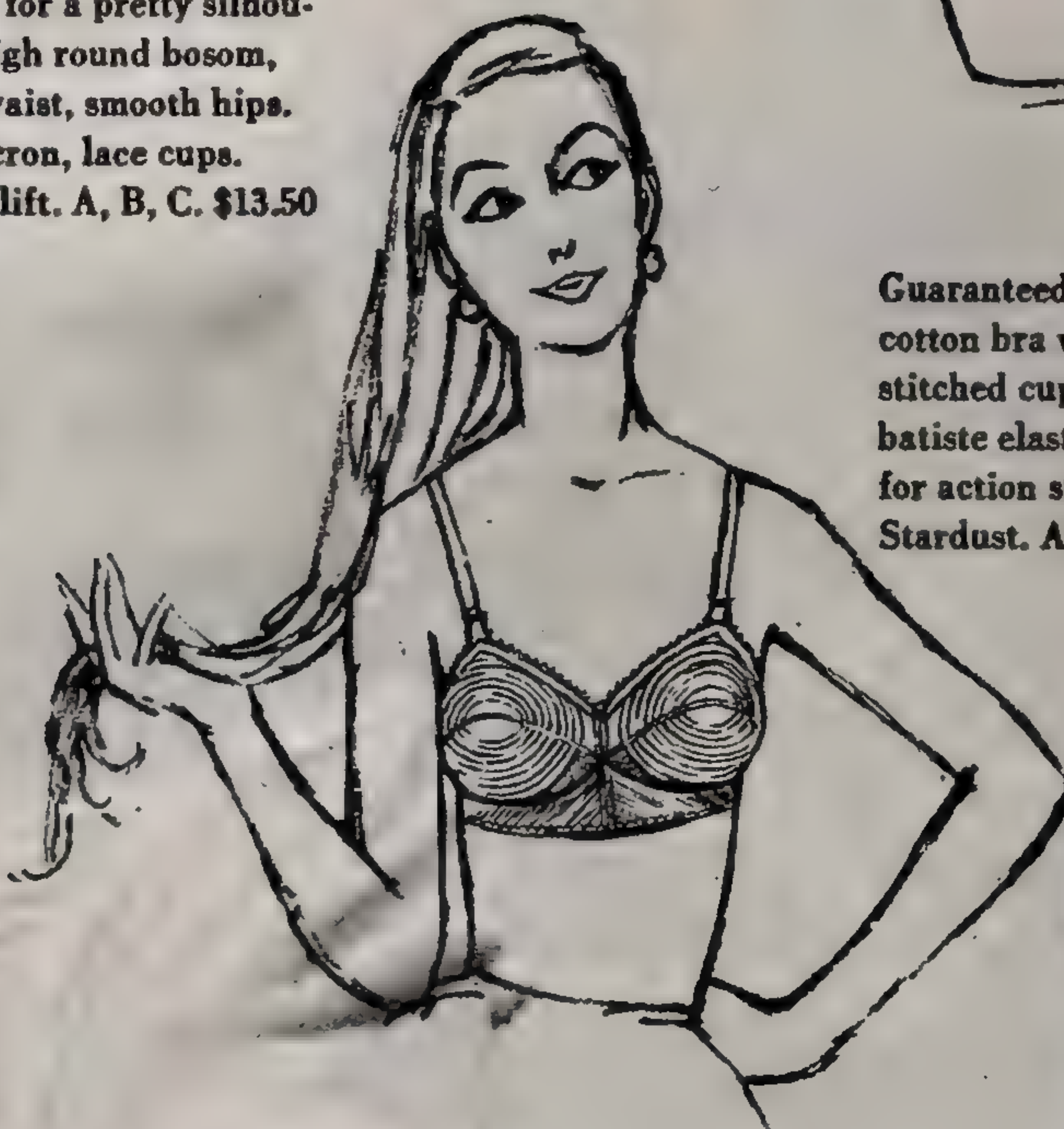
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS



Beautiful evening figure-molder for a pretty silhouette: high round bosom, small waist, smooth hips. All Dacron, lace cups. Perma-lift. A, B, C. \$13.50



Shaped along very young lines, a white cotton bra with light foam rubber padding stitched into the cups. Firming elastic insert. Lewella. White. AA cup, 28-34. \$1



Guaranteed high line: a cotton bra with circular stitched cups, two-way batiste elastic uplift bands for action stretch, no strain. Stardust. All sizes. \$1

beautiful
beginnings
for a new spring figure

continued

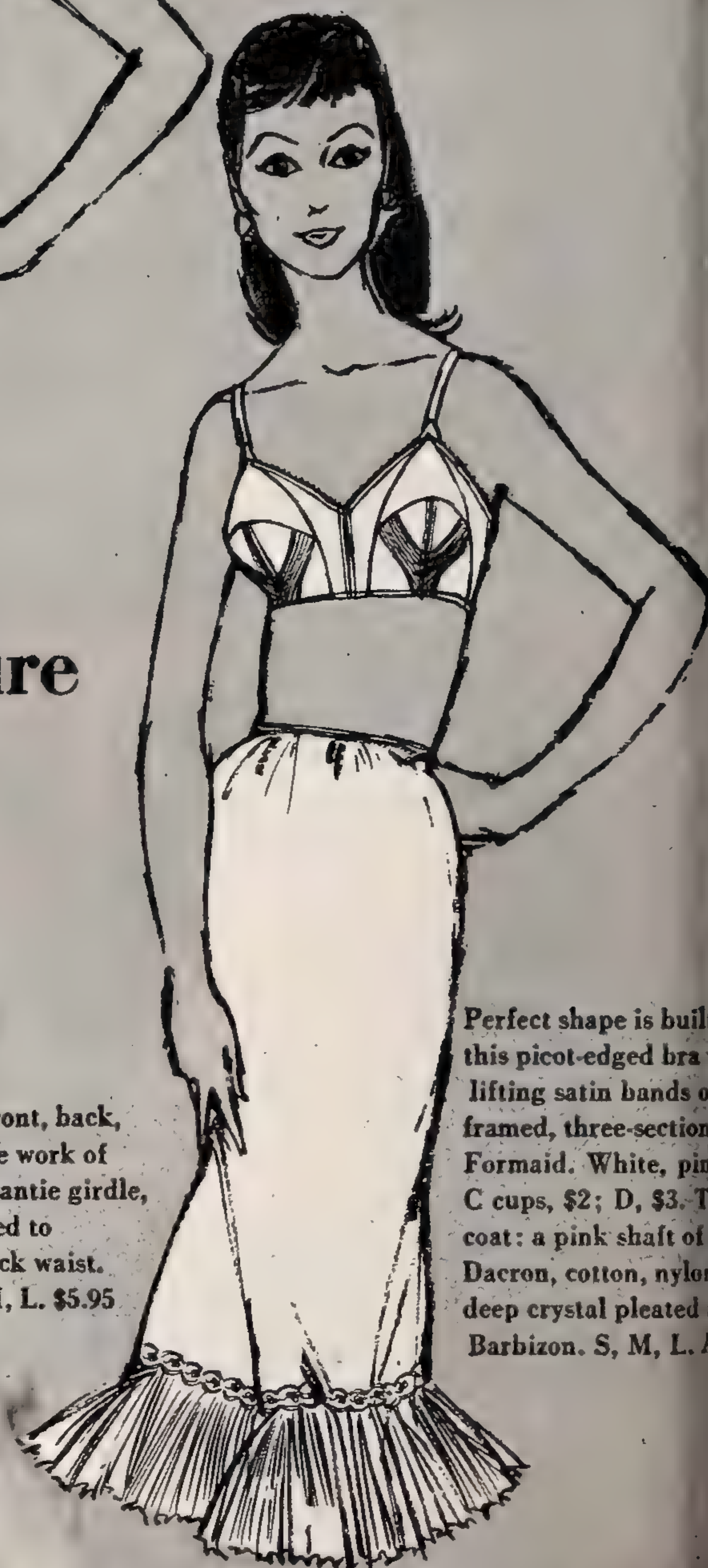


A small, smooth waist defined by wide elastic waistband on an all nylon girdle with tummy-flattening bands under the taffeta panel. Bestform. White. 26-38. \$5.95



Neat hipline — front, back, profile. That's the work of this power net pantie girdle, cleverly elasticized to curve into the back waist. Phantom-X. S, M, L. \$5.95

Maximum control with minimum method: soft, light rayon elastic pantie girdle with smooth satin panels, not a trace of side seams. Silf-Skin. White. S, M, L. \$5

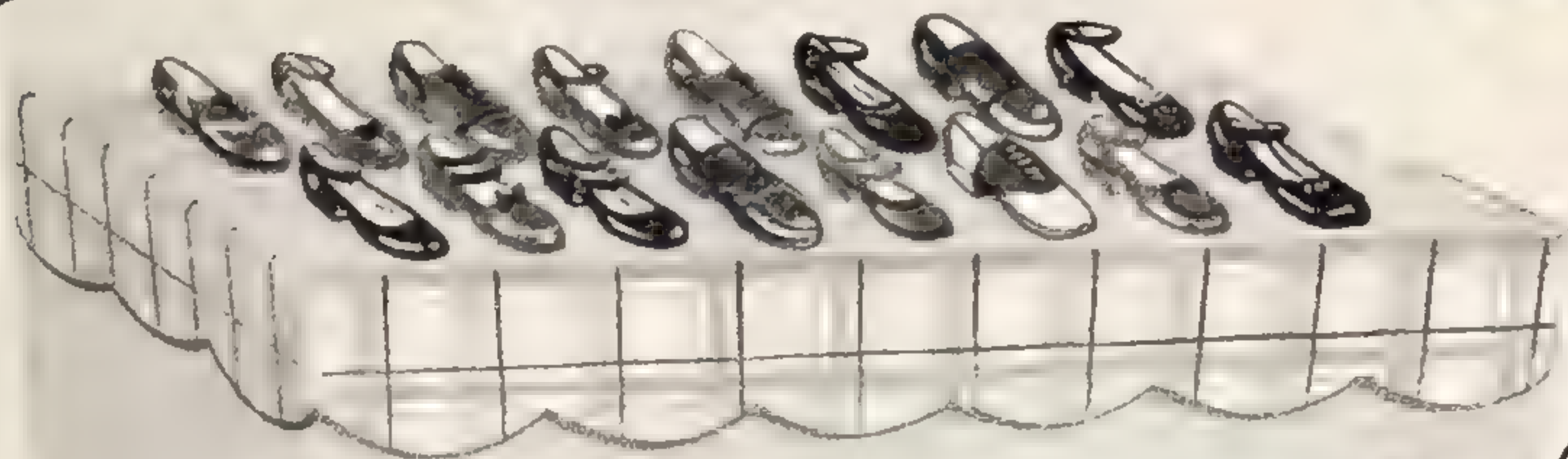
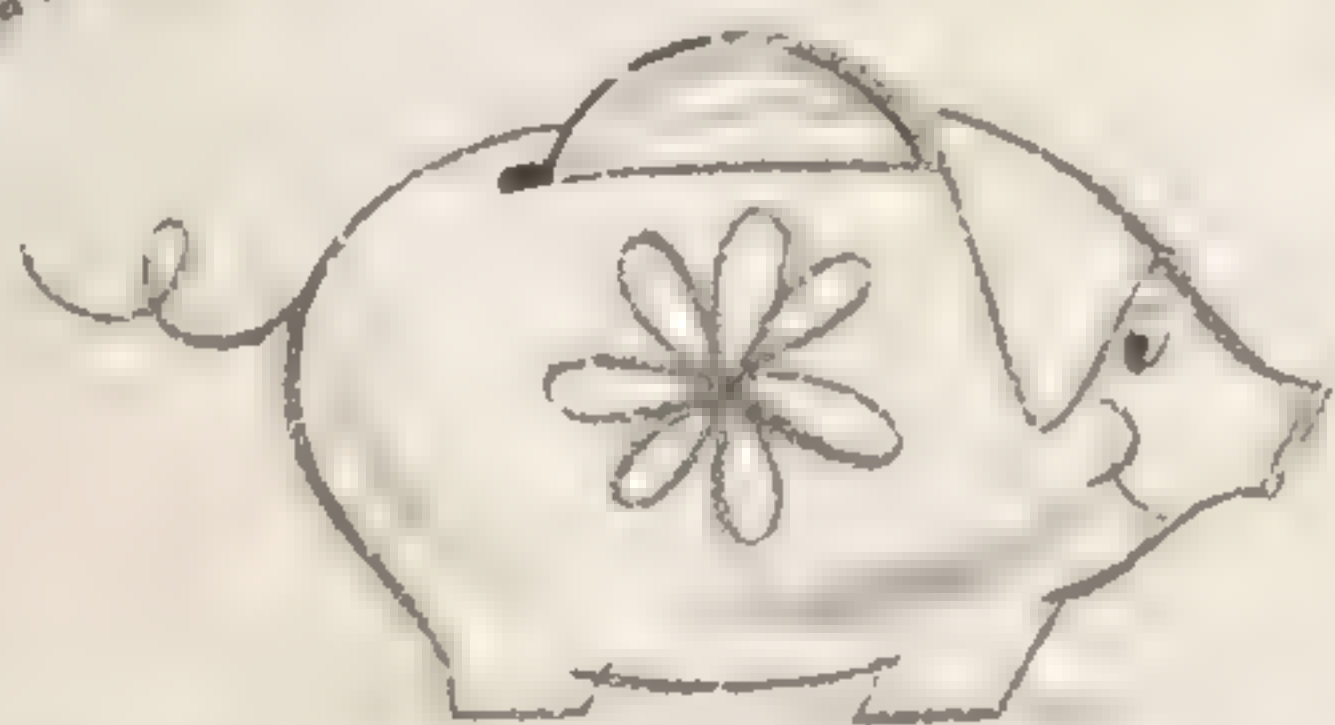


Perfect shape is built into this picot-edged bra with lifting satin bands on framed, three-section Formaid. White, pink. C cups, \$2; D, \$3. Taffeta coat: a pink shaft of Dacron, cotton, nylon deep crystal pleated Barbizon. S, M, L. A

For list of stores, see page 71

KIDDIE Thrift BAR

AMERICA'S GREATEST SHOE VALUE



mommy's money
goes far
at the
KIDDIE Thrift BAR

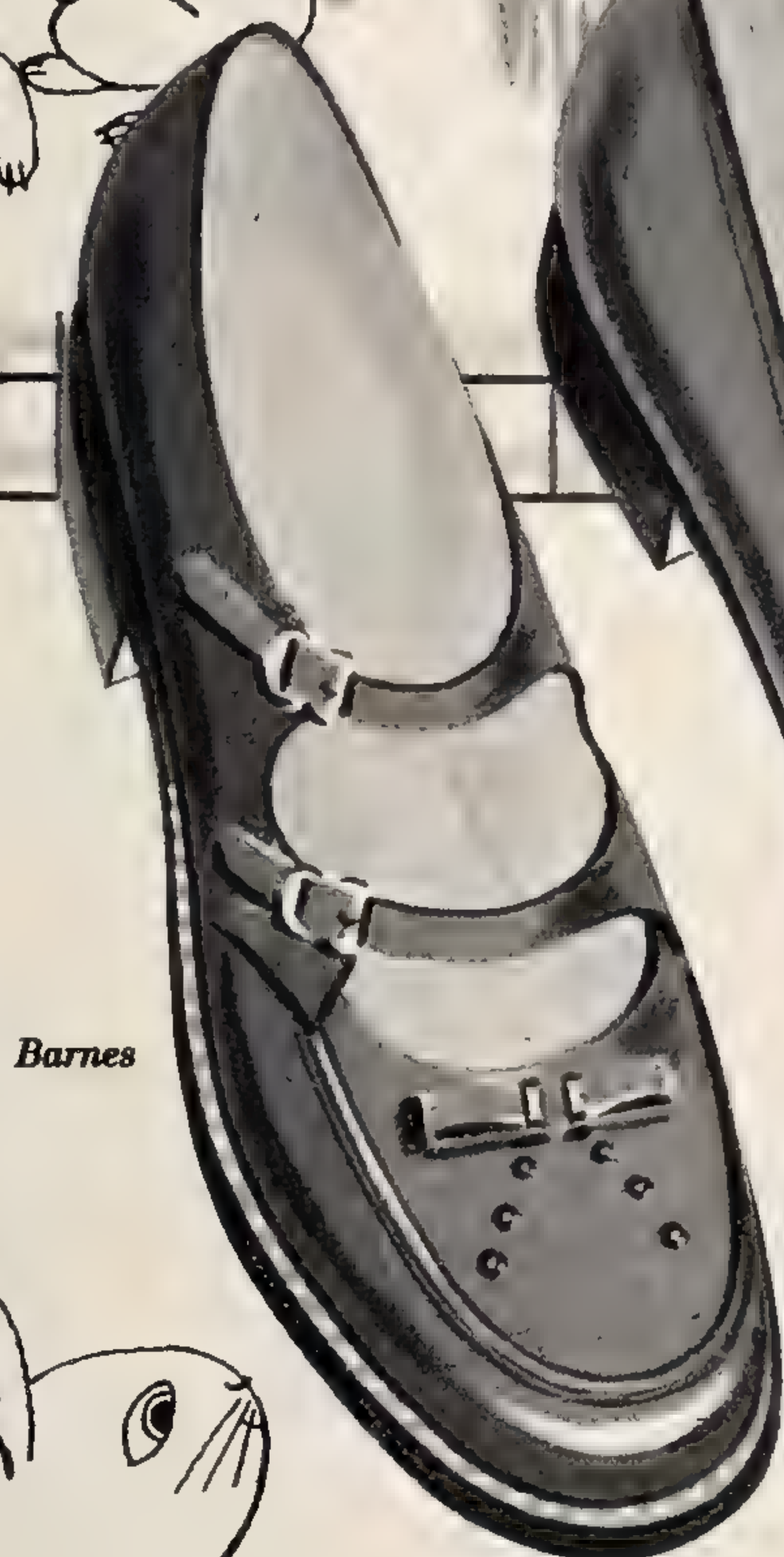
SCAMPEROOS®
MONEY-SAVING SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

\$3⁵⁰ to \$5⁵⁰
(According to Size)
some styles higher

See for yourself! Just visit the Kiddie Thrift Bar at your nearby shoe store and you, too, will say: "How do they do it! What clever styling... never saw such value in children's shoes, at anywhere near this price!" And they fit and wear as good as they look. *Because... these quality-built*

SCAMPEROOS®

are made on fine-fitting lasts by the world's largest shoemakers!



Barnes

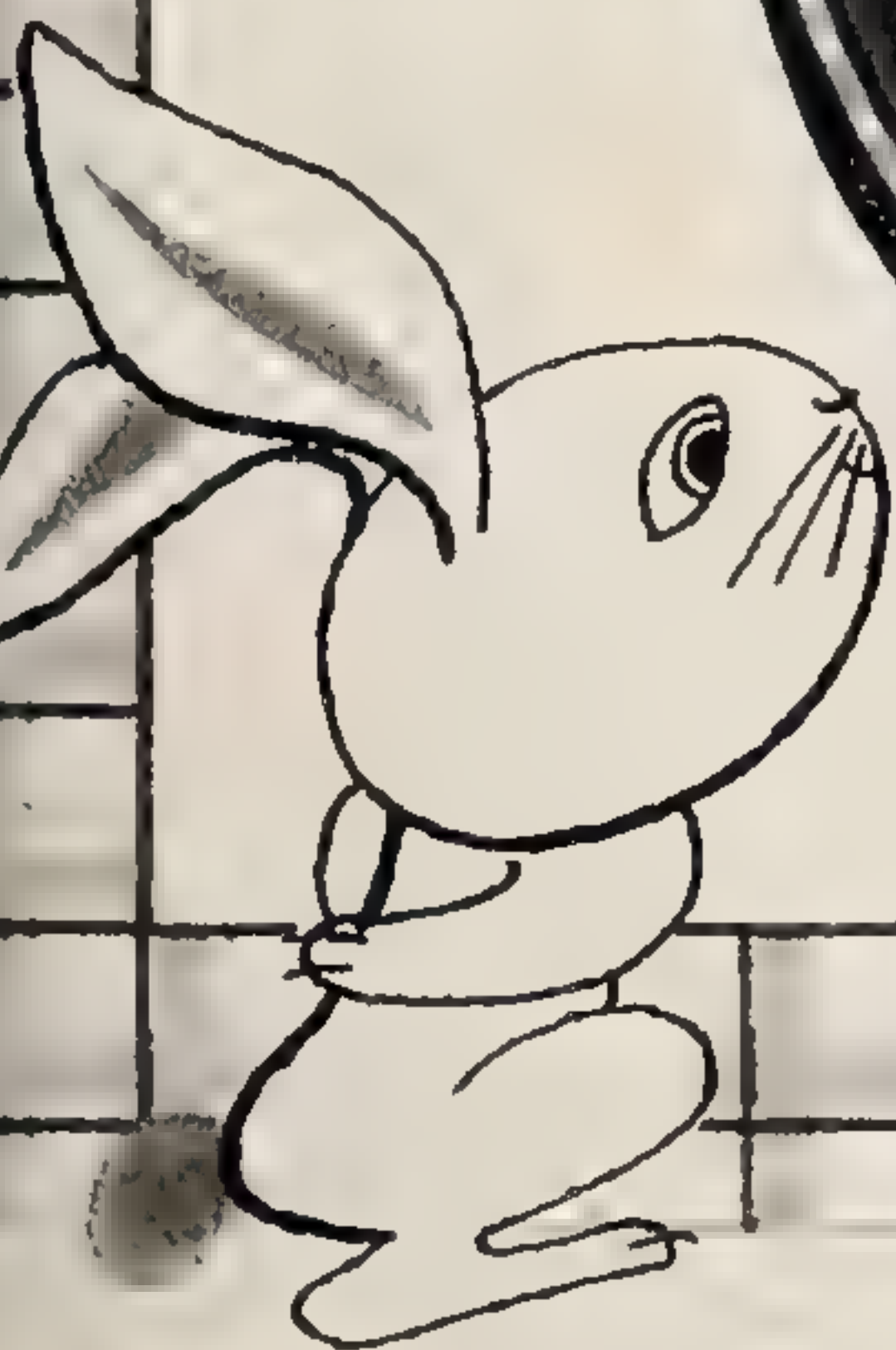


Sal



Albin

Tangy



Look for the **KIDDIE THRIFT BAR**

at your favorite shoe store



SCAMPEROOS®

\$3⁵⁰ to \$5⁵⁰

(according to size)

some styles higher

curves ahead!

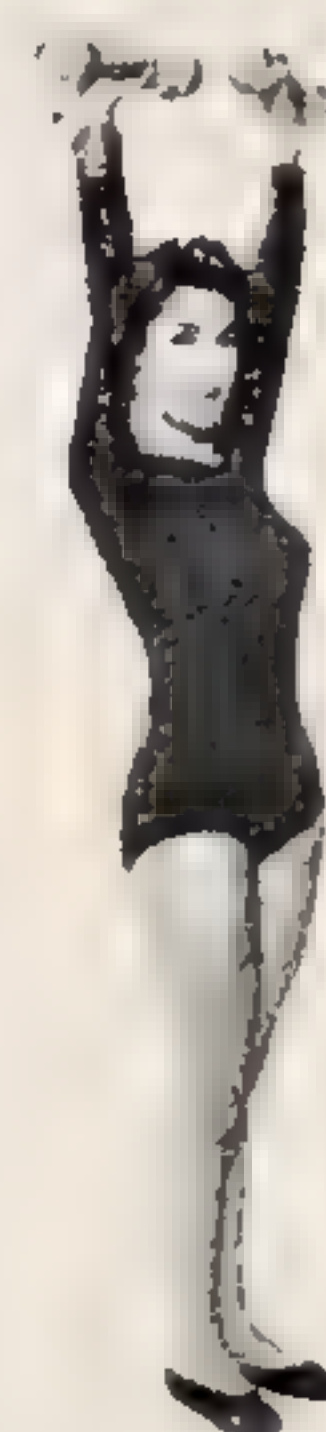
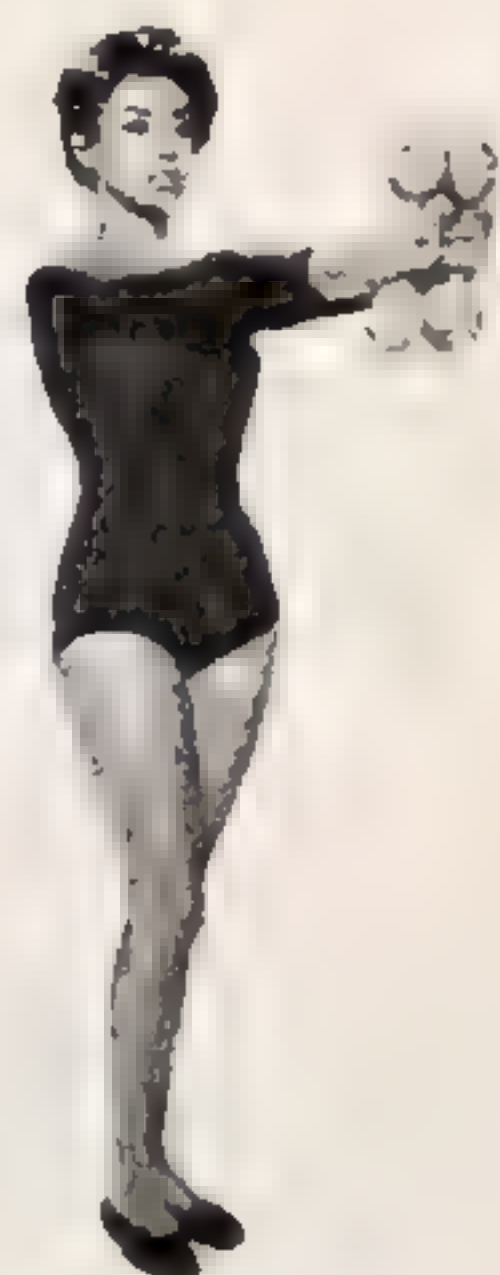
The desire for a more feminine figure is natural, healthy and, if you're willing to work for it, well within reach. While there is little you can do to increase the actual size of the breasts—that's determined by glandular and fatty tissue—shape and firmness are far more important than size for bosom beauty. Proper exercise can increase your chest measurement and bring the breasts into correct position high on the chest wall. The routines on this page, demonstrated by shapely Rita Moreno, were designed by Hollywood's favorite figure expert, Terry Hunt. "For best results," says Terry, "be sure you feel muscles pull *only* in arms and chest. Keep the rest of your body as motionless as possible. Don't swing from the waist!" Three to five-pound dumbbells are used in Terry's gym to create added muscle pull. Books of equal weight can be used instead. Terry advises doing all exercises daily for first week, every other day from the second week on.

"Don't be impatient," he warns. "It may take three to five months before you see real results."

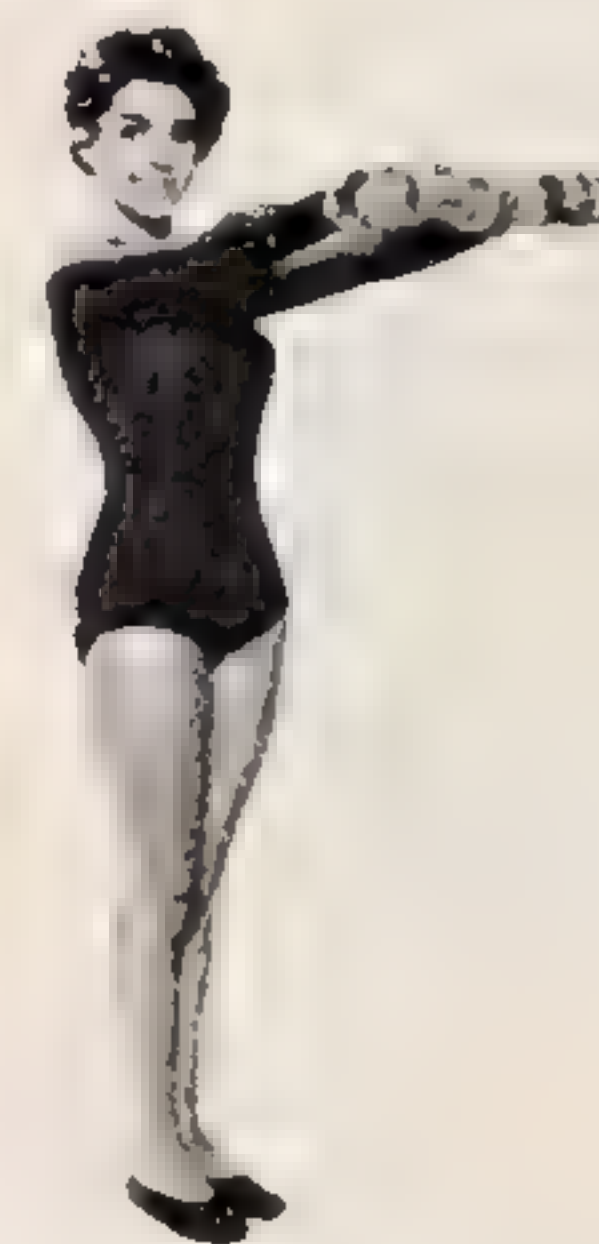
BY HARRIET SEGMAN



Stand erect, arms extended at sides. Slowly bring arms forward until hands meet. Return to original position. Start with five and gradually increase to ten times. In all exercises shown here, inhale as you begin, exhale returning to starting position.



Stand erect, arms extended above your head. Slowly lower arms to extend out from chest. Return to original position. Start with six and gradually increase to fifteen times. For best results with all three exercises, keep elbows locked and rigid.



Stand erect, grasping towel in both hands. Raise towel over head, then slowly continue the motion down behind back. The tighter you grip the towel, the harder—and more effective—the exercise. Start with six and gradually increase to ten times.



would you be a good wife?

BY JEFF HUNTER

Marriage? Greatest institution I know! And, as we all know, love is the foundation for a lifetime of wedded bliss. But there are other considerations to remember. A couple must work at their marriage to make it successful. Love is not blind for long: it's endangered by jealousy; it can be nagged to death; it will walk away from a consistently bad temper.

As a wife, you could be easy to love—but would you be easy to live with? The following questions may help you determine your answer. They might also be used in rating a husband!

1. Are you willing and able to accept responsibility?
2. Are you easygoing, but not too easygoing?
3. Is your sense of humor equal to almost any situation?
4. Are your moments of anger soon forgotten; can you refrain from sulking after a flareup?
5. Do you keep your appearance and surroundings neat and clean?
6. Can you spend quiet evenings at home without being bored?
7. Do you make friends easily—and keep them?
8. Are you a good hostess and do you enjoy entertaining?
9. Do you know, and care, what's going on in the world outside your own?
10. Is jealousy a stranger to you?
11. Do you think of others—and yourself?
12. Is your record for punctuality a good one?
13. Do you have a quick temper and find yourself arguing over trivial matters?
14. Do you always like to have the last word?
15. Are you inclined to be moody?
16. Are you possessive with those you love?
17. Do you insist on having your own way?
18. Are you sensitive to constructive criticism?
19. Do you criticize friends and relatives?
20. Do you put off until tomorrow things you should be doing today?
21. Do budgets bore you?
22. Do you run to others for advice rather than try to think things out for yourself?
23. Is your favorite pastime gossiping?
24. Do you insist on perfection, making allowances for no one, including yourself?

Answers

Less than 20: A lot of changes!

changes made.

20 correct answers: There should be some

know you'll be celebrating someday.

tions on that Golden Wedding Anniversary I who surely must be proposing. And congratula-

24 correct answers: Accept one of those ten guys

Correct answers: 1-12, Yes; 13-24, No.

Revolution in Fashion

comfortably underlined by

skippies

It's the revolution *you* inspired
... the change-about grace of
the modern American fashion air. You prefer
Skippies, for its wonderful way of bringing
out your *own* natural line of beauty with
assurance-giving comfort. No wonder
Skippies is the favorite foundation
choice of America.

Skippies Pantie No. 815 in airy-light
Nylon elastic net. Also available as
Girdle No. 915. \$5.00. Shown with "Life
Romance" Bra No. 566 in cotton. \$2.00



formfit
CREATIONS

YOUNG IDEAS:

SOCIAL PROBLEM

how far should a parent go ?

NATALIE WOOD IS IN "THE SEARCHER"





With friend Jackie Eastes. "Crazy fads and collecting manias are part of being like others—one of the gang"

● In one respect, eighteen-year-old Natalie Wood—all of ninety-four pounds and looking as if a strong breeze could blow her away—isn't an average teenager: She orders *escargots* for lunch! Escargots—snails—steeped in butter, garlic and herbs, then stuffed back into their polished shells, certainly isn't the average eighteen-year-old's dish of tea. Rather, you'd expect an order of hamburger—with all the trimmings—and a double chocolate malted. But Natalie, lunching at Hollywood's fashionable Frascati's explained her surprising choice: "Last week, someone dared me to try snails. I did, and I love 'em. Every time I come here I'm going to have them." A few days earlier, again at lunch, she'd calmly ordered two pork chops with two sunny-side-up eggs on top, then proceeded to trim away all the egg white. "I love the yolks, but the whites of eggs are so tough and dull."

Not dull, though, are Natalie's considered opinions on the subject of "Does Mother Know Best?" With a quick grin and a direct, warm-eyed glance of friendliness, she attacked the subject with as much gusto as she bestowed on the snails. "When I was thirteen and in junior high, the most popular girl in class came in one morning with a blond streak bleached in her hair. All the boys were attracted. I thought she looked divine and I was filled with envy. And so, when my best girlfriend suggested we go over to her house after school and give ourselves a glamorous streak, I was all for it. Now I wonder how I had the courage to do something that would surely get me into trouble at home; but then I didn't give it a thought. Like my classmates, life revolved around three things: personal appearance, clothes and boys. You see, since I was four I'd spent most of my time in movies, and school had always meant a studio tutor with just a few classmates, mostly older girls. Fresh from that atmosphere, I found co-education terrific. And I hoped my glamorous hair would get me more attention both at school and at the Saturday movie matinee. Anyway, I went home thinking the peroxide job was just wonderful. But Mother didn't. Nor did Dad, the strict one in the family. 'Go wash that stuff right out of your hair,' he commanded. 'I can't,' I wept, 'it has to grow out.' Mother then added a few thousand well-chosen (Continued on page 111)

Natalie's mother made rules—but when she was wrong, said so. "It gave me a good feeling"



"When I was younger I resisted Mom's rule about coming home early. But deep-down, I knew she was right. Teenagers need protection"



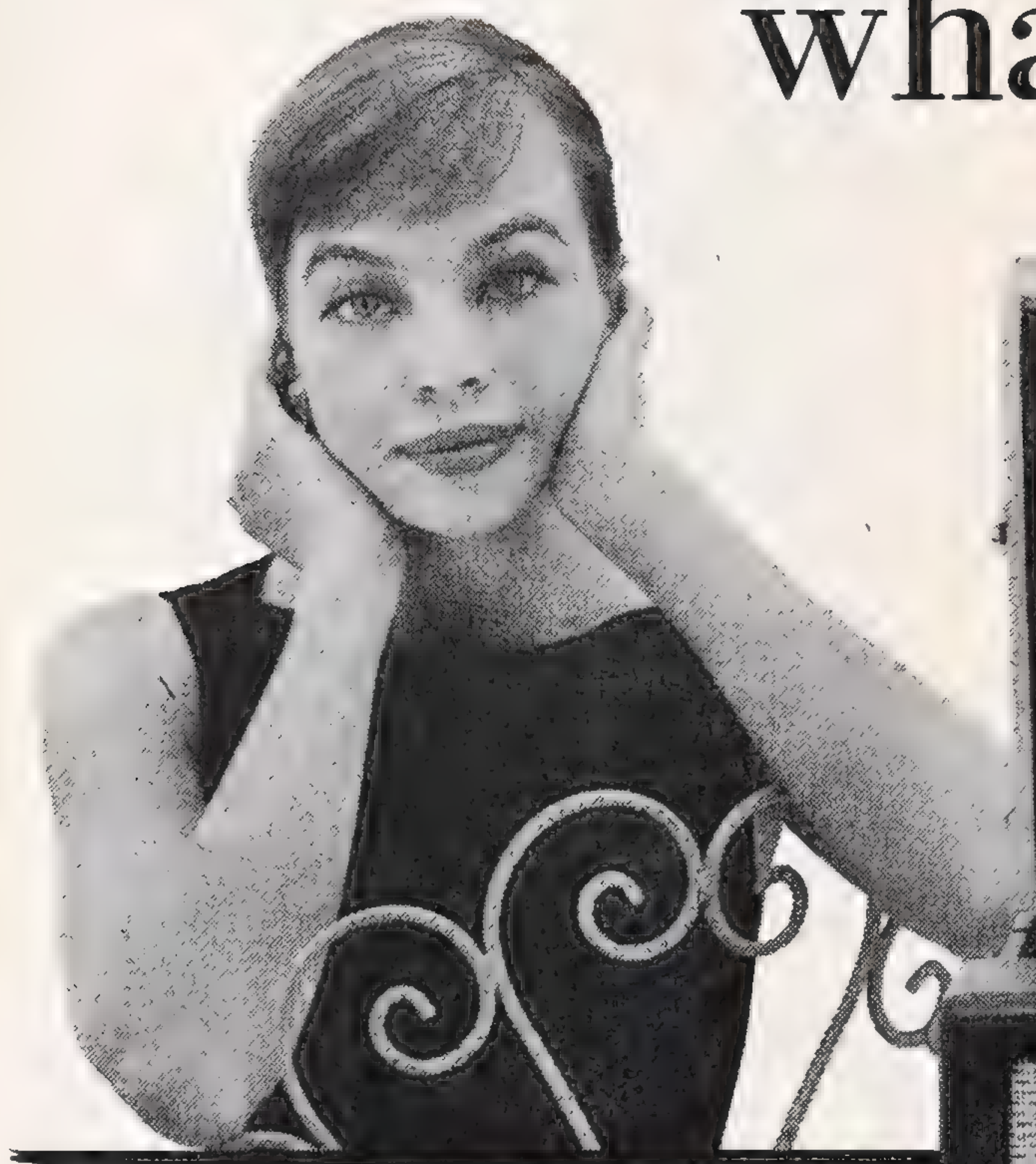
"Lana and I feel secure because we know we're loved. If parents withhold love, a child grows up feeling, 'How can others like me?'"

At eighteen, Natalie Wood feels she has learned a lot—growing up with Mom!

BY MAXINE BLOCK

what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT



Wistfully lovely Leslie Caron, star of M-G-M's "Gaby," taking time out from her acting roles to hear some favorite music. Playing it the coolest—Admiral's portable and automatic four-speed phonograph, with endlessly variable new tone control. The luggage-type case, green and limed oak. \$59.95

Biographical Notes: Gordon MacRae, a handsome baritone with a clear, appealing style which reflects his sparkling personality, skyrocketed to fame in 1947 with his first recording, a terrific rendition of "A Fellow Needs a Girl." Since then, Gordon has firmly established himself in show biz via radio, recordings, television and movies, his latest and greatest being "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," which will be released this month. The music from the soundtrack of both these films is available on Capitol records. Gordon lives with his wife Sheila and their four children in California's San Fernando Valley. He is an avid and expert golfer and, music-wise, also plays piano, clarinet and sax.

The three McGuire Sisters—Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy—are probably the most attractive vocal trio ever to invade the music world. Looking at them from left to right you'll see: Chris, who takes the low notes; Phyllis, who sings melody; and Dorothy, who handles the high parts. The McGuires have always gotten along well and agree on most issues. The most frequent differences occur when they are arranging harmony. The girls started their professional career touring the country entertaining at Army camps and veterans' hospitals. Returning to Ohio, they joined Station WLW in Cincinnati and fast became favorites in that ter-

ritory. Following a series of club dates all over Ohio, the sisters decided to head for New York and try their luck. Only two weeks after arriving, a mutual friend introduced them to Gordon Jenkins. Then they won on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* and joined the Redhead's radio and TV programs. After their first big record hit, "Something's Got to Give," the McGuires were asked to make an album, "By Request." They now have a second album on the market, "Do You Remember When?" (Coral)

Classic classics:

All Mantovani lovers will enjoy his new album tremendously. Entitled "Mantovani Plays Great Operatic Arias," it is the most beautiful of all his collections yet released and includes "Celeste Aida" from "Aida," "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly," "Musetta's Waltz" from "La Boheme," as well as "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana." (London)

Capitol Records has a series of light-classic recordings played by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Carmen Dragon. One of the better albums features Leonard Pennario at the piano. Called "Concertos Under the Stars," it includes *Adagio* from the "Moonlight Sonata," "Swedish Rhapsody," "Liebestraum," and "Warsaw Concerto." There are

seven selections in this album which have the wonderful feel and sound of the night. Each features the piano and each is essentially romantic.

For your collection:

1. "Woman in Love," backed with "Walking the Night Away," sung by Frankie Laine. (Columbia)
2. The popular Mercury recording stars, The Crew Cuts, have a good song out entitled "Angels in the Sky."
3. On the Epic label, Roy Hamilton sings "Everybody Has a Home But Me." His terrific voice makes this a must.
4. The Ames Brothers sing a great number, "The Next Time it Happens," on RCA Victor.
5. A lovely ballad, "Memories Are Made of This," sung by Dean Martin (Capitol)
6. "It's Almost Tomorrow," by the Dream Weavers, on Decca, is a dreamy number that could bring tears to your eyes.
7. On M-G-M, Joni James does it again, singing "My Believing Heart."
8. Clyde McPhatter, one of the more popular r & b artists, does "I'm No Worthy of You." (Atlantic)
9. Count Basie swings out with "April in Paris," a real wild number. (Clef)
10. "Hit the Road" and "Taylor Made" are two of Sam (The Man) Taylor's best sides to date. (M-G-M)

YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH



ADVANCE PATTERN
NO. 7865—50¢

for an early-bird easter

● You'll be a big-time hit come Easter Sunday in this junior dress and brief jacket to make in your choice of fabrics. The tucked and buttoned bodice and full skirt flowing from a whittled waist will do wonders for your figure. Make it in solid color dressweight wool or crepe with novelty trim to match your new Easter bonnet as in figure left. For a perfect dinner-to-dancing date outfit, right, use the same pattern in taffeta

or silk with a fluffy bodice for extra feminine charm. For warm weather ahead, sew this ensemble in printed cotton with solid color jacket, as shown center above. Junior sizes 9-17. Size 15 takes $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch fabric for dress and jacket ($1\frac{3}{8}$ for jacket lining). You'll need $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards for dress alone and $1\frac{3}{4}$ for contrasting jacket. This is a printed pattern and includes illustrated instructions for cutting and making.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Artemis slip

Cleveland, O.—HALLE BROS.
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. WASSON
San Jose, Cal.—BLUM'S
St. Louis, Mo.—SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY

Barbizon petticoat

Atlanta, Ga.—DAVISON-PAXON
Cincinnati, O.—MABLEY & CAREW
Milwaukee, Wisc.—ED. SCHUSTER
Richmond, Va.—THALHIMER'S

Exquisite Form bra

Atlanta, Ga.—RICH'S
Buffalo, N. Y.—HENS & KELLY
Chicago, Ill.—CARSON PIRIE SCOTT
Los Angeles, Cal.—THE BROADWAY
San Francisco, Cal.—HALE'S

Flexees girdle

Boston, Mass.—FILENE'S

Formaid bra

Baltimore, Md.—HOCHSCHILD, KOHN
Boston, Mass.—JORDAN MARSH
Buffalo, N. Y.—HENS & KELLY
Newark, N. J.—HAHNE & COMPANY
Richmond, Va.—MILLER AND RHOADS
Washington, D. C.—WOODWARD & LOTHROP

Hollywood-Maxwell bra

Dallas, Tex.—TITCHE-GOETTINGER
Detroit, Mich.—WINKELMAN'S
Houston, Tex.—FOLEY BROS.
St. Louis, Mo.—STIX, BAER & FULLER

Kleinert girdle

Baltimore, Md.—HOCHSCHILD, KOHN
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. ADAM
Chicago, Ill.—THE FAIR
St. Louis, Mo.—FAMOUS-BARR
San Francisco, Cal.—HALE'S

Phantom-X pantie girdle

Buffalo, N. Y.—WM. HENGERER CO.
Chicago, Ill.—MANDEL BROS.
Philadelphia, Pa.—STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Playtex bra and girdle

Boston, Mass.—JORDAN MARSH
Jamaica, N. Y.—B. GERTZ
Levittown, Pa.—POMEROY'S
San Antonio, Tex.—JOSKE'S
Seattle, Wash.—BON MARCHE

Sarong girdle

Duluth, Minn.—DULUTH GLASS BLOCK
New York, N. Y.—BLACKTON FIFTH AVENUE
Syracuse, N. Y.—C. E. CHAPPELL

Silf Skin pantie girdle

Atlanta, Ga.—RICH'S
Brooklyn, N. Y.—ABRAHAM & STRAUS
Chicago, Ill.—CARSON PIRIE SCOTT
Richmond, Va.—THALHIMER'S

Merchandise not listed is available at leading stores everywhere

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 50¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P, P. O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York



Ever-favored June Allyson will star in "It Happened One Night," "The Opposite Sex"



Look for Doris Day in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," "The Amazing Nellie Bly"



Another beautiful runner-up in the poll, Grace Kelly's in "The Swan," "High Society"



Debbie Reynolds will decorate "The Catered Affair," "Every Mother Should be Married"



Announcing PHOTOPLAY'S Award Winners of 1955-56

Continued from page 17

circle with its two stars goes the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal movie. As that rarity among films, a truly fine love story, "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" has been greeted by moviegoers with cheers and sighs of welcome.

Among the runners-up is always-beloved June Allyson, who varied model-wife roles in Paramount's "Strategic Air Command" and Warners' "The McConnell Story" with a daring portrayal of a destructive wife in U-I's "The Shrike." Doris Day, too, risked her career, starting 1955 with the gentle Warner musical "Young at Heart," then switching to stark realism in M-G-M's "Love Me or Leave Me." But your ballots approved her gamble. Once more rating high, fragile Grace Kelly shuttled between the drama of "The Country Girl" and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and the gay melodrama of M-G-M's "Green Fire" and Paramount's "To Catch a Thief." Pert Debbie Reynolds retains her hold on your affections, after her light-hearted performances for M-G-M in "Hit the Deck" and "The Tender Trap."

Your votes hail James Cagney at the crest of a comeback wave that swept him into Paramount's "Run for Cover" and "The Seven Little Foys," M-G-M's "Love Me or Leave Me" and Warners' "Mister Roberts." A 1954-55 winner, Rock Hudson is again a favorite of yours, with U-I's "Captain Lightfoot" and "One Desire" to his credit. Another U-I star, Audie Murphy began the year with a Western, "Destry," but leaped to greater prominence with his own war story, "To Hell and Back." And you've thanked James Stewart for giving you expert entertainment in U-I's "The Far Country," Paramount's "Strategic Air Command," Columbia's "The Man from Laramie."

In addition to the Grand Ballroom festivities, PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal presentations also hit the airwaves. *Lux Video Theatre* (NBC-TV, Thursday, February 9th, 10 P.M. EST) will feature the people you chose as your favorites. Watch the radio and TV listings in your local newspapers for other programs reporting the awards.



A male runner-up, James Cagney gets out of seagoing togs for "Tribute to a Bad Man"



Again rated as a winner, Rock Hudson stars in "Never Say Goodbye" and later in "Giant"



Audie Murphy, gentle fighting man, enters the prize ring in "The World in My Corner"



Off Westerns, James Stewart's in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," "Spirit of St. Louis"



"A Man Called Peter" (20th) won applause as a runner-up movie, with Richard Todd as the inspired preacher, Jean Peters as wife



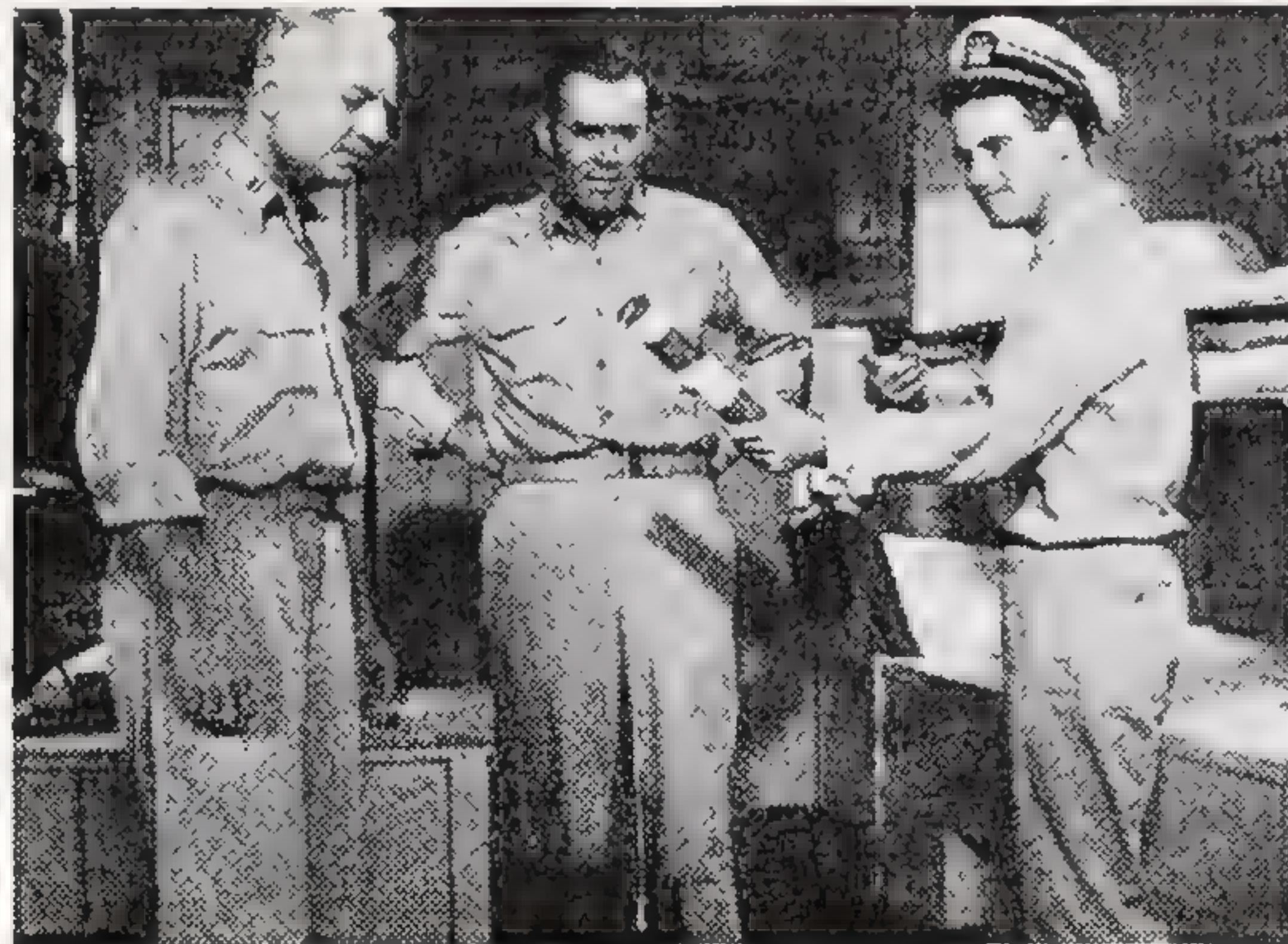
"East of Eden" (Warners) was the debut of the late James Dean (here with Lois Smith). Raymond Massey, Julie Harris also scored



"Guys and Dolls" (Goldwyn-M-G-M) put music into the film lives of Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons. With Sinatra, Vivian Blaine



"Love Me or Leave Me" (M-G-M) gave James Cagney and Doris Day real-life roles in an off-beat tune-film that garnered votes



"Mister Roberts" (Warners) found William Powell, Henry Fonda, Jack Lemmon allied in a hilarious, touching story of men at sea



"Rebel Without a Cause" (Warners) took a sympathetic look at young people in a jam. James Dean, Natalie Wood were a team



"Strategic Air Command" (Paramount) contrasted the quiet love of June Allyson and James Stewart with thrilling air spectacle



"The Long Gray Line" (Columbia) followed Tyrone Power through a factual saga of West Point. Maureen O'Hara co-starred



"To Hell and Back" (U-I) set Audie Murphy to re-creating his own tense experiences as the most-decorated soldier of World War II

Swedish Dish

(Continued from page 38)

The Copenhagen airport was jammed with reporters and photographers—most of whom had traveled from Malmo—as Anita alighted in queenly fashion from the plane. A beige mink stole was wrapped casually over her black silk suit, and in her arms she tenderly held her white French poodle, Robert. She scanned the crowd anxiously and, upon spotting her parents, rushed over to them. “Oh, Mammy!” she cried, almost crushing her mother in her arms.

The newsmen eyed each other with puzzled expressions. What was this “Mammy” business? they wondered. True, Malmo is in the south of Sweden, but this was the first time anyone had heard that word before, “Mama” being the common term of endearment for one’s mother. Probably the American influence, they concluded.

Nevertheless, it didn’t exactly endear Anita to her countrymen at that moment. Nor did her distinctly American accent, as she spoke Swedish, nor her tendency to sprinkle English words and expressions throughout her conversation.

But, as Anita explained to me later, “This was the first time in four years that I had spoken a word of Swedish. It isn’t that I have forgotten it—of course, you don’t forget your native language. But I have learned to think in English, and at first I had to hesitate to think of the proper Swedish word.”

It was a perfectly logical explanation, but it wasn’t agreeably accepted by the Swedish people. For Sweden, like most European countries, holds an attitude almost of resentment toward its people who have succeeded in other lands, especially in the movies. Ingrid Bergman had a heart-breaking experience when she came home last year. It had nothing to do with her marriage to Rossellini or her talents as an actress. The Swedish people think she is a great actress, but they resented the fact that she waited until her career had slipped before coming home. As for Garbo, they shrug their shoulders and say, “Why, she’s American as far as we’re concerned. She left here thirty years ago and has only been back a few times. She’s been lost to us for many years.”

And as for Anita, they felt resentful because she had achieved her notoriety—not by the acting genius they readily grant Bergman and Garbo—but by sex appeal. Why all this fuss over Anita? they said. Sweden is filled with beautiful girls. Not understanding—nor wanting to understand—the American system of star-building, they made Anita the victim of their anger.

And, despite all the publicity about free love in Sweden, the Swedish people are morally strict. They have viewed Anita’s romantic adventures with less than a tolerant eye, considering them bad for the country’s reputation.

None of this, however, prevented Anita’s two-day sojourn in Stockholm from being a publicity triumph. More than a hundred photographers and reporters crowded the swank restaurant where Paramount held a reception for her and her parents. Anita made a spectacular entrance in a white lace evening dress, cut down to there, her long blond hair hanging loosely over her bare shoulders. Flash bulbs lighted up the place and press men scrambled up to question her. Anita was the Hollywood star to the nth degree; even Marlene Dietrich would have looked with envy on her technique. She had come a long way.

After her two days in Stockholm, the newspapers were provided with another item, which became known in Sweden as “The Hitchcock Incident.” Anita and her

parents went to the airport to take the plane to Malmo. In the terminal, Anita spotted Alfred Hitchcock. With her mother and father in tow, she rushed up to the famous director and said, “Mr. Hitchcock, these are my parents.”

Hitchcock shook hands politely, but looked a little puzzled. He bent his head attentively as Anita chatted on. “I’m going back to Hollywood, you know. I’m just home on vacation.”

“Oh, yes?” smiled Hitchcock. “And what are you to do there?”

“Why, make a picture, of course,” replied Anita.

After posing with the smiling Anita, then excusing himself, Hitchcock asked a bystander, “Who in the world is she?”

When he was told, he said, “I’ve known quite a lot of Swedish actresses in Hollywood, but couldn’t quite place her. But I must say, she’s very pretty.”

Needless to say, the home press made a big play with that one!

Consequently, when Anita arrived home in Malmo, she was subdued, a little hurt, and apprehensive. She took great care with her Swedish as she chatted with the press at the airport, after affectionately kissing her six brothers and her sister, all of whom had come to welcome her home. It was evident that she was nervous and ill at ease under the questioning of the home-town reporters. Trying to get back in their good graces, she told how she always defended Sweden whenever Americans asked her about the alleged Swedish sanction of free love. “I tell them not to talk to me about that,” Anita said. “That, anyway, we do not have any nudist colonies in Sweden as there exist in America.”

This was the only criticism she made of her adopted country. For Anita is passionately in love with America and everything American. Although she did not confide this to her countrymen, she frankly admits elsewhere that she wants to remain in America forever. Not only did America give her her chance for fame and fortune, but she is at home with the whole way of American life.

Her first night home in Malmo, all the neighbors from Anita’s street, plus many others of the city’s 225,000 population, crowded around her parents’ modest little house, which is located in a housing development far from the center of town.

Inside the Ekberg house there was a festive air. Flowers were everywhere, and the table, covered with the hand-embroidered tablecloth Anita had sent her mother from America, offered an appetizing display of Swedish Smorgasbord—meats, fish, salads and innumerable varieties of cheese. Brothers, sister, sisters-in-law and nieces all vied for a word with Anita. Questions about America and especially about Hollywood and the stars she knew poured from the lips of her family and friends. As the festivities progressed, Anita’s head began to whirl from all the excitement and noise. And there, for a little while, among her close-knit family group, she was no longer Anita Ekberg, the glamorous star, but just another member of a very handsome family, a member who had made good in the New World.

Back in her flower-decked suite in Malmo’s best hotel a few hours later, Anita resumed her role as a star. Her phone was shut off to everyone except her mother. While calls came from Berlin, London, Paris, Rome, and wires, letters and messages piled up on the clerk’s desk downstairs, Anita ignored them all. She was indulging in what she calls her favorite “hobby”—sleeping. Even the head of Para-

mount in Sweden had to call her mother and ask her to phone Anita and tell her he wanted to get in touch with her.

After two days, I was able to meet with Anita in the cocktail lounge of her hotel, where she presented a picture of regal beauty, in a low-cut, Italian-made black cocktail dress, her mink stole a creamy glow against her snow-white skin, her hair done up in a chignon. A large diamond pin, the only jewelry she wore, glowed like a torch against the black of her dress. She caressed the pin and said, “I don’t like to wear many jewels, only one large one. Who gave it to me? Why, that’s my own little secret.” She smiled mysteriously.

When asked about her current romance, Anita sighed regretfully. “I haven’t any now—unfortunately,” she added as a quick after-thought. “I wish I did.” Then, adjusting her dress, she said, “Oh, these Italian clothes, they don’t make them with hooks inside so they will stay in place.”

Italian men also brought some criticism from Anita. “I was so tired of being stared at every time I went out in Rome,” she said. “And they can’t keep their hands off a woman. It’s terrible. But,” she smiled, “I loved Rome.”

While there making “War and Peace,” Anita kept steady company with a Signor Mario Bandini. “But that’s all over,” she sighed. “Yes, he was in the movies; he financed them.”

Then, picking up a copy of PHOTOPLAY, which was lying on the table, Anita scanned through it, looking for a picture or a story about herself. When she found one—a photograph of her and Frank Sinatra, taken at Sammy Davis, Jr.’s opening at Ciro’s—she smiled with satisfaction and murmured, “Dear old Frankie. Why, of course I love Frankie. We’re great friends. At least we were, but we had a big fight at the Davis opening, and I don’t expect I’ll hear from him again. It used to be, whenever he needed a date, he’d call me, or when I wanted an escort, I’d call him. But . . .” She didn’t finish.

Anita continued to peruse the magazine, making comments when she came across friends. “Dear old Bingo . . . wonderful Gary (Cooper), my favorite person.” Her eagerness to drop famous names betrays her naiveté and her awe, even after being in the “magic circle” herself for quite a while. In fact, this “wonder at it all” is one of the appealing characteristics of Anita’s personality. Glancing around the room, she said, with obvious satisfaction, “When I was young, I always used to think this was just a wonderful hotel.”

This is easy to understand when you know that Anita came from a very modest home and that her parents are plain, honest, hard-working people. Anita is not ashamed of this. Yet, she can’t help but want to disassociate herself from this environment. Driving out to her parents’ home one day, she said to the chauffeur, “Please drive down the best streets.”

Everyone in that hotel bar, and in the whole town, knew she was Anita Ekberg. They also knew she was expecting a call from Hollywood. When it came, she said loudly, “It’s Hollywood.”

The purpose of the call was to tell her that she was to leave for London in a few days to prepare for a new picture, “Zarak Khan,” with Victor Mature and Michael Wilding. That meant cutting short her stay in Malmo by one week. Although she seemed relieved, she said, “Mother will be disappointed.”

If there is one person in all the world whom Anita loves, respects and obeys
(Continued on page 80)



Right side washed with New Woodbury; left with another popular shampoo. (This photo of her hair is *unretouched*.) See the difference yourself!

Good Housekeeping Magazine's famous beauty clinic confirms this fact:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

**Woodbury's special "curl-keeping"
ingredient makes the difference!**

The right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the left with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping's famous impartial beauty clinic. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury*

holds curl better, keeps set longer — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost *more* money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than *half* as much as any other leading shampoo. Use Woodbury today. See the prettiest, liveliest curls — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do you've ever had. This result is guaranteed. Your money back otherwise.





Grace dashes from Prince Rainier to Hollywood for "High Society" and "The Swan"

In The Kingdom Of Love

● And so the prince found his golden-haired princess and carried her off to his kingdom by the sea, to live happily ever after.

The happy ending to Grace Kelly's fairy-tale story has not been written yet. But in the tiny kingdom of Monaco, there was revelry by night and dancing in the street when the people heard that their handsome Prince Rainier III had found his dream princess and knew it would be a love match. "I will not marry except for love," he had said. "I will not agree to a loveless marriage of convenience."

But a bachelor's life is lonely, and because he is of royal blood, Prince Rainier knew in his heart that he must soon find the girl who would give his people an heir. His family had ruled Monaco for centuries and without an heir, this carefree, tax-free paradise would revert to France.

Then fate—or was it his fairy godmother?—brought a golden-haired girl to the Riviera to make a picture, "To Catch a Thief." Her name was Grace Kelly and she had the cool, poised beauty of a lady born to wealth, the charming manners of a girl raised in a cultured Philadelphia family. But though they met, that summer of 1954, and dated often, it was not until Grace returned to Cannes in the spring of 1955, for the Film Festival, that gossips began wondering if the handsome prince had found the love he sought. For they were seen together, everywhere. But then the gossips were confused. For Grace was also seen with Jean Pierre Aumont, the French actor. And the people of Monaco despaired. For Jean was handsome, too—and did he not say, later, "I am deeply in love with Grace"?

Then the prince sailed for America. As a tourist, he said—and for a medical check-up. And his fairy godmother smiled. Because she knew there was only one cure for the heart of Prince Rainier. But to reporters who questioned him, he still said, "I will not marry except for love." But there were some who found the answer when he was quoted in *Colliers* as saying, "I am free to marry the girl of my choice. I can marry a parlor-maid, a shop girl or a movie star. I want a wife more than a princess—a girl who is graceful and feminine, with hair the color of autumn leaves. Her eyes are blue or hazel, flecked with gold." It was a word-picture of Grace Kelly.

And on January 5, 1956, came the announcement that thrilled the world. The 32-year-old Prince of Monaco had asked wealthy John Kelly, the former bricklayer, for his daughter's hand in marriage. And at the exclusive Philadelphia Country Club, a happy Grace Kelly, surrounded by her friends and family, with her smiling prince by her side, announced her engagement. To reporters, later, she showed her diamond and ruby ring, representing the national colors of Monaco. And to those who asked about children, her mother said, "I hope they'll have many—I like a big family."

The marriage is planned for some time in April. Then Grace will sail with her Prince Charming to Monaco, where she will live in a palace by the sea and rule with him as Her Serene Highness over a people who long ago told Prince Rainier, "We don't care whom you marry—she can be rich or poor, commoner or royalty—as long as she loves you and you love her and you will have children and live happily ever after."

(Continued from page 78)

without question, it is her mother, to whom she is still the shy, blond little girl of her childhood. Mrs. Alva Ekberg, a large, jolly woman in her early sixties, is not impressed by this movie-star business.

"To me, she is still my little Anita. Changed? Well, she wears more make-up," Mrs. Ekberg laughed. "Her clothes are different, of course. She seems taller and thinner, but otherwise she is the same, except—" She hesitated a moment, then continued, "Well, she seems more determined to succeed, to make good, than she used to be." Mrs. Ekberg pushed forward with her elbows to illustrate her point, that Anita was like a swimmer going against a strong current.

On the table in the living room there were numerous photographs and clippings of Anita. On the walls and shelves there were large portraits of her, most of them taken when she was Miss Sweden.

"She is a good daughter, and generous," said Mrs. Ekberg, pulling out from her hiding place stacks of presents Anita had brought home—a topaz ring, pearl earrings, a brooch, a fitted leather case and twelve ivory napkin holders for her mother; silk pajamas and accessories for her father.

"Even as a child she was generous," Mrs. Ekberg continued. "For Christmas we would give the children things they needed. One year, Anita received a bicycle and her sister Inga a doll carriage. But Inga preferred the bicycle, so Anita turned it over to her without a word. Inga wouldn't keep it—she loved Anita too much for that—but Anita did make the gesture."

As Mrs. Ekberg spoke, I remembered being with Anita at her hotel one day as she made out checks for her brothers and sister. "I must hide these somewhere in the house so they won't discover them until after I'm gone," she had said. "Otherwise they would never accept them."

Anita's brother Goran, who is three years younger than she, was the only one who seemed a little unhappy over her visit. He couldn't understand why she stayed at a hotel instead of the family home. His friends had been teasing him about her high and mighty airs, and her staying at a hotel seemed to confirm their taunts.

But Mrs. Ekberg, with a mother's sympathy understood. "We only have two bedrooms," she explained. "And, although the house is comfortable, it is certainly no place for Anita now. Where would she keep her clothes? But she spends every waking hour here at home with us."

It was, nevertheless, not the same as in the old days, and it never could be.

Anita was born in this small, stucco house in Malmo, Sweden, on September 29, 1931, the sixth of eight children. Her father, who is called a *Lagerchef* in Swedish, works as a foreman for a company which supplies coal to the many ships entering the harbor of Malmo. Anita was a shy child and, except for her sister Inga and brother Goran, had few playmates. She didn't care for dolls; she preferred to play rough games with her brothers or indulge in gymnastics. After grammar school, she entered the commercial school, majoring in home economics.

Former schoolmates remember Anita as a poor student in everything except cooking and sewing, in which she excelled. "She is a wonderful cook," says Mrs. Ekberg. "In fact, before she left home, my husband always insisted that she make the sauces. That is her specialty." And Anita admits that, until recently, she designed, sketched and sewed all her own clothes, and that only lack of time prevents her from doing it now.

(Continued on page 82)

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But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won't spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

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Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

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(Continued from page 80)

Her schoolmates also remember that Anita was quiet and shy, and kept to herself most of the time. She was not exceptionally beautiful at that time, but her long golden hair drew much attention. With her sister or a girlfriend, Anita enjoyed the renowned Swedish practice of *stroga*—strolling. On Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday nights in the large town square, the young folk would gather—the boys together and the girls together. Both groups would stroll along, one behind the other, stop and look in the shop windows, watch the cars drive by, laugh and chat with friends, then finally mount their bicycles and go home.

By way of contrast—in light of her numerous romantic attachments since she arrived in Hollywood—Anita wasn't terribly popular with the home-town boys when she was a youngster, because she was too "nice." One of her ex-boyfriends, who apparently was quite a Romeo, recalls that he was quite gone on Anita.

"I liked Anita very much," he says today. "But I was seventeen and she was about sixteen then, and—well, I didn't want to get serious about a girl. We boys had formed a club called The Pluto Club (after Walt Disney's Pluto), and every Wednesday and Saturday night we would have a dance. We asked the most beautiful girls in town to come. I had met Anita at a dance, and I immediately asked her to come regularly as my partner.

"We would meet at some designated place in town, or else, if I was broke, I'd ask her to meet me inside the club. That way she'd have to pay her own way. Of course, Dutch Treat is a custom among young Swedish people, but Anita had a way about her.

"She was very small then. It seems funny when you realize how tall she is now." The ex-beau, who preferred to remain anonymous, smiled as he thought of those long-lost days. "She wore skirts and high-necked blouses, mostly, and sometimes sweaters. Yes, they always fitted rather tightly.

"I saw her almost every night, but I never met her parents. In Sweden, you don't meet your girl's family until you're ready to ask her to marry you and, well, as I said, I didn't want to get serious.

"I finally dropped Anita because—well," and he blushed a deep scarlet, "as I said, she was a nice girl, and when you're seventeen you don't want nice girls. If I had been ready to get married, I suppose Anita—as she was then—would probably have been the kind of girl I would have married. Of course, she wasn't a very bright conversationalist, but I guess no girl at sixteen is."

Anita finished high school when she was about sixteen, then went to work for a department store. Her pretty face, trim figure and good clothes-sense brought her to the attention of the manager of the women's dresses department, and soon she began to model clothes.

About this time, she was elected Miss Hipp at the local Hippodrome Theatre and was offered a contract to go to Hollywood. Her parents, however, thought she was too young and refused to let her go.

Then Anita got a job in a music hall. Dressed in a scanty costume, her job was to come on-stage and introduce the actors. The star performer was a Danish dancer who did the closest thing to a strip-tease allowed in Sweden. One night, the dancer didn't show up and the manager asked Anita if she'd go on in the star's place. Anita went on, in a very scanty costume, and did her own kind of dance. That was her only appearance as the star attraction, for the Danish star came back the next night.

Anita's next job was as a model for a traveling salesman. In Sweden, it is customary for salesmen of women's clothes to travel about the country, accompanied by a model, and put on shows in leading hotels, where women can order their dresses directly.

A friend who saw Anita often at this time remembers her as quiet and cheerful, conscientious in her work, excited about wearing beautiful clothes, and just beginning to be ambitious. Her eyes were on Stockholm and a modeling career there.

When Anita was about nineteen, Georg Oddner—one of the leading fashion photographers in Sweden—heard about her through a mutual friend. Oddner wrote her a note, asking her to come see him at his Malmo studio. Anita went and he hired her on the spot. She became Oddner's favorite model, and soon her face was appearing in most of the leading Swedish magazines.

Georg Oddner had been to America, had worked for fashion magazines in New York and had spent some time in Hollywood. Anita would spend hours questioning him about America. He would say to her, "You should go to Hollywood. You're just the type beauty they're looking for."

"Oh, if I only could," Anita would sigh.

"Anita was and still is a very nice girl," says Oddner. "She has a good heart and good instincts. She was excellent with children, and I always liked to have her around when I worked with child models."

Oddner is still one of Anita's favorite photographers. During her recent trip to Malmo, he was the only person she allowed to photograph her, other than the arrival pictures. Some of his pictures appear at the beginning of this story.

The decisive point in Anita's life came in the summer of 1951. A reporter from the Swedish weekly, *VeckoHevyn*, was looking for girls to enter the Miss Malmo contest. The winner would be chosen by readers and would be eligible for the Miss Sweden contest.

The reporter was having a difficult time getting girls to enter, because in Sweden girls of nice families don't enter beauty contests. One day, as he was strolling along the square, he spied Anita and asked her if she would send in her picture to the paper. Anita hesitated, then said she'd talk it over with her mother.

She and her mother talked it over for a long time. "Finally," Mrs. Ekberg recalls, "I urged her to do it. Anita didn't want to because she was afraid she'd lose, then everyone would make fun of her. I told her not to tell anyone, but to take the chance. But she didn't have the confidence in herself that she has today and, up until the last few days of the contest, she still hadn't entered."

It was only the reporter's insistence, plus Georg Oddner's, that finally persuaded Anita to send in her picture.

Anita won by a substantial margin, then went to Stockholm for the nationwide contest in which entrants from twenty-eight of Sweden's largest cities vied. In August, 1951, she was chosen Miss Sweden. Part of her prize was a trip to America to compete in the Miss Universe contest. But she didn't win, and she was bitterly disappointed. She had fallen in love with America and wanted to stay.

After her visit to America, says a girlfriend who knew Anita well, she was obsessed about getting back. She constantly referred to her ambition to become a Hollywood actress. At that time, many of the local boys were trying to court her, but she wasn't particularly interested in any of them. She was dating a gentleman farmer who owned much land a few miles from Malmo. He was very

much in love with her and wanted to marry her. But Anita had only one thought, to get back to America. She had resumed modeling and was doing well.

In February, 1952, Anita entered a beauty contest at The Hague, Holland, for the title of Miss Casino Amsterdam. She lost by one vote, but she didn't care, for she received a Hollywood offer—from RKO. In May, 1952, she was back in the U. S.

Anita doesn't like to talk about this period of her life. It may be because of her comparative inactivity at RKO. In any event, as far as she's concerned, that part of her life didn't happen.

Then she was signed by Universal-International and spent many months, as she wrote her mother, "in dull, concentrated studying." She complained in her letters that she seldom went out and, when she did, she was always chaperoned. But, she added, "I have come to Hollywood, and I intend to stay."

At the time, her movie appearances were confined to purely decorative backdrops in Abbott and Costello pictures. She was making about the same money she had made as a model in Sweden, but as she wrote to her mother, "I am getting good experience, and I intend to become a great actress worthy of my country."

Then Universal dropped her. But Lady Luck was still with her.

Anita's two big breaks in Hollywood, thus far, have come from taking over someone else's role. The first came when she was chosen by Bob Hope to replace Marilyn Monroe on a tour of Alaskan Army bases. She was a sensation with the soldiers, and the reaction was heard all the way back in Hollywood. It didn't get her a contract right away, but it did get her a lot of attention and publicity.

"Then," says Anita, "I decided to be smart and be my own agent." She met John Wayne and a week later signed a seven-year contract with his company—which, in turn, has farmed her out for five years to Paramount and Warners.

This occurred a year and a half ago, but still Anita didn't get to do much besides getting her name and picture in the newspapers frequently. Then John Wayne cast her in "Blood Alley"—but her striking beauty was concealed with a dark wig and stained skin, to make her look like a Chinese girl.

But moviegoers get to see the real Anita in "Artists and Models" and, even more so, in "War and Peace," which provided her second big break. The role of Princess Helene came to her because Arlene Dahl fell sick and couldn't take it. This was Anita's first good part.

Incidentally, Anita has never read Tolstoy's great novel, *War and Peace*. "I did try," she says, "but I could never get into it."

This lack of interest in matters intellectual and her preference for the lighter side of life may have accounted for her failure with the one man she admits she was very much in love with, Tyrone Power. Ty likes his women to be beautiful, but he also likes them to be interested in things other than the latest styles and gossip. "Yes," said Anita, "I was very serious about Ty for a long time, and I was hoping he would be serious about me, too. I suppose I shouldn't say that—he might not like it—but . . ." Her voice trailed off into silence.

Anita says she would like to marry one day and have children. But, until that day comes along, she's going to concentrate on her career. "Right now," she says, "that's the most important thing in my life, even more important than marriage."

The last person I talked to in Malmo was Anita's sister, Inga, who is a year younger than Anita and as beautiful in a

sweet, wholesome way as Anita is in her sophisticated fashion.

Inga was divorced recently, and she lives with her three-year-old daughter, Eva, in a one-room apartment on the top floor of a modest apartment building. Her place is simple, but it glows with a warm feeling of family love. Inga's income is small; she works all day and leaves the baby with a friend. Still, her table is set with delicate Swedish cakes, coffee and expensive cigarettes. It doesn't take long to realize that, although she resembles Anita—with the same silky blond hair, blue eyes and finely shaped nose—the sisters are completely different.

Inga adores Anita, adores her with wide-eyed, frank admiration and without a trace of envy or jealousy. While Anita is laden with furs and jewelry, travels far and wide, has a Jaguar car, an apartment in Hollywood and is planning to buy a house in Beverly Hills, Inga lives in the barest simplicity, with her radio, her friends—and her baby.

As we talked, Inga kept glancing anxiously toward the corner where baby Eva tossed and turned in restless sleep. "She has a cold," Inga explained, "and it's bothering her. You know, Anita had never seen Eva, since she was born while Anita was in America. What fun she had playing with Eva the first night. Then the second night, I went with Anita to her hotel. There we found a girlfriend, Inga Lindholm, who had been waiting for Anita.

"We all three went up to Anita's room, and we talked until five in the morning. Inga and I tried on all of Anita's beautiful clothes. Oh," she exclaimed with childish glee, "what beautiful clothes!"

To Inga, Anita is still the mischievous, quiet sister who was her closest playmate. But she has noticed a change, which she attributes to Anita's long stay in America. "Anita is so Americanized now, so sure of herself," said Inga.

"We always got along beautifully," Inga recalls of their childhood. "We seldom fought, but Anita was stubborn, with a mind of her own. When we went bicycling, I would suggest taking the route back through the woods or by the beach. No matter what I suggested, Anita would want to do the opposite."

Inga smiled when she was told of Anita's hope to get married and have children. She nodded her head slowly and said simply, "I do not think so." Perhaps she was thinking that Anita's new kind of life left no room for marriage and a family, that when one is ambitious everything else must be put aside.

Anita herself had said, when I asked her what she hoped for out of life: "Hope, hope, you say. I don't hope—I act."

What she meant was that she doesn't sit around and dream and hope, she gets out there and fights for what she wants.

As I said goodbye to Inga, standing framed in the doorway of her tiny room, her baby, now awake, held closely in her arms, I couldn't help but wonder. Could it be that sometimes, after the fanfare and noise have subsided and Anita is alone with herself, she thinks about her sister Inga and envies her just a little? Perhaps, she does, but even so, the feeling couldn't last for long. For these days, Anita doesn't have much time to be alone—she is too much in demand. She is gaily swinging on a brilliant star and, whether or not she is getting everything she ever hoped for, is a question still to be answered. THE END

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James Dean—The Boy I Loved

(Continued from page 57)

with me—for now. But someday I'm going to have a nice house and I want you and Grandma to live with me."

That was our Jimmy. His family meant a lot to him and he meant even more to us. While we're not the ones to do much lollygagging around, kissing and hugging each other, it does seem that whenever we're going to be separated and have to see someone off, we all have tears running down our faces.

You might say we're a close-knit family. That's what comes from living in one place for so long. The first Deans came from around Lexington, Kentucky, and settled in Grant County, Indiana, about 1815. My family, the Woolens, and Jimmy's mother's family, the Wilsons, got here about the same time.

Mostly, we've been around Fairmount or Marion—sixty, seventy miles from Indianapolis—ever since. Charlie and I live on Washington Street, in Fairmount, but he still farms, as he has always done. Charlie's a great hand at having two or three things going at once. At various times he's been a stock buyer, run a livery stable, sold automobiles and raced a string of horses. We're not rich, but we're not poor, either. So long as I live, I'll always have a porch to sit on, a rocking chair to rock in and a clock that strikes.

We have three children, Hortense, Winton and Charles Nolan. I don't want to get a lot of "begats" into this, as in the Bible, but so as you can keep all of us straight, I'd like to say that you couldn't ask for a nicer bunch of grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Hortense married Marcus Winslow and they have Joan and young Marcus. Winton married Mildred Wilson and Jimmy was born February 8, 1931. Charles Nolan married Mildred Miller and they have Joseph, David and Betsy Jane. Joan, who is now Mrs. Mayron Reece Peacock, gave us our first great-grandchildren, Gerrell Reece and Jane Ann.

They're all dear to us, but Jimmy was almost like a son in each of the families. We all tried to make it up to him for losing his mother.

I'll never forget the day Winton's letter came telling us that Mildred couldn't get well. They lived in Santa Monica where Winton was supervisor of the dental laboratory at the Veterans' Hospital. Jimmy was just nine then. Winton asked if I could come out. Mildred, who was so young and lovely, had cancer. I took the letter to our doctor and he judged I'd be there six to eight weeks. I was gone seven, and when I brought Mildred's body back, Jimmy was with me, for after the services out there, I gave Winton the Winslows' message.

I said, I recall, "Now Winton, I want you to think this over carefully. If you see fit to let Jimmy come back to Fairmount, Hortense and Marcus would like to take him. They'll raise him for you, if you want." Having a boy on the farm would be nice. Joan was then their only child. Markie wasn't yet born.

Well, poor Winton just sat there and stared. At last he said, "It never occurred to me I might be separated from Jimmy."

But Winton knew what he faced. He had a living to earn and didn't have a single relative in California. At last he said, "You can't find a finer man than Marcus Winslow, and so far as choosing between the way my sister would mother Jimmy and how some housekeeper might take care of him, there's just no question."

Hard as it was, I've always felt Winton made the right choice, particularly since it

turned out that he was drafted about eighteen months later.

It helped that the Winslow farm already was home to Jimmy. For a while, when Winton had worked in Marion, they had lived in the little cottage up beyond the Friends' Back Creek meeting house, on the corner of the farm.

And just to show you how Marcus and Hortense welcomed Jimmy, they even gave him their own room and moved across the hall. Hortense said, "He liked our bedroom set better. It was maple and that seemed right for a boy."

I don't mean to brag, but Hortense and Marcus are a daughter and son-in-law any woman would be proud to own. They do their share in the community, and besides their organizations, Hortense plays piano for the Friends' Sunday school and Marcus is interested in Earlham College, a Quaker school near here. Both are wise and gentle and have a great gift for loving. Theirs is like a Quaker home should be. You never hear a harsh word. Best of all, they are happy as well as good—and that's what Jimmy needed most after the shock of losing his mother.

Joan, too, made a great fuss over Jimmy, and so did her friends. Always, there were lots of young people around, for they all loved to come to the Winslow farm.

It's just two miles north of town and it's a beautiful place. Several farm magazines have used pictures of it on their covers and camera clubs come there for

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their outings. Every Winslow for generations has done something to improve it. The big square white "new" house, built in 1904, stands on a hill and the land rolls down to the farmyard with its white barns and sheds. A stand of timber along the creek sets off the buildings. In the near pasture, there's a big pond. Marcus ran an electric line out and strung lights so the kids could skate on winter nights. Summers there was always a picnic going.

Maybe the best way to tell you how Marcus and Jimmy got along would be to repeat what one of Jimmy's classmates said to me. "Ma Dean," he said, "I always envied Jimmy. My dad never took time to play with me, but Marcus was forever out there shooting baskets with Jimmy or passing a football or taking him hunting or showing him how to do stunts."

For Jimmy, it soon added up to health, happiness and that charge of energy which later was sort of able to break right through a movie screen. Seems like he could do anything. A professional figure-skating teacher who happened into our town gave him a few lessons, then said Jimmy was as good a skater as he was. Jimmy also wanted to play basketball and, although he wasn't big and rangy like most boys that make the team, he was quick and sure of himself and turned out to be a good player.

One reason Jimmy could do so well was

that he was a born mimic. Charlie and I used to laugh about it when he was a little shaver. Charlie and Jimmy always were awfully fond of each other. If Charlie sat with his knees crossed, Jimmy crossed his; if Charlie stretched out his legs, Jimmy did, too. It was more than just mocking Charlie's gestures. Even then, Jimmy seemed able to be another person.

He did right well with his 4-H projects. The first year he had baby chicks, the second a garden and then it was cattle. Eventually, his Guernsey bull won grand champion at the county fair.

But the funniest was Jimmy's pig. As a farm boy usually does, Jimmy got the runt of a litter. He bottle-fed it and it became his pet. There would be Jimmy and his dog, crossing the yard and that pig, running along behind, squealing and oinking and trying to keep up with them.

Marcus and Hortense saw that Jimmy had every advantage. He could draw and paint and work with clay. When Joan took dancing lessons, Jimmy got them, too. Hortense tried to teach him piano, but there was too much playing to be done outdoors for him to ever want to practice. Violin was no better, but when they got him a bass horn, Jimmy took to it. That and drums. Before he finished high school, he could play almost any instrument in the band.

He sure took after Charlie when it came to cars. Charlie bought his first car in 1911 and horrified the town by scorching along at 35 miles an hour. Jimmy learned to drive a tractor first, and then his bikes. He had a little boy's bicycle first, then his whizzer—a bike with a motor. A real noisy motor. You could hear Jimmy coming three miles away. Then he got to trading. Start an Indiana boy with a jack-knife and he'll end up with a house and lot. Jimmy swapped his whizzer for a little foreign cycle and after that his motorcycles got larger and larger.

Clear proof that Jimmy could do whatever he set his mind to was his marks in school. In grammar school, they called him Quiz Kid. It helped that he went to visit his father nearly every vacation, for then he'd stand up in class and tell about places he'd seen. In high school, it was a different story. Jimmy got the notion it was what he called "square" to study. Well, his senior year, Marcus had a talk with him. "You'll never get into college with such grades," Marcus told him. Well, sir, Jimmy got down to business. He stayed on the honor roll all year.

He had a hard time making up his mind whether he wanted to be an actor or a lawyer. Winton favored law, but he hadn't seen Jimmy in as many plays as the rest of us. Marcus, who always encouraged Jimmy in all he wanted to do, helped him decide on his school. First Jimmy wanted to go to Earlham, where Marcus went, but Marcus pointed out that if he wanted to act, he'd better go to California.

It was becoming plain to all of us that acting was the thing Jimmy was best at. He won declamatory contests, even a state one, but the thing that convinced us he was an actor was his appearance in a church play, called "To Them That Sleep in Darkness." Jimmy played the blind boy. Well, I'll tell you, I wished he wasn't quite so good at it. I cried all the way through.

Jimmy was in his glory when Joan got married to Reece Peacock. Markie was still a toddler, so it was Jimmy who was in the mischievous little brother position. It was during the war and rice was hard to get, but Jimmy found some. He went

to store after store and saved it up for weeks. Then he tied stuff to their car. He sure fixed it up so they went clanking down the road.

I like to remember, too, the understanding Marcus and Jimmy reached before he left Fairmount. Jimmy wanted to earn his way, do it all himself, but Marcus knew that would be difficult. So Marcus said, "Now Jimmy, I don't want you running up a board bill. Stay out of debt. If you get short, let me know." Winton, I understand, said the same.

It was nice that Jimmy could spend a year with his father. Winton had been five years a widower when he married Ethel Case in 1945. Jimmy lived with them that first year when he attended Santa Monica Junior College. Later he went to UCLA and then to New York to study at the Actors Studio.

Thanks to television, we felt we shared those New York days with Jimmy. We had to buy television sets as soon as he began getting parts in programs. Marcus and Hortense had one of the first sets around here, and then Charlie and I got one. The old grapevine got going every time Jimmy was on *Lux* or *Studio One* or some program like that. They'd announce it in school and the neighbors would come streaming in to watch.

It's hard for us to understand why Jimmy's life had to end so soon. Seemed like he was just beginning to give other people the same kind of pleasure he had always given his family.

One thing I'll always be glad of is that Jimmy did get that house he wanted and that he had a chance to show it to some of those closest to him. Last fall, both Marcus and Hortense and Charles Nolan and his Mildred went out to see Winton and Jimmy. Marcus and Hortense had ended their visit and were driving back. They didn't know about Jimmy's accident until they got back to Fairmount.

Jimmy had wanted his father and Charles Nolan to see him race that day, but at the last minute, Charles Nolan decided he couldn't make it down to the racetrack and still start for Indiana the next morning. Jimmy had their tickets in his pocket when he was killed on the highway.

We never saw such a crowd as came to Jimmy's funeral. The ministers tried to comfort us. Rev. James DeWeerd, who was on the school board when Jimmy was in school came from Cincinnati. He's the one who said that Jimmy, in his few years, had lived as much as some people do by 90. Our own pastor, Xen Harvey, said this was only part of Jimmy's own great drama. The first act was life, the second death, and the third, which Jimmy was just entering, was the Hereafter.

We have found comfort, too, in all that our close neighbors have done for us and in the wonderful letters people we don't even know have written. Friends continue to send flowers. On his grave at Christmas, we counted fourteen wreaths, a cross, a vase of fresh flowers, a vase of bittersweet and a big basket of red roses. We are touched that Jimmy earned such devotion.

But the greatest comfort comes from our children's children. Whenever little Markie or Reecy draw me a picture, or when small Joe mimics a television star, or when the others give us their bright smiles, Charlie and I know that the spark which Jimmy had has not died. It's the little ones we must think of now.

When I stand on the hill by Jimmy's grave, I sometimes feel I can look one way and see the work done by all the Deans who have been here. Then I can look ahead and see the promise of those still to come. Sometimes it is uncomfortable just to have lived so long in Indiana. THE END



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The Day That Decided Rory's Life

(Continued from page 41)

help, lad," the priest said to Rory. "We don't have much time. . ."

"Why me, Padre?" Rory asked, moved but puzzled. And, realizing the spiritual responsibility and the test ahead of him, he repeated, "Why me?"

A man can pray a lot in two days. And Rory prayed, even as he asked himself over and over why, in so desperate an hour, Padre had entrusted this to him. Why did Padre think the Lord would hear him?

Although he couldn't know it then, Rory Calhoun's finest hour was at hand.

It began many years ago, and it's the story of Rory Calhoun today. A story of unshakable faith. The kind of faith that moves mountains—or rises above them.

The story is told in the heart of a girl whose prayers have always been with him. A beautiful girl whose dark eyes fill with tears now, as she remembers the night long ago when Rory first talked to her. "I felt I wanted to make it all up to him," she recalls. "It made me love him more than ever. Somebody who could go through all that and be what he is today."

And the story is told in the faces of two men whenever they're together now—in Rory's complete sense of peace . . . in the warm affection and admiration of the gentle-voiced, white-haired priest . . . in the near-worship shown on Rory Calhoun's face when he looks at him, the unmistakable mist in his Irish-blue eyes.

It's a moving experience to see them together now, Father Kanaly and Rory Calhoun—to sense the bond between them, and to hear the camaraderie that flowed back and forth between them in Rory's home during the Father's visit there.

"For fifteen years he's been working on me," says Rory. "He's really got me nailed down. For years I've been managing to sidetrack him, but I'm not so fast any more. The footwork's slowing down. You wait, Padre, until I get out in the clear and get some running room."

"Rory," the priest twinkles, "you know you never could run."

The years have only strengthened the bond that was forged fifteen years ago in El Reno, Oklahoma, between a teen-aged boy—imprisoned there after a number of robberies and escapes from reformatories—and the chaplain in "the college" there.

"He has so much strength, but he gives it to you so gently," Rory has said of Father Kanaly. "He's a real disciple. I can't quite put my finger on him, but I would do anything in the world he asked of me."

Rory has described him very well. God's gentle warrior. So gentle, but so very strong. With so much strength to give—and the instinctive wisdom to give it in gentle doses that an adventurous Irish kid like Timothy "Smokey" Durgin would take. Wise in human understanding, Father Kanaly could see the malignant wounds of childhood and how they had spread. His are eyes that can look deep into the soul of a boy and see the seed of goodness there, the promise of what he could become.

"Inside 'the college,' a priest doesn't meet up with a lad like Rory very often, or have a chance to help a boy like him," he was saying, when Rory had gone. "He always had the friendliness, that open-heartedness—and the desire for good. That was the great thing, the desire for good. And he always had that smile, the Lord bless him. He had his chin up and that big smile. The world was out there and he was going to conquer it . . . and nothing was going to stop him."

"The place where we were was by all external appearances the dead-end. That's the thing that blankets you. That's the thing you see—the blackness, the deadness, and the despair. And this is generally reflected by cynicism and the cold deadeye. But not in Rory. There was no heavy-heavy there. He was always optimistic, and this made a tremendous impression on me. Here was a lad in the middle of it, but walking around with the chin up."

Here was life and hope—where life and hope were strangers. Here was strength and a force that should be enlightened and enlisted for good.

As Father Kanaly was saying, "Often, the best person in God's work is the kind of person who might have been the worst. Those with force, in whom the quality of greatness is misdirected. The kind of person who can't be mediocre, who goes all-out in whatever he does. I knew the lad needed help and inspiration, and we would spend hours just talking. I wanted to really know him, so I could give him something, spiritually."

"Rory manifested all the qualities of leadership and the desire to do the noble thing. He helped me get together a group of young fellows like himself, and we discuss the Gospel of our Lord."

As the weeks went by, a bond of faith began to form. Rory served as altar-boy; he taught classes in catechism, and he decided he wanted to be baptized. "Padre, it's the only thing in my life I've ever wanted," he'd said.

And he's said since, "I wanted that so much because I respected Padre so much. He was the first man I had ever respected in my life."

Baptism was to be the turning-point in Rory's life. He was baptized when his faith and his future were both hanging by a slender thread—a thread that could decide a man's whole human destiny.

One day, when the chaplain baptized another boy and said nothing to Rory, the struggle to hang on to that small flicker of faith—to believe in something, somebody—seemed too much for young Rory. He was sure Padre must have lost confidence in him. That seemed to him the only answer, and he made another move—the wrong move.

"That's when he tried to leave—the last time," Father Kanaly goes on now, revealing a story never before told. "I'd baptized another boy who was going home shortly, and Rory couldn't understand why I'd said nothing to him. He was sure he was doing a good job. He thought I had more confidence in him than the others. When this happened, he decided I no longer believed in him."

"I hadn't lost confidence in Rory at all. I just thought we had more time to work on his faith, and I didn't want to rush him into the spiritual order of things. I wanted him to have as deep an understanding as time allowed. I didn't want to rush him into baptism, then perhaps have him meet up with discouragement and fall back in despair. I knew the better prepared he was, the better it would be for him—the stronger Christian he would be. And I thought we had time."

But Rory didn't understand, and suddenly there was no time. He was termed a "trouble-maker," and it was decided to transfer him.

When Father Kanaly heard this, he told Rory he would baptize him. "I thought we had a few days and I planned to make the most of that time preparing him. But one morning when I got to 'the college' Rory was gone." They'd taken him to Oklahoma City to catch a train for Springfield. The Padre got into his car and raced the sixty miles, praying he would make it there in time.

"We'd made a solemn contract that we would baptize him no matter what happened. I didn't expect it would have to happen on the run, but I knew I was going to baptize him wherever and how ever, if he wanted it that way. He needed it, and it was the only thing I could do for him. I knew the chances were I'd never see him again."

The chaplain reached the Union Depot in Oklahoma City a few minutes before the train pulled in. He rushed to find his boy.

"Smokey, it looks like you're pulling out in a hurry," he said.

"Yes, Padre, they've got me going."

"What about being baptized?"

"It looks like we're blowed up, Padre," he said.

"We're not 'blowed up' yet, Smokey. This is what you want. Do you still want to be baptized?"

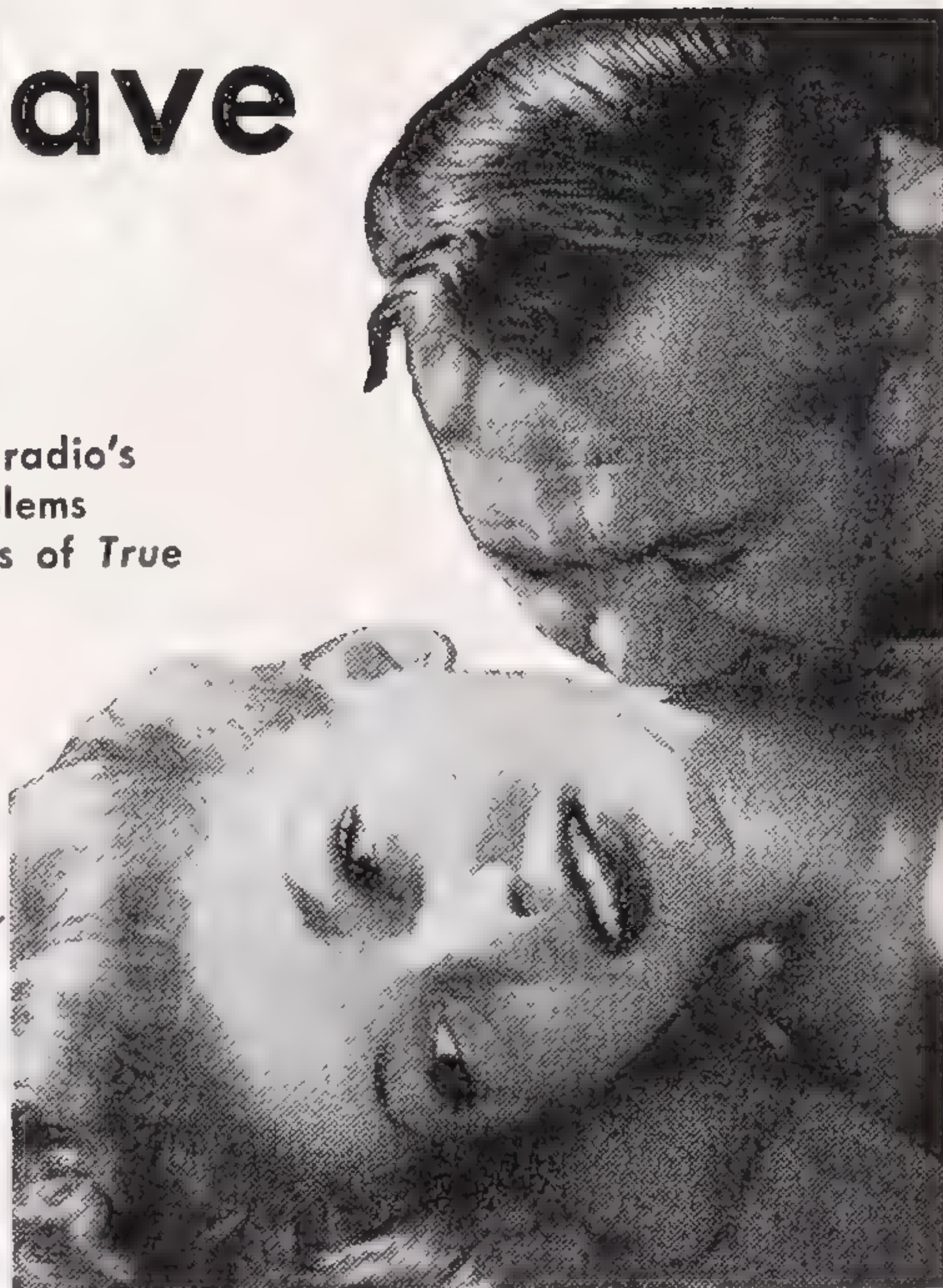
"Yes, I do."

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"Let's go!" the priest said, leading the way to the men's washroom.

The next few minutes were to decide the rest of Rory's life.

As Father Kanaly was saying now, "I've never seen such an expression of faith. The hardest thing in the world for men to do is make a public show of religion, and it's most difficult when it is sincere. When a man is sincere, it takes real humility. Here was a proud lad, a highly intelligent lad, dressed in denims about eight sizes too large for him, with handcuffs on his hands, irons on his legs, and a guard on either side of him. In my book, this took more courage than anything a lad could be called on to do."

For the chaplain this was a test, too. The baptismal service is very solemn and dignified. In his words, "This is a very sacred thing, God reaching out and embracing a human being." Would he be desecrating the sacrament, conducting it this way? The priest hurriedly borrowed a glass of water from the depot restaurant and, in the men's washroom, with curious eyes watching, above the whistle of the incoming train, he intoned, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. . . ."

Time was to prove that "if it had taken place in St. Peter's in Rome, this couldn't have been more sacred."

Out of his full and grateful heart, Rory Calhoun says today, "I thank God that Padre made it in time. But for that. . . ."

But for that, his was another destination. But for that—Rory would probably never have completed the train ride. For an eighteen-year-old, the bleak stretch ahead (if the charges, as it happened, had not subsequently been dropped) left nothing to hope for.

Speeding across the Oklahoma countryside, his arms freed, and noting the guard had dozed off beside him, Rory knew it would be no problem to disarm him. But, with freedom within his grasp, something stopped him. Rory didn't try to escape, and he knew he would never run again. Never. As he says now, "In that split-second, I thought of Father Kanaly. He'd just baptized me. This was still fresh on my mind."

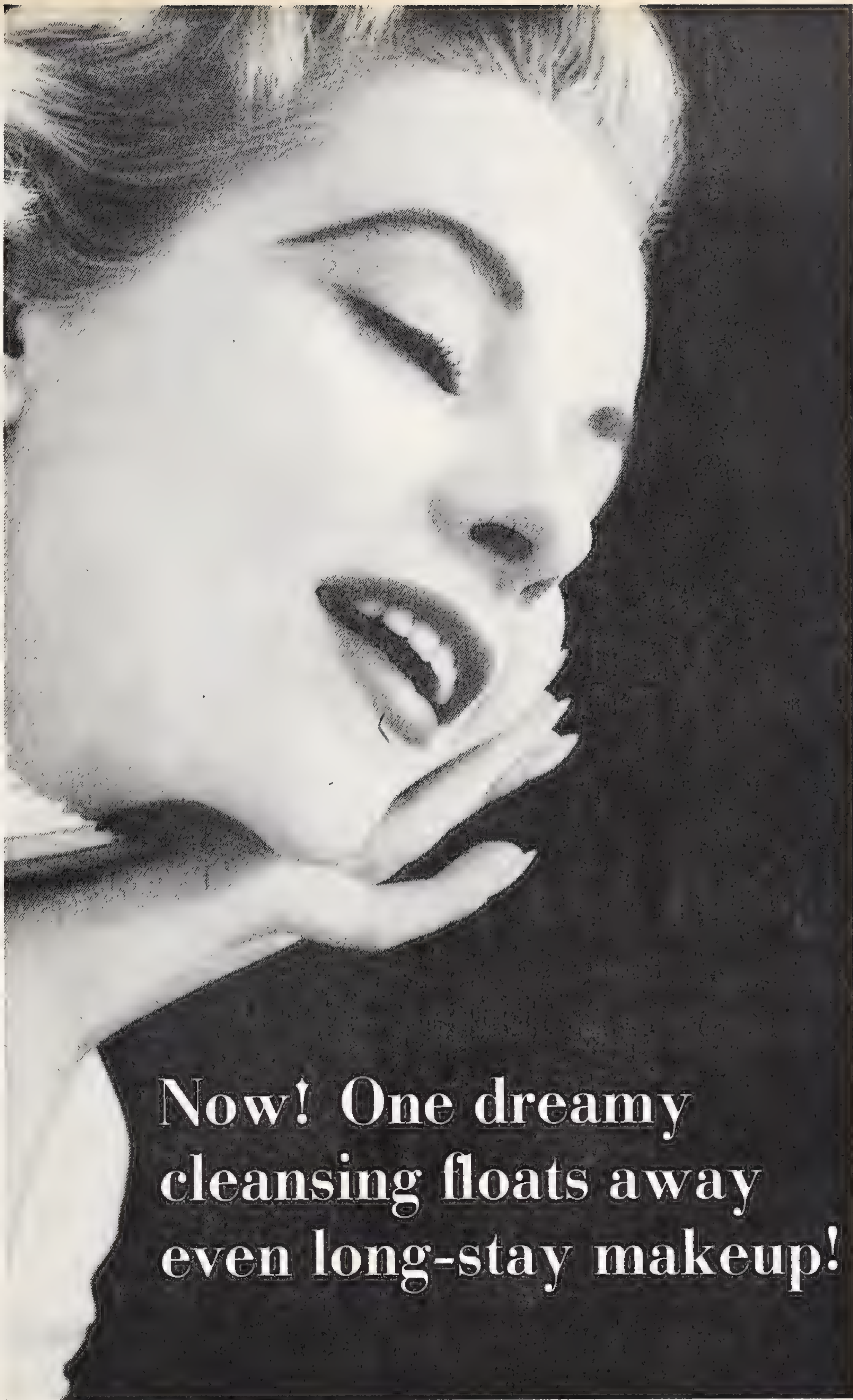
Rory awakened a surprised guard and returned his gun. "The instant I did this, I knew I was going to take whatever they gave me—see it all the way through. Since that moment, I haven't hurt anybody in this world—not knowingly anyway—and I wouldn't."

But for the faith of a priest in a small town in Oklahoma, Timothy Durgin would never have gotten to Hollywood. Never have been in movies. And Rory Calhoun wouldn't today be touching the lives of millions of others with his story, inspiring the hope and courage so many need. He wouldn't be dedicating himself to youth and its problems, working with juveniles who need guidance, and envisioning the building of a fine youth center in Oklahoma City, where his own future began.

But at eighteen, his faith was still to be tested—there was a crucifying time ahead.

During those crucial years when Timothy Durgin was making another name in another life, Father Kanaly was never any farther than a prayer away. His prayers were following the lad with the ardent smile and the open heart, asking God's grace for him, and praying he would find somewhere a girl like Lita Baron.

"She's the darling the Good Lord sent him," says Father Kanaly. "I was always praying for the most beautiful, the kindest the sweetest girl in the world to capture Rory's heart. And she did. For Rory, coming to California and meeting a girl as beautiful and as gifted as Lita—a girl who took him with such complete confidence—



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was a great blessing from God. I couldn't imagine anybody better able than Lita to help him through this time. She has so much courage and spirit, so much heart."

An actress and a dancer with an established and promising career of her own, Lita's thoughts were only for Rory, when he told her his story some time before asking her to marry him. Her only concern was for him.

"When he first talked to me, I didn't believe him," Lita says today. "I thought he was kidding me. I would say, 'Oh, sure—sure.' It all sounded like fiction. But gradually, Rory would keep referring to it, and I realized he meant the things he said. I felt he deserved every break, he was so worthy. And I wanted to make it all up to him."

Lita's family took him to heart instinctively from the first. Her brother, Pete, was the brother Rory never had. Her baby brother, Bobby, was a real tonic—idolizing him and looking up to him. For all Rory's Irish vibrancy and that big smile, Lita's mother felt intuitively, "There's a sadness behind the eyes. This boy has suffered."

And now Rory Calhoun had not only a wife, but a family. A family who loved and respected him as their own, and who admired his courage in fighting his way up in a profession where publicity could hang so heavy over his head—and someday, perhaps, descend upon him.

Yes, the Padre's prayer for God to send him the right girl had been answered.

Years had passed—ten years—since Father Kanaly had baptized Rory in a washroom in Oklahoma City. Then early one morning the telephone rang hard and long in the rectory in a small Oklahoma town. It was three A.M., and the priest thought sadly that there must have been a bad highway accident, some sad emergency. Picking up the phone, he heard a familiar full-Irish voice.

"Hello, Padre? This is Smokey."

His voice was happy and full of hope. Rory told him he was working in pictures in Hollywood, that he had just finished what he considered his first real part—that of a fighter in a picture called, "The Great John L." And he wanted the Padre to know about it.

To Father Kanaly this was "such good news" from his boy. "It made me very happy. This was the first contact we'd had since that day at the depot. I'm sure he wanted to have something good to tell me."

In Calumet, Oklahoma, with a population around 350, there's no movie theatre. But the Padre watched Oklahoma City's theatre announcements eagerly for days . . . for months . . . untiringly.

"I really laid in wait for that picture,"

he was remembering now. "I became a great movie fan. I watched all the ads every day in the Oklahoma City papers."

Finally one day, when he found what he was looking for, Father Kanaly got into his car and drove sixty miles to see a movie. This was his boy.

He continued watching the movie ads for Rory's name, happy and proud whenever he found it. But the priest would not risk contacting him, lest some curious eye or ear should look at a letter or listen in on a phone call—and inquire into the relationship of an Oklahoma chaplain and a Hollywood movie star.

"But not a day would go by that I wouldn't pray for him," the gentle-voiced, youthful-faced priest was saying now. As Rory's star continued to rise, sensing the fateful day that would come, Father Kanaly's heart and prayers went out to him.

"As time went by, I realized the lad was trapped. He had all this responsibility—and nobody in the world to turn to who knew him spiritually, the Lord bless him. He was my boy in a special sense—a spiritual sense. I was the only one who knew his soul."

Then one evening in the little Oklahoma town the phone rang insistently—but this time with very bad news. One of the editors of an unethical exposé magazine was calling Father Kanaly for quotes about Timothy Durgin, insisting they'd talked with Rory, and providing him with names and dates and places that substantiated it.

Rory Calhoun had planned to tell the story of his young years to his public someday. But he wanted to wait until he had proven himself in Hollywood—and proved to himself that he had a future there. His hope now was that his story would help somebody else, that out of all this would come something worthwhile.

In their barn-red home on a picturesque, palm lined drive in Beverly Hills, Lita watched—and prayed. "I said a prayer every night," she recalls. "I prayed to God that everything would work out fine. Rory was so young when it happened, and he had already paid enough."

Back in Oklahoma, the Padre's heart was heavy, thinking of his boy. "This was kind of crucifying for him. Only the Good Lord knows how much the poor lad suffered, and with no one to turn to spiritually. All I could do was pray."

Then one night, Rory and the Padre were together again, across the miles. . . .

"Do you know me?" Rory was saying over the phone to him, groping his way along.

Know him?

But, as Father Kanaly was saying now, with a gentle smile, "The lad knew I had dealt with so many through the years, he

may have wondered if I remembered him. Or he may have wondered, 'What does Padre think of me?'"

He let Rory lead the way, thinking perhaps somebody might be listening, and unsure just what Rory wanted him to say.

"Should I know you?" he said guardedly.

Two voices, feeling their way, through the years. . . .

"Yes, Padre—I'm Smokey," Rory said.

Then the priest knew Rory wanted him to talk to him, "to really talk to him." He gave Rory spiritual comfort. He told him how closely he had followed his career that he'd seen all of his pictures, that Rory had never been out of his prayers.

Friends close to him counted the days but Rory Calhoun was feeling a sense of peace, of freedom, inside. A long time ago Padre had taught him that freedom was more than a word, more than a wall. That only with God's understanding, only through faith, can a man be free.

When the country knew, the voices of the people began to be heard. Thousands of voices speaking to Rory from the heart—heartwarming letters that commended his courage. Letters from the handicapped saying he had given them hope. Letters from people facing their own problems with more faith, knowing what he had overcome. Letters from older people saying they'd never seen him in a picture but would never miss seeing one from then on. On a personal appearance tour, coming face to face with teen-aged fans, a young girl summed it up for all of them: "We were talking about that—that—story before you came here, and we want you to know we all love you."

Rory's fan mail zoomed to second place at Universal-International. He starred in "Red Sundown"—which also features Lita Baron—and co-starred with Yvonne De Carlo in "Raw Edge." Scripts were showered on him. With George Sherman, he formed his own independent production set-up, Sherman-Calhoun Productions.

Money contributions began to roll in with notes saying, "Put this where it will do the most good." Rory endorsed these and sent them, along with the money he received for a magazine series, to Monsignor Don Kanaly, saying, "I figure it all belongs to him anyway." He knew the Padre—now heading the Christian Youth Organization in Oklahoma and so concerned with teen-age problems and family work—would certainly put it where it would do the most good.

Working so close to youth, Father Kanaly was experiencing first-hand how inspiring Rory's story was to them—how impressed they were. God had been very good to his "boy." Would He think they were stopping halfway?

He knew only too well, "Kids have to make somebody their hero. All kids look for a hero. If they don't find a heroic influence in goodness, then they will seek it elsewhere. Kids aren't cynics and skeptics by nature. Let kids get their teeth into God's work and you can't stop them. Our kids are starving for true inspiration."

"There's no way of measuring the good Rory could do just by talking to them. He has the open-heartedness, the courage to overcome obstacles, that depict the hero. The lad has such simplicity—the simplicity of the pure in heart. There's something very wonderful there. The Good Lord prepares people for what He wants them to do. There's a place for Rory."

This Rory had asked himself many times, and he still had no answer. Working with youth was close to his heart, but whether or not he belonged in it—whether there was a place for him—he didn't know.

He was already making preparations in a small personal way. He was remodeling his ranch property at Ojai, California, and

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furnishing it with double-bunk beds which would accommodate twenty boys for the summer. He was hand-picking them, intending to expose them to fresh air, give them horses to ride and a few chores to do. And he was concentrating on juveniles who needed guidance in the worst way.

The Padre was very interested. He had already drawn plans, in his mind, for a little chapel he thought should be built there, and had written Rory accordingly.

"No rest for the wicked, eh, Padre?"

"No rest, Rory. The Good Lord nabbed you way back when."

But, was this enough? Was there a greater job to do?

Out of a humble and grateful heart, a man like Rory Calhoun asks himself whether there is special meaning in today's good fortune. Whether there is purpose in the public's overwhelming expression of good faith. Or whether it's straight out of their sense of sportsmanship.

And there are nights, when a man is alone with himself, when a man as open-hearted as Rory asks himself whether he would be equal to the spiritual responsibility of youth guidance work. Would the role be too much for him? What would he have to offer anybody?

On a night like this, the telephone rang, and a voice, so fondly and well remembered, was asking Rory to pray for a boy who had been born without hope, without faith. A boy who had never had any guidance. A boy who was going to die in the electric chair.

In McAlester, Oklahoma, watching the grim activity going on around him, Father Kanaly knew the condemned had little hope. Only prayers could help this unfortunate lad. Prayers, the Padre knew, were answered in the degree in which the person who prays wants them answered. In their sincerity.

"I know Rory would do something about this—if I can get word to him," the Padre thought. "I know I can count on him." So he put in a call to Hollywood.

The Padre was staying in McAlester to help "ease the boy over," then he was flying out to visit Rory and Lita Calhoun. He told Rory he needed his "help"—and there wasn't much time.

In Hollywood, the chain of faith wasn't broken. Rory remembered when there had been even less time. Five minutes in a railroad station when the Padre had said, "We aren't 'blowed up' yet, Smokey," and baptized him—and changed a boy's destination in life.

Rory Calhoun prayed.

Four hours before the time set for execution, an accomplice of the condemned boy confessed that he had fired the gun. The warden hurriedly put in a call to the state capitol in Oklahoma City. Governor Raymond Gary had flown to Chicago on state business. They reached him in time, and he granted a sixty-day reprieve.

Sixty days of grace for the truth to be heard.

Father Kanaly wired his miraculous news and caught an earlier plane to Los Angeles.

And now they were together. Rory and Lita Calhoun and the gentle priest who was so important a part of their lives.

"It's been a hard fight, Rory," he said.

"It isn't over yet, Padre. Don't count your chickens yet."

"But it's downhill now, lad. We're going downhill—and running all the way."

Rory Calhoun's eyes filled.

"You know, Padre," he said, "if you're not careful, you're going to make a Christian of me yet."

THE END

**GIVE—
Strike back at CANCER**

(Continued from page 45)

solid foundation on which her life is based and the fact that she hasn't changed one bit since that day when she was sixteen, except to grow in personality and talent.

Is this really so? Just ask Shirley's recent roommate, Barbara Ruick, who is also a talented and rising young star. Barbara was determined to have the juicy role of *Carrie* in "Carousel."

"I'm a competitor myself," Barbara explained, "and I certainly expected Shirley would be. But she's not. She's completely unsuspicious and completely lacking in envy. She really *wants* you to do well. When I tested for 'Carousel,' they naturally used one of *Carrie's* best scenes in the script. Henry King, the director, wanted to see how we looked together, so Shirley played it with me. For the purpose of that scene, Shirley, the star of the picture, was in a distinctly supporting role. Instinctively, most stars—indeed, most women—would have been concerned with their own appearance. But not Shirley. She supported me. It was the scene in which I tell her I'm going to marry Mr. Snow. Her reaction was wonderful. She seemed genuinely happy for me as *Carrie* and as me, myself. I know it was the best test I ever made.

"Shirley has a completely open personality," Barbara continued enthusiastically, "and I think that's the basis of her talent. The duty of an actor is to reveal a character through himself, and Shirley is a completely uninhibited performer."

Since, in "Carousel," *Julie* and *Carrie* are the best of friends, the transition from work to play was never difficult for Shirley and Barbara. While shooting the majority of the movie in Boothbay, Maine, the girls stayed at the Outlook Inn. They had a cottage, called the Brigatine, high on a knoll overlooking the bay. Sometimes, in the evening, they would get a gang together and go out on supper sails. Mrs. Hatch, the owner of the Inn, would hire a huge cabin cruiser and the gang would sail the bay in the moonlight, watch the huge seals and eat supper. Sometimes Barbara's father, actor Mel Ruick, would come up from New York to sail with them. On Sundays, the girls took turns going to each other's church.

One night, when they were driving home from Wiscasset after dinner, their headlights picked up a Beagle dog, his mate and their six-weeks-old daughter sitting on the highway. Shirley slammed on the brakes, and soon they had the dogs in the car. Back at their cottage, the girls made a bed for the Beagle husband and wife in the storeroom and took the puppy to bed with them. They named her Soliloquy (Lil for short), and made plans to take her back to Hollywood with them. They proudly took their orphans to the set the next day. Before long, however, a very irate lobsterman showed up demanding to know where Shirley and Barbara got their dogs. After hearing their tale of the poor lost dogs, the lobsterman proclaimed himself their owner and, as a parting shot (puppy under arm), exclaimed, "They were a hundred and fifty yards from home when you found them!"

When they returned to Hollywood to finish "Carousel," it was only natural that Shirley should move into Barbara's apartment. Shirley is happy with people and has always managed to have a roommate to share with, since she left home. She has no need for long 'alone' periods.

"This may sound like a coffee commercial," warned vivacious Barbara, "but I used to be grouchy, irritable and untouchable in the morning. Now I'm a living doll! Shirley is happy when she wakes up. I

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don't mean that we glide gracefully around the room throwing back the windows and singing a duet of 'Oh, What a Beautiful Morning.' It's not like that, it's just a looking-forward to the day—being glad to get up. She's happy, I'm happy. Shirl always wakes up first. I have a clock-radio sitting right over my head and I never hear it go off. She'll fly all the way across the room to turn it off, and I'm still sleeping soundly.

"We don't have any set routines," Barbara explained, "although Shirley fixes breakfast—coffee, juice and sweet rolls for me; grapefruit for her. We're Jack Spratts, sort of. I try not to lose weight and Shirl tries not to gain. I usually cook dinner, but there's no fuss about dishes and stuff. Whoever has the time, does them.

"We haven't been able to date much because of our working schedule, so we have dinner out a lot, at Frascati's or some place close, and sometimes end up at the neighborhood movie. Both of us are still in the pedal pushers and popcorn stage and are real movie fans, so that's really a night out when we're working. When we're on early call, we usually cue each other from the script, then listen to records or look at television and go to bed early. I'm on a classical binge right now, while Shirl can listen to anything as long as it's music. Sometimes we harmonize while we're working. Then we get silly and I turn soprano and Shirl sings pop. It's a riot, at least to us.

"She has the happiest voice I've ever heard," Barbara laughed. "I told her I bought my clothes at Jax and, so help me, two days later she pops her head in the front door and bubbles, 'I just spent six hundred dollars.' Neither one of us can resist clothes."

Another of Shirley's traits is that she always gives her all. It is a natural impulse. Take, for example, her instinctive offer to help a friend of Barbara's. He is a brilliant and talented young composer-writer who was coming out from New York to sell some material to Gordon and Sheilah MacRae. It was a take-off on "A Streetcar Named Desire," with three parts—*Stella*, *Blanche* and *Stanley*. Barbara was bubbling over about helping him and bemoaning the fact that they couldn't find anyone to play *Stella* for the audition. There was no hesitation from Shirley. She offered. She worked hard and went through three rehearsals, then auditioned with them. It is natural for Shirley to put her whole heart and soul into anything she does. It has shown in her work ever since she first started studying. She has to be told only once. She listens and learns.

"I've been studying and preparing myself for years," Shirley says quietly. "I have no insatiable drive—I can't push or step on anybody. Theatre to me is not a way of life, but a career—a profession. That's the way I went into it and that's the way I want to stay. Even after Daddy started driving me to Pittsburgh twice a week for voice lessons with Ken Welch, I still had a life of my own. I knew I wanted to be a singer and actress, but it didn't stop me from having friends and fun. It was studying, preparing.

"I was blessed with wonderful parents," Shirley adds thoughtfully. "I appreciate them more every day. The more I do, the more I thank them wholeheartedly for the past. I was an only child and they treated me like a person. They neither pushed nor restrained me. They have never been possessive. Whenever I wanted to talk over something, they were always willing to listen. They might advise me, but the decisions were mine. Our family is rooted in deep faith, and to me Sunday school was as much a part of living as school. I was on the Cradle Roll of the Methodist church. I loved the Bible stories with the pictures on the front, and I especially liked it when I got to tell the story. I also had eight



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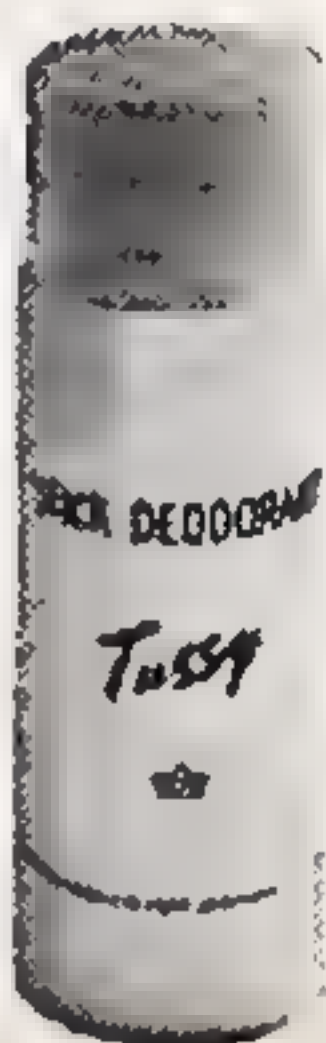
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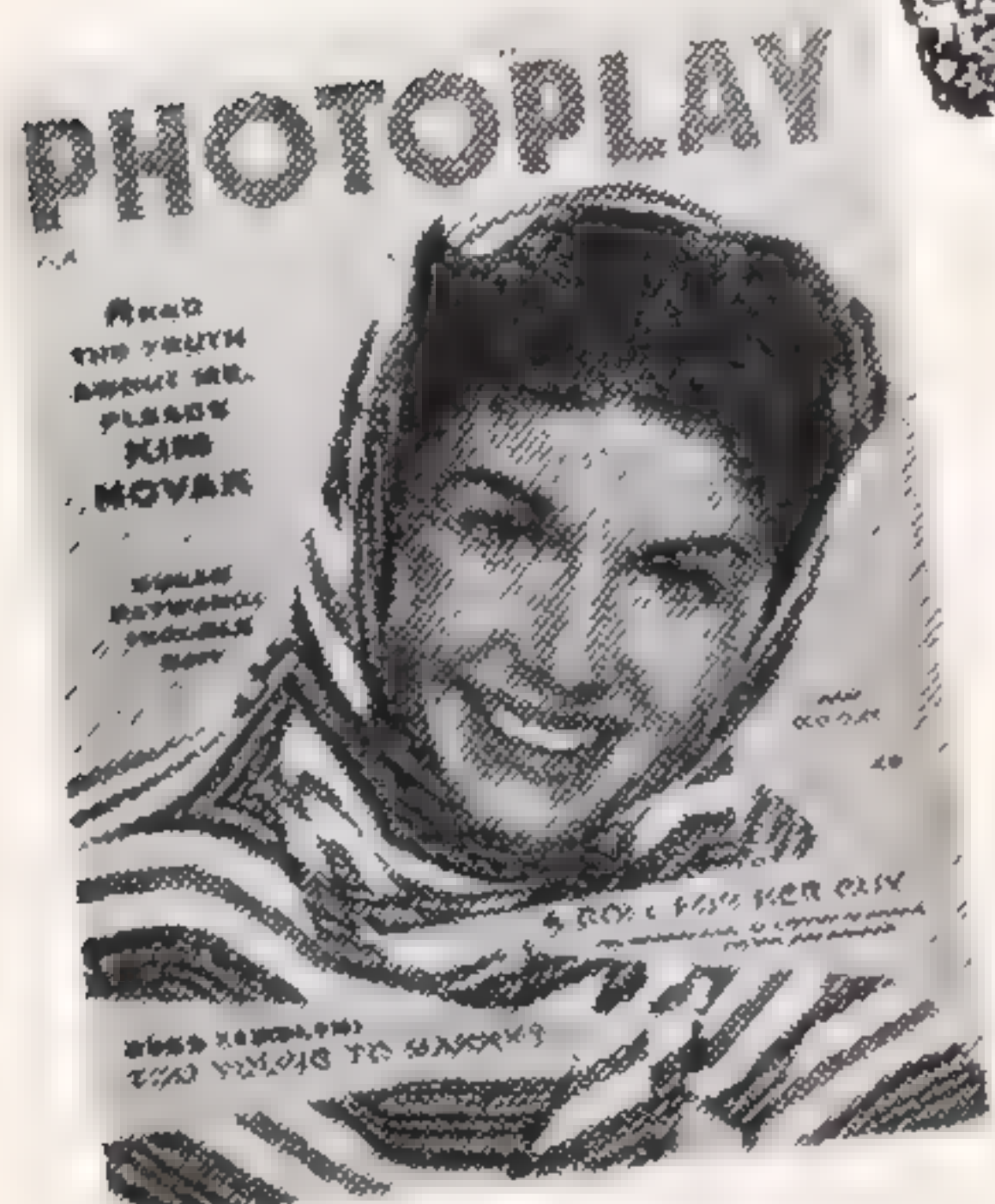
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years perfect attendance. However, that didn't stop me from being a brat when I was very young," Shirley grinned. "I used my lung power to wail and roar when things didn't go my way. But that subsided when I was about ten, and I turned my attention to singing. At thirteen, I went to a larger Methodist church to sing solos in the choir. I also became secretary for the Sunday school. I know Mother and Daddy taught me the right way. I grew up in that way. It's made it so much easier for me to make the right decisions. I know the difference between right and wrong—and temptation.

"I remember when the football games were held on Friday night and I was a cheerleader. But my voice lesson was Saturday morning. I knew if I went to the game I'd yell myself hoarse, so it was up to me. I loved those games, but I stayed home. Another temptation for me is food," Shirley sighs. "Every pound I gain goes right to my face. So I have to be careful, and I hate it—but I do it. Then there was always the temptation to let Dad spoil me—which I didn't always overcome. He's a real softie—at the shedding of a tear Daddy was gone. Mother had to be the firm one and mete out punishment. Once Dad spanked me lightly and it almost broke him up. He could never do it again. But Mother could never be swayed—which was fortunate.

"I guess what I'm trying to say," Shirley continues, "is that Mother and Dad's love and approval, plus my belief in prayer and faith in God, have helped me in everything I've done. Everyone has to have something to believe in. My belief has helped me through disappointments and decisions. You know the song, in 'Carousel,' that Clara Mae Turner sings—'You'll Never Walk Alone.' Well, I believe it. A firm belief can take care of temptation."

And Shirley has had her share of temptation and disappointment in her short life. After singing for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein and being signed to a mysterious, but exciting, seven-year contract, it must have been disappointing to go into the chorus of "South Pacific." And after that, into a small part in "Me and Juliet." Shirley had been signed because she was a perfect *Laurey* for "Oklahoma!", yet all she was getting was experience in minor roles in other musicals. But she found time to make friends, have fun and study acting. She worked with one of the greatest teachers, Mary Tarcai, and then later with the Actors Studio. Taking from each one everything she could use, Shirley continued to work toward her profession and, at the same time, live as a person.

When "Me and Juliet" went on the road, she got the second lead and understudied the star, Isabel Bigley. Unfortunately for Miss Bigley—and fortunately for Shirley—the flu caught up with the star in Chicago. Miss Jones replaced her and won rave reviews. That was great for two weeks, but then the perfect *Laurey* was languishing in a second lead again—waiting. Until early in 1954, that is. Then Shirley got a call to fly to Hollywood and test with Gordon MacRae and Charlotte Greenwood for "Oklahoma!" She tested, then flew back to "Me and Juliet"—and waited. She read of one star after another who was being tested for *Laurey*. Finally she decided she'd lost out. Then, exactly eleven months after her name had dried on the contract with Rodgers and Hammerstein, her agent called her. His opening salutation was "Hello, *Laurey*," and Miss Jones was on her way West.

During that time—while Shirley worked at her trade, learning, listening, studying—it would have been easy to become discouraged and unhappy. And during the filming of "Oklahoma!", she learned the hazards of a new trade. Concentration in the midst of

changing lights . . . barked commands from directors, camera men, electricians . . . where to stand, how to stand and which way to face the camera. She learned fast.

When the State Department decided to send a presentation of "Oklahoma!" to Europe, Shirley became the toast of Paris and Rome. She wanted desperately to have her Mother and Dad share the experience with her, but they couldn't manage at the time. Instead, she accepted the flattering and serious attentions of Sadra, the younger brother of Aly Kahn. Of Europe and Sadra she says, "It was a wonderful experience, gay and glorious and beautiful. It was like Student Prince." It was during her stay in Rome that Shirley was notified she had been signed for the coveted role of Julie in Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel," to be produced by 20th Century-Fox. "That was the most fabulous surprise of my life," Shirley explains, "and one which I never expect to be repeated. I didn't even know there was a plan to film 'Carousel,' and certainly never dreamed I was a candidate for it. Suddenly the thing was there."

The "thing," as Shirley puts it, is one of the strongest, meatiest roles in musical drama. The "Carousel" songs and the story have strength and depth. It is more than a light-hearted, boy-meets-girl musical. Although just her second picture, this one role of Julie will push Shirley into the realm of theatre greats. While the role of Laurey required only a sweet, lovely heroine with an exceptional voice, the part of Julie demands the richer, deeper overtones of tragedy, aging, depth and strong character. Shirley has these qualities.

As Barbara Ruick puts it, "Shirley has a deep self-respect and confidence. She doesn't think about self, and her outgoing interest in others shows in her face. When 'Carousel' was completed and she planned to take off for home, I was unhappy. I think I'll go back to New York and maybe take the Jones' up on their invitation to visit them. I know they're wonderful people—I know their daughter. They sent me a beautiful table lighter with a lovely note and signed it 'Mother and Dad.' I can tell them this: Their daughter will make a wonderful wife. She's so loyal and just right. Some man will be awfully lucky."

Shirley can be fun and she can be serious. She understands the intangible balance between the two. At twenty-one she is in many ways far beyond her years. She is earning and learning her place in the world of actors.

"I would like," Shirley says soberly, "to be versatile enough to do anything. If they ever remake Thornton Wilder's 'Our Town,' I'd love to do that. I'm studying opera. Someday I'd like to perform in it. I'd like to do a play in New York. But first I want to rest a while after 'Carousel.'"

It is well to remember that once Shirley said, "I'll do anything—everything—something is bound to click." It is well to remember that Shirley is closer to being that typical, mythical All-American Girl than anyone since Mary Pickford captured the heart of the nation. Perhaps it's time—or perhaps it's the girl—but it's very possible that America's Sweetheart may well be the girl who walked into the premiere of her own picture "Oklahoma!" an unknown, and came out with the cheers and applause of the country ringing in her ears.

Perhaps her charm is as Richard Rodgers described it: "The character that shines from her untroubled eyes." Or, as Barbara says, "She has no little corners in her spirit where meanness lies. There is nothing she has done in her life or thinks about that she is afraid people will see." Whatever, Shirley is the epitome of the best that's in all of us. We can afford to love her. She is so much a part of us all.

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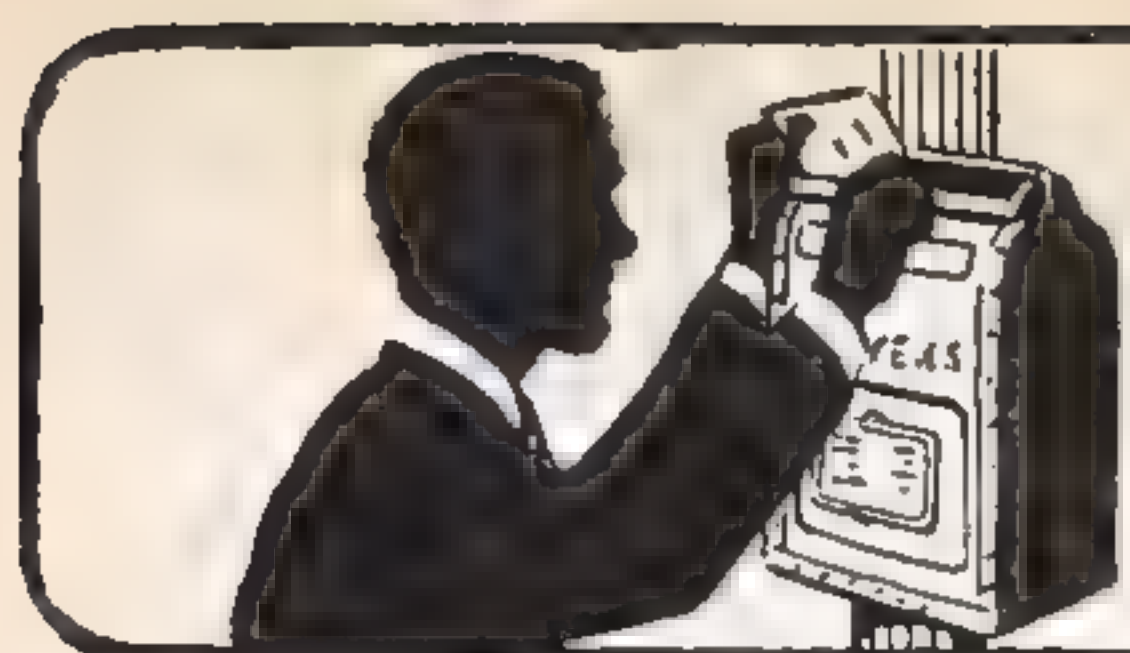
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La Bella Rosa

(Continued from page 62)

she had been thrown off balance and suffered a fractured pelvis.

"After that it was an agony," Marisa said. "In the hospital Anna had to lie almost motionless. The doctors would not even allow her to cry. Of course she worried herself into a sickness that she would lose the baby. She and Vic had *such* a longing for a child. And the doctors could not be sure. Finally, after six whole weeks in the hospital, they told her everything would be all right, provided she would be very, very careful."

Pier was brought home from Palm Springs in an ambulance. Because their hilltop home had too many steps, she and Vic moved into the family residence with Mrs. Pierangeli, Marisa, and their seven-year-old sister, Patrizia.

"Anna had to stay in bed for weeks after that," Marisa said. "Then for a while it was necessary for her to use crutches. The doctors assured us that she would be fine, but naturally we worried. How could we help it? Until at long last the day came—it was August 21—and Anna went to the hospital."

"Mother went with her, but Patrizia and I stayed at home. Together we knelt in front of the Madonna and prayed for our sister and for the baby. After that we suffered in suspense until the phone rang. 'Everything is fine,' Mother said. 'Anna is fine and the baby is beautiful. It is a boy. His name is Perry.' Then Patrizia and I knelt again before the Madonna. 'Thank you, Dear Lady,' we said with rejoicing hearts. 'Thank you very much.'"

Those had been hectic weeks and months for the Pierangeli family. In an almost constant ebb and flow of excitement the compelling drama of love, courtship, marriage, near-tragedy, and motherhood had been played out for Pier. But in the meantime, what of Marisa, the younger—by twenty minutes—twin?

"Yes," Marisa said, smiling, "everything happened very fast. Almost too fast it seemed at times. And with Anna now living in her own home with a husband and a baby son, I have finally begun to realize just how much I miss her."

She spread her hands. "This of course was inevitable. I was more or less prepared for it. When we were little, I remember that Anna always reached first for the frosting on her cake. It has been the same in life. Yes, in love, too."

"Despite the fact that we are twins, we have always been quite different. In looks, in temperament—in so many ways. But at the same time we have been very close, practically inseparable. As little girls, we never needed other playmates. We dressed alike and received identical presents at birthdays and Christmas. And there was a strong emotional bond, too. Now that Anna has begun a whole new life of marriage, for me this will take some getting used to."

The daughters of a construction engineer, Marisa and Pier were born in Cagliari, on the Italian island of Sardinia. The date was June 19, in the peaceful year of 1932. But not long after war broke loose in Europe. The family had moved to Rome, and the twins were only ten years old when the Nazis occupied Italy.

"We grew up very fast," Marisa said. "I was never a little girl. I never had time to be."

Vividly she recalls the continuous nightmare of air raids and exploding bombs. One day, as she was riding to school on the bus, they were machine-gunned by a low flying plane.

"Each day when we left our home," Marisa remembers, "we wondered if we would live to return again. We were always frightened. Then, after a while we adopted a fatalistic attitude. We tried not to think about the war or talk about it. Somehow it was better that way."

Despite the hardships and the horrors of those grim days, Luigi Pierangeli insisted that his daughters receive the proper schooling. They labored over Latin, Greek, French, philosophy, art, music and the sciences. These were advanced studies for girls of their age, but their father was a strict disciplinarian.

"He wanted us to become young ladies of education and culture," Marisa says, "and prepare ourselves to make good and efficient wives. This was the tradition in which he had been raised. And in my case, he hoped that I would follow in his footsteps and train myself to become an engineer, an architect, or interior decorator."

"Father was a genius at mathematics. He wanted me to be good at it, too. He thought I had a scientific mind. But, alas, I did not. I hated geometry and scientific subjects. I preferred literature, philosophy and the arts. This was a bitter blow to Father. In this I disappointed him. But it would have been a mistake to have studied for a career I did not enjoy."

Marisa's choice for a career was ballet, but Luigi Pierangeli did not approve of this. Having been raised in a strictly conventional atmosphere by an uncle who was a priest, he believed the entertainment world was not a proper environment for young ladies of culture. Nevertheless, with the help of her mother, Marisa did take dancing lessons for nearly a year. Then her father learned of it.

"We will have no more of this nonsense!" Luigi Pierangeli stormed. "From now on you must follow my wishes. You will please tend to your studies, and try very hard to learn to be a good girl." And the dancing lessons were ended.

Marisa was confused and despondent. She had always been rather shy and introspective, and in dancing she had hoped to find a way to express herself and her emotions. But she obediently submitted to her father's authority. However, Marisa now admits that during the following years, there was an almost constant friction because of his strict, conventional standards and her desire to develop as an individual and have some fun.

"With Father," Marisa says, "everything was either black or white; there was nothing in between. He did not believe that young girls should wear lipstick or have dates with boys. So we stayed at home. He never allowed us to express our own opinions. His word was gospel."

"This was not such a problem for Anna. She could handle Father. They were very similar in nature. They had an affinity. She simply went her own way and didn't worry her head. When she wanted something she wheedled him and flattered him, and got her own way. But I could not do this. I was more direct and less diplomatic. I always spoke right out. I'd say, 'Father, may I have some money to go to the movies?' He'd say, 'No!' And that was that. The matter was ended."

Movies were the twins' best entertainment in those days. They were true fans. Marisa's favorites were Fred Astaire, Greer Garson, Katharine Hepburn and Gary Cooper. She had a real crush on Gary. "I would squeal. He would, as you say, 'send' me." After a movie, Marisa and Pier would usually stop for ice cream or chocolates. Then they would walk home the long way so they could have more time with their boyfriends.

"Yes, we managed to have boyfriends,"

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Marisa says, "even though Father disapproved. It was just kid stuff, but it was important to us. We used to plan all day how we could get out in the evening and meet them. Mother always helped us. Sometimes we'd just go for a short walk. These were escapes. We always had to be home before Father returned. When he caught us, we were bawled out good."

"This was not too comfortable for us, this sneaking around—but what could we do? The boys could not come to see us in our home. Father always said, 'No!'"

Then one summer Marisa fell in love. He was an artist, and his name was Franco. They met during a vacation in the country near Bologna, on the Adriatic.

"He painted my portrait," Marisa says. "It was very innocent, very romantic and very wonderful. We used to go for bike rides and hold hands. Yes, we had some kisses, too. Anna was happy for me. She helped when she could. She'd go along with us as chaperone, and then she'd say, 'If you'll excuse me, I have some errands to do.' Of course we always excused her. We were very obliging."

But, from the start, Marisa's romance with Franco was ill-fated. Franco wanted her to marry him at once. Marisa insisted that they were too young. Franco said he would call on her at her home, in Rome. Marisa told him her father would never allow it.

"He came anyway," Marisa recalls. "He drove down to Rome from his home in Milan. He telephoned and talked to Father and asked to be allowed to call. 'No,' Father said, 'My daughter is too young to entertain young men.' The next day, Franco picked me up at school and we talked about our problem. I tried to make him see that this was impossible for us, our lives were too much apart. But he insisted. Sometimes he'd drive all the way from Milan, about three hundred miles, just to have a little visit."

What happened?

"Nothing," Marisa sighs. "It had to end. Franco didn't have a chance against Father. I didn't either. I couldn't make up my mind. In a way Father was right, of course, for I was too young. And so I believe it was all for the best. Now Franco is married, and I hope he is happy. For me this was something to cherish and to remember always."

In the meantime, at the age of sixteen, Pier had started her movie career. At first Luigi Pierangeli was furious at the idea. But Pier and her mother "managed" him and won him over. Later, he relented completely and became extremely proud of his daughter's success.

"Those were exciting days," Marisa remembers. "Everything was happening so fast for Anna. There were parties, new clothes, and many plans. I was happy for her. It seemed entirely natural that this would happen to her and not to me. It never occurred to me to be envious."

Then, suddenly and tragically, Luigi Pierangeli died. It was a terrible blow to his family. Although he had been a stern and unyielding father in many ways, he was a man of fine principle and they loved him dearly. "For many weeks we were in a state of shock," Marisa says.

Soon afterward, Pier was offered a movie contract in Hollywood. So Mrs. Pierangeli gathered up their belongings, and with baby sister, Patrizia, they all journeyed to America.

Marisa was just eighteen when she arrived in Hollywood. She could speak very little English and was terribly impressed.

"It was so big," she says. "Everything moved so fast. Sometimes it was hard to catch the breath."

What did she enjoy? "The hamburgers!

The hot dogs! Oh, and the wonderful ice cream sundaes. So rich!"

What did she *not* like? "Well . . . She hesitated, smiling mischievously. "The reporters. They talk so fast and ask so many questions. Sometimes it is difficult to find the answers. And, the photographers. They say, 'Stand over there, baby. Now smile, doll. Cross the legs, honey.'" Marisa shrugged. "What is all this Baby Doll and Honey business? These are words I am not very used to."

But Marisa learned fast. She found Hollywood filled with fun and excitement. The Pierangeli home was often crowded with laughing and dancing young people. Of course Marisa met young men who asked for dates. She began to enjoy life.

One night, at a party at Ocean House, Marisa was introduced to Don Hartman, production head at Paramount Studios.

"Perhaps you, too, would be interested in a career," Hartman said to her. "If so, come to my office tomorrow."

"But," Marisa protested, "I have had no experience with acting."

"At your age," Hartman said, "that is not too surprising. Come anyway."

The following day at the studio, Marisa was offered a stock contract. Again she protested, "I know nothing at all about this movie business."

Hartman smiled and nodded. "That's not necessary. We'll teach you, groom you. Perhaps you will be a success. Perhaps not. We'll see. Sign your name here."

Marisa let her breath come out with a whoosh. She was startled and a little confused, but nevertheless excited. She managed to sign her name. The next morning she began her training in English, diction, singing, dancing and pantomime.

"At first it was very difficult," Marisa says. "But after a while I decided that I liked it. It was a challenge. I needed lots of help, but everyone was so nice. Then, just as I felt I had begun to make some progress, the blow came. The immigration department had not approved my contract. I was here only on a visitor's visa and therefore I could not take a job."

How did it happen that Pier could sign a studio contract but Marisa could not? Well, Pier's contract, it was explained, was for a specific starring role. But Marisa's, being only a stock contract, was just like any other job and therefore not allowable.

"For a long time I was very sad," she remembers. "Also very skeptical. I began to think that everything was against me."

A long, unhappy year went by for Marisa. In time, her frustration subsided a little, but not much. Then she was asked to test for the picture, "What Price Glory?" at Twentieth Century-Fox. She agreed, but warily. She did not want another disappointment.

"Frankly, I did not think I would get the part," Marisa says now. And perhaps this attitude helped her to relax in front of the camera. At any rate, she sang a little French song, "Je Suis Seule à Soir," and then did a test scene with Robert Wagner. When it was finished, director John Ford said, "That was fine. You'll do." She had the job!

That was the beginning. After her debut in "What Price Glory?" Marisa flew back to Italy and appeared in "I Have Chosen Love." Returning to the United States, she played a blind Italian girl in "Case File FBI," starring Broderick Crawford. Then came roles on two top television shows—*Studio One* and *Fireside Theatre*. The next stop was Warner Brothers, where she played *Toby* the Indian Princess opposite Alan Ladd in "Drum Beat."

These were good roles and fine experience for Marisa. They helped to give her

confidence in her own abilities. This was something she needed after being known only as "Pier Angeli's sister" for so long. Then came her big break. This coincided—or so it seemed—with the arrival of her little Chinese God of Happiness.

"I had read Tennessee Williams' play, 'The Rose Tattoo,' and I loved it," she says. "I told myself that someday I must play the role of Rosa, the daughter. When I heard that Hal Wallis was to make the picture with Burt Lancaster and Anna Magnani, I was so excited I could hardly stand it. I telephoned my agent to please to do something about getting me a test for the Rosa role."

Paul Kohner, Marisa's agent, listened to her sputterings in a combination of American and Italian and told her, "Take it easy. I'll see what I can do."

Later, Kohner called her back and said, "I've just talked to the studio. They're considering your sister for the part. You'd better forget the whole thing."

"I won't forget it," Marisa said. "I want this very much. If Anna is being considered, fine. But let them test us both. At least I want a chance at it."

Kohner arranged an interview with Hal Wallis, who told Marisa, "I don't know. I wonder if you will look young enough."

"It has always been the other way around," Marisa flared. "I have been too young. Now please try me in a test."

And they did. As it happened, Pier was not available for the part, and so there was no competition between the sisters. Others, however, were tested, but Marisa won out. And her playing of Rosa has established her as one of Hollywood's finest young dramatic actresses.

Marisa says she learned many things while making "The Rose Tattoo," most of which was filmed in Key West. "Tennessee Williams taught me to make spaghetti

sauce, and to listen. He showed me that listening is often a road to learning.

"Anna Magnani made me realize the value of concentration in playing a role. And Burt Lancaster, though very serious about his work, urged me to enjoy myself at the same time. 'Marisa,' he said, 'always try to have fun at what you do. And be yourself. Express your own personality. Don't let them change you.'"

While the company was shooting in Key West, a columnist printed an item that read, in effect: "Marisa Pavan and Ben Cooper are taking their romancing in 'The Rose Tattoo' seriously. Ben has asked Marisa to marry him, and Marisa has said yes."

In Hollywood, Mrs. Pierangeli, busy with the marriage plans of Pier and Vic Damone, picked up her morning paper and read the item about Marisa. She was frantic. Hastily she put through a call to Florida. "Please, this is too much all at once!" she pleaded with Marisa. "I have never even met this boy Ben Cooper! What, in the name of heaven, goes on here?"

"Relax, Mama," Marisa laughed. "Before the cameras I have made love to Ben, yes. But privately we have not even dated. We are friends, nothing more. The rest of it was dreamed up by a busy press agent."

Mrs. Pierangeli relaxed as directed. Marisa got back from Florida just in time to be Pier's maid of honor. Then, almost immediately, she moved over to M-G-M to play the role of Catherine de Medici in "Diane," which also stars Lana Turner and Pedro Armendarez. Since then, it has been evident that Mrs. Pierangeli now has two movie stars in the family.

"They are so different, my two daughters," Mrs. Pierangeli says. "Pier likes fancy clothes and bright colors. Marisa prefers tailored, classic things. Pier likes

dancing and is very emotional. She is like champagne—always bubbling, never serious. Marisa is studious, she likes serious people. She always thinks things out very carefully. At the same time, Marisa has a wonderful sense of humor, while Pier does not."

"You think too much," Pier tells Marisa. "Don't do it!"

Marisa replies, twinkling, "Perhaps you are right. I must try to remember that."

In her spare time, Marisa keeps busy sewing and designing her own clothes. She loves swimming and tennis. "I am a fanatic about this." She rockets around town in a small Austin sport car. Aside from hamburgers and hot dogs, she doesn't care for meat. "I eat meat only to give me strength. I could live on fruits and vegetables."

She also paints occasionally: "I wait for the quiet moments." And she writes blank verse: "I like to fool around with this. I write about everything—life, the ocean, Paris, love. This is a way to let myself go, to express my emotions and inner feelings."

Marisa has dated many young men in Hollywood, among them Richard Egan, Arthur Loew, Jr. and Perry Lopez, who appeared with her in "Drum Beat." "I especially like an evening with Perry," she says. "We both love to dance, and he is wonderful at it."

But, says Marisa, she is not yet ready for love and marriage. "This is a serious thing. Right now I am started on a career. I don't think I would be able to mix the two of them."

Marisa points to the little wooden God of Happiness and smiles back at him. "For the present, he is the one," she says. "Later, when the time is right, perhaps he will help me to find the man for me to love."

THE END



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(Continued from page 47)

say 'no,' then rushed out of his room and down two flights of stairs to the lobby. Dewey wanted that part badly. Even a long-shot was worth the chance he was about to take. "Where's the nearest TWA office?" he asked the desk clerk.

The directions memorized, Dewey took off as if he were trying to break an Olympic record. But the news at the airline's office, when he got there, was disappointing. "Sorry, we're booked solid for a month."

Someone less determined might have interpreted this as a sign to give up. Not Dewey. While making the rounds of other airlines and steamship bureaus, he was told about the inaugural flight of a new Spanish line. By now he didn't care whether it was a Super Constellation or an old DC-3, he was determined to get on the plane. His persistence paid off. The flight was so new, it hadn't been more than one-half booked.

Thirty-six hours after he had taken off from the Madrid airport, Dewey walked into William Wyler's Hollywood office. "I'm right for Hal Griffin," he informed the producer-director of "The Desperate Hours," without a trace of doubt in his voice that anyone else could even be seriously considered for the part. Mr. Wyler couldn't help agreeing with the unusual young man, and signed him.

Dewey has always known what he wanted and, more specifically what was and what wasn't right for him. Particularly as far as his career was concerned.

Curiously enough, the former Navy fighter pilot became interested in acting quite by accident.

Stationed on a carrier in the South Pacific, Dewey's first visit to Hawaii took him to a USO show, the GI version of "Hamlet," starring Maurice Evans. Fascinated by Mr. Evans' performance, Dewey made up his mind to follow in the noted actor's footsteps.

Out of uniform two years later, Dewey went to Phoenix, Arizona, where his mother had taken up residence. He supported himself as a messenger boy, truck driver, and even worked as an Indian trader while doing his "ground work" with a local little-theatre group.

The most prominent facet of Dewey's personality was made obvious in his trading with the Indians. Many white men try it, but few are really successful because the Indians—the Navajos and Hopis in particular—are reluctant to let white men on their reservation or sell them goods.

It took trader Martin just four weeks to get his trading business into high gear.

First he looked around till he found a fellow who was on good terms with one of the local chiefs. Dewey went into partnership with him, and when, through him, he met the chief for the first time, convinced the chief that he, Dewey, was partly Indian as well. "Cherokee on my mother's side," he insisted. The chief promptly invited Dewey to the annual rain dance and made him an honorary member of the tribe. After that, young Martin had the market cornered!

Had he stuck to this profession, he'd probably be the number one Indian trader in the Phoenix-Albuquerque area today. But Dewey's heart was set on acting and, when he was accepted by the Ogunquit, Maine, Playhouse school, he sold his car and most of his other belongings to pay for his bus fare east.

Three weeks after he arrived, he had a chance to go to Hollywood. Few people other than Dewey would have turned down such an opportunity. He did.

During their first season at Ogunquit, apprentice actors primarily attended classes, and in their spare time moved and painted sets and did other manual work around the stage. Only on Saturday afternoons, when the theatre was "dark" for professionals, did they have a chance to perform on the stage, and then only for the people in the neighboring villages who were invited free of charge.

On Dewey's third Saturday at Ogunquit, a Columbia Studio talent scout, who had a home near by, happened to catch one of these performances and, after seeing Dewey in a comparatively minor part, went backstage to meet him.

"You are a good potential for pictures," she told the surprised young man. "I can get you a stock contract with my studio. Where shall I send it?"

It took Dewey a few minutes to catch his breath. When he did, his answer was not what she had expected. "Mind if I think it over?"

"Think it over? What's there to think over?"

Convinced he was playing hard to get, the scout asked him to join her for supper that night and give her his decision then. That was agreeable to Dewey.

Beforehand, however, he approached one of the directors who had taken quite an interest in Dewey's work. "I'll give you



PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color stills from "The Benny Goodman Story" by Lane. Color portrait of Anita Ekberg by Ormond Gigli; Rory Calhoun by Kahle; Dewey Martin by Avery; Gail Russell by Fink; Kim Novak by Coburn; Donna Reed by Jones.

advice after you answer one question, honestly," said the director. "What do you want out of life?"

"To become an actor."

"Then I'll put it on the line," the director added. "You have talent, but it needs developing."

Dewey's mind was made up. "I better stay here," he told the scout that night.

"But think of the opportunity," she insisted. "Hollywood!"

"I'm not ready for it."

She made one last try. "If you change your mind, let me know before I go back to New York."

Pressure was brought on Dewey from all sides. His fellow workers thought he was crazy for discarding such an offer. They were convinced he'd never get another one like it. Furthermore, aside from the career possibilities, the stock contract included a handsome weekly salary, which in itself should have been ample enticement to a young man who studied on the GI Bill of Rights, and who had no idea where his meals were to come from during the winter months when there was no "school," and consequently no monthly check from the government. But Dewey knew what he wanted: to stay East and study. To see himself through the winter months, he washed dishes and ran elevators in New York City.

When at last Dewey felt he was ready for Hollywood, he worked his way to the West Coast by driving back a car belonging to the father of a girlfriend, Julie Bennett. But when he arrived, he found that Hollywood wasn't exactly waiting for him. He couldn't even get himself an agent. Wearing his best, his only suit, he walked from office to office, and was turned down each time. And so he went back to odd jobs.

To stay in the theatrical field, he enrolled in a dramatic school and, a few weeks later, he was spotted by an agent who agreed with Dewey about his talents. Before long the agent got Dewey a good part in "Knock on Any Door."

No sooner had he finished his first film when his agent told him of a "wonderful opportunity." "They are going to make a series with the Dead End Kids. The producer wants you for one of the lead roles."

"Not interested," Dewey replied. "For me it's the best or nothing at all. I'd rather go back to selling jewelry."

However, on his agent's pleading—and secretly hoping to find a gracious way out—Dewey went with him to the producer's office.

When the producer saw Dewey, he was even more convinced that he was his man, while Dewey was just as determined not to accept the part. To get out of it in what he considered "a gracious manner," he motioned his agent aside. "Tell him I wouldn't even consider it under \$750.00 a week."

"Are you crazy? You should be happy to get half."

"Tell him \$750."

To the surprise of both, the producer was willing to pay it!

But Dewey still wasn't willing to sell himself even for that.

"But you said you'd work for \$750," the agent lamented as they walked out.

"I said I'd consider it. I have. I don't want it."

"You're absolutely crazy. After this, no one is going to give you another chance."

And with that the agent went one way, and Dewey another, and they never talked to one another again.

For six months, instead of earning \$750 a week, Dewey wrapped packages at the May Company for \$25 a week. Then he got his big break in "Golden Gloves." From there climbed steadily via "Battle-ground," "The Thing," "The Big Sky" and "The Desperate Hours," to become one of the most-in-demand young actors in Hollywood. Only Dewey isn't always "available." Even while he was under contract to M-G-M, he was prepared to go on suspension rather than play a part which he felt wasn't "right" for him—although such a situation never arose. And, now that he is on his own as a free-lance, he is as determined as ever to accept only the roles he feels are best for him.

This self-assurance as to what is or isn't good for him extends to every phase of Dewey's career.

One day, for instance, he got a call from the West Coast editor of a fan magazine, asking him to pose for a home lay-out. Dewey said he'd be delighted.

When the photographer showed up at Dewey's Malibu Beach home, the first thing he wanted Dewey to do was put on an apron and start washing dishes.

"That's out," Dewey insisted. The photographer, a seasoned veteran of many years in Hollywood, had been up against such predicaments before. "All right, if you think that the apron looks silly, leave it off."

"I don't care whether or not it looks silly. I just never wash my dishes."

The photographer became fatherly. "Who cares? Only you and I will know. Think of all the nice pages."

"I don't care and that's it. Now do you want to shoot anything else?"

The photographer had no choice.

Dewey hates pretensions, he always has. That's why he refused to pose doing housework when he never does it. As a matter of fact, he dislikes the mere thought of it, has a permanent maid to look after him, and when she isn't available for any length of time, he puts through a hurried call to his mother in Phoenix to come to Los Angeles and help him out!

While Dewey fully realizes the value of publicity—to the point of having had a publicist of his own for a while—he is determined not to let it run his life. For example, a couple of months ago he turned down an invitation to attend the formal premiere of "The Tall Men," because he had already promised to take his mother to see Cinerama. And neither the studio nor his friends nor his mother could change his mind.

Dewey's you've-got-to-go-after-what-you-want attitude shows up in every phase of his life. It is especially evident in his feelings toward sports, bullfighting in particular.

While it was his fondness for the people, the foods, the arts and the customs of Spain which had taken him to Madrid and Seville when he first heard about "The Desperate Hours," his interest in bullfights soon overshadowed everything else.

"I've been an aficionado for years," he told this reporter when we hit on the subject.

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nado. It's more than being a fan of something. It's more like a religion. You think it, breathe it, live it, know all there is to know about it. It gets into your blood."

Bullfighting certainly got into his, for once he gets on the subject, it's almost impossible to get him off again.

Dewey saw his first fight in Mexico City, on a trip south of the border with Budd Boettiger. The fever gripped him almost immediately, and from then on, he spent most of his weekends in Tijuana.

To find out all he could on the subject, Dewey even studied Spanish, because some of the best books on bullfighting are published in that language.

When he went to Spain for a vacation, there was no one he wanted to meet more than seventy-two-year-old Juan Belmonte, often called the father of modern bullfighting. And, as with everything else, when Dewey wants something he doesn't stop till he gets it.

As soon as he arrived in Madrid, Dewey started sending out "scouts" to locate Juan Belmonte. He inquired at the American Consulate, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (which has offices in almost every town), the American Press Company, the newspapers, every agency that might have some knowledge about the whereabouts of Señor Belmonte.

On the second day after his arrival, Dewey got a call from M-G-M's Seville representative. "We've located him here," he told Dewey.

"Great! When can I meet him?" Dewey asked.

"I don't think there's any chance—"

He hadn't even finished the sentence when Dewey was on his way to the airport, and off for Seville to meet Juan Belmonte.

Six hours later he third-degreed the M-G-M representative about Señor Belmonte's daily routine. It seemed the grand old man of bullfighting had a rigid schedule to which he adhered day after day, starting with his morning coffee, his walk down a certain street, his stop at the local cigar store for his favorite El Puro, his mid-morning snack at a little wine shop, and so on through the day, always accompanied by dozens of fans and hangers-on who made it all but impossible for a new intruder, such as Dewey, to get within shouting distance of their idol. Only they hadn't counted on

the young American's ingenuity and persistence.

Dewey acquainted himself with this routine like an FBI man shadowing a criminal. His next step was to get acquainted with a friend of Señor Belmonte's the same way he had met a friend of the Hopi chief several years earlier. That accomplished, the two "happened" to be at the little winery at the precise time Señor Belmonte and his entourage arrived. When the friend walked over to pay his respects, Dewey was in tow. From then on it was easy.

One look at Dewey and Señor Belmonte burst out, "Señor, you have the build of a bullfighter and the eyes that show courage."

It was the greatest compliment he could have paid Dewey. But that was only the beginning. "Señor Martin, would you like to become a bullfighter?"

Right there Dewey might have been willing to throw away his whole career. "Certainly," he said.

"To be a good fighter," Juan warned, "you must give your all."

Had he known Dewey, he wouldn't have even offered such advice. Dewey never does anything halfway.

To Dewey's delight, the old gentleman offered himself as teacher and promptly took him to a Seville hotel, in which he occupied a whole floor. There Dewey got his first lesson with the cape.

A couple of days later, he accompanied Señor Belmonte to one of his many ranches, for his first try with female calves. Before the first day was over, he was covered with black and blue spots. Now he really knew why bullfighting was such a difficult and hazardous profession.

"You got enough, señor?" Juan wanted to know.

"Not a chance," Dewey replied, and kept at it till he felt he'd exhausted Señor Belmonte's hospitality, and returned to Madrid.

Needless to say, neither his studio nor his agent nor anyone else connected with his career was deliriously happy about Dewey's interest in what is considered the most dangerous sport in the world. To him, that matters little. What he wants, he goes after. And besides, by now his friends and associates should be used to these exploits.

About a year or so ago, Dewey got an

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urgent desire to take up skin-diving. Any-
one else might have been satisfied to buy
himself a diving suit, aqua lung, spear
and other equipment, then go to the near-
est beach and have a good time getting
along as well as he could. Not Dewey.
As long as he was going to do it at all,
he intended to become an expert. Need-
less to say, he did. As a matter of fact,
he's the only civilian who passed the
Navy's underwater demolition course.

A friend of his—there's always a friend
involved—is the head of the Navy's Cor-
onado Underwater Training School. As a
starter, he gave Dewey a number of books
to read, but couldn't help him beyond
that. "I wish I could," he assured him,
'but I don't have the authority to let you
participate in the official course.'

That didn't stop Dewey.
How he "accidentally" showed up at the
precise place off Catalina Island where a
Navy submarine surfaced—with the ad-
miral in charge of the underwater demo-
ition course and a dozen frogmen on
maneuver—is something that could hap-
pen only to Dewey.

The rest was almost a foregone conclu-
sion, at least for anyone familiar with
Dewey's tactics. Through his pal he met
the admiral, told the high-ranking officer

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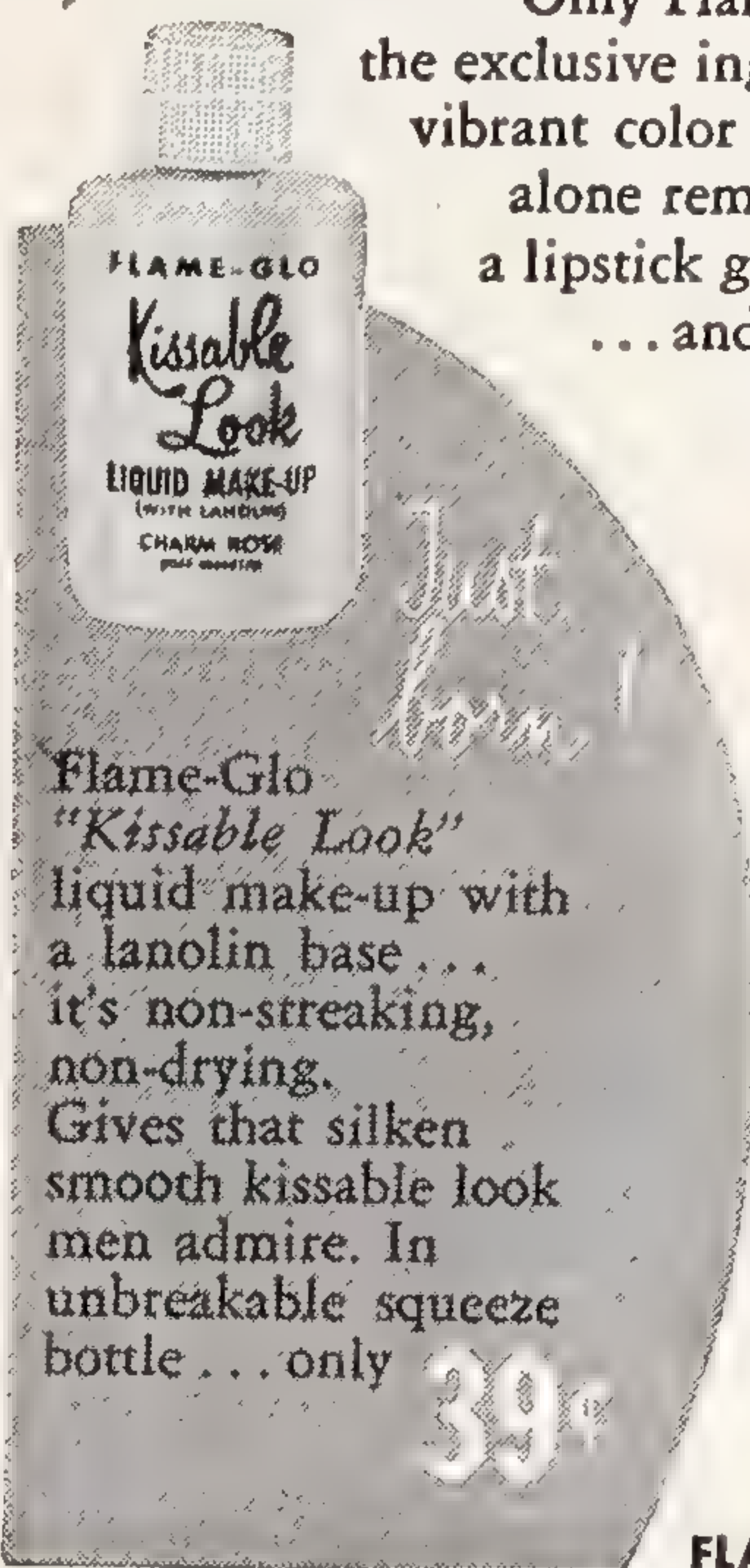
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how much he loved skin-diving, and ap-
peared pleasantly startled when he was
given permission to join the course. A
few weeks later, Dewey passed his exami-
nation with flying fins, to become the
only civilian with a Navy frogman certi-
ficate.

Dewey is just as sure of what he wants
and how to get it when real estate and
other business ventures are involved.

Convinced that commercial properties
are his best assurance for financial se-
curity, he has invested in them heavily.
At the same time, he doesn't believe in
owning his own home, though in this case
personal reasons are involved as well. He
doesn't want to be tied down.

This is due partly to his love for travel,
and his feeling that he has seen only a
few of the many places he would like to
visit eventually, and more so—much more
so—to an unsuccessful marriage to model
Mardie Havelhurst, which lasted barely
two years. "I'm through with marriage!"
he claims emphatically.

However, indications tend to show that
in this respect Dewey might not be too
sure of himself. At least his recent in-
terest in pretty Mary Murphy has Dale
Robertson worried. And if Dewey's past
record is any indication of what the future
holds for him, should he make up his
mind to marry Mary or any other girl,
he's as good as standing before the altar
right then and there. For Dewey is defi-
nitely the darndest when it comes to
getting what he wants.

THE END

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Gail Russell: A Woman Reborn

(Continued from page 48)

and he was there in response to Gail's desperate pleading. She had to talk to him, Gail had told him on the phone, she simply had to. It was unbearable to her that the papers had just broken the story that Guy Madison and his new wife, Sheila, were about to become parents. Gail said if she couldn't talk it out with someone, she didn't know what would happen to her.

The man was one of the friends who had been close to Gail and Guy when they were married and, after the divorce, he had still remained a friend of them both. Or, at least, he was as good a friend of Gail's as she permitted anyone to be. He knew the whole pattern of the Madison marriage, their crazy young love, their several partings and reconciliations, their final breakup, then Guy's subsequent marriage to Sheila Connolly.

Because of this understanding, the man was fully aware of the fact that Gail would know why he had chosen a small, obscure bar, instead of a popular one along the Strip. Like Guy—who had parked on a side street near the jail when Gail was released from her second intoxication charge—this man was dodging headlines, for himself, for Gail. And, like Guy, he was there to help—but he knew it was wiser if neither of them were observed.

Gail was crying. "Now I know I've really lost Guy," she sobbed. "I can't endure the thought. I can't. You see, I have nothing."

"You've got youth and beauty," the man said, "and enough alimony to live on very comfortably. And you could go back to your career."

Gail lifted her haunted face. "What career? I haven't even been offered a picture in ages. Who would hire me?"

"Anybody would hire you, Gail, if they were sure you could get through a production. Remember, your career didn't desert you. You have not lost popularity because of bad pictures or poor performances. You have been called something pretty close to genius by several critics, when it comes to acting."

"Don't laugh, but I've kept those notices that said that," Gail admitted.

"Naturally you have. Who wouldn't? How many glamour girls are ever called geniuses at acting?"

"Glamour girl?" She began to laugh, laughter that soon turned into sobs. "Look at me. And now that I have really lost Guy, I've lost everything. There's nobody to help me, nobody."

"You could help yourself, Gail," the man reminded her.

"I can't. I've tried. You know I've tried. You know I've just come out of the hospital. You know about that so-called cure I took, a while back. And before that, there was AA. And before that the sanatorium Guy put me in. Nothing works."

The man pushed his chair back from the cocktail table and stood up. "Then I'll have to be like Guy," he said. "Fond as I am of you, I've got to tell you there's nothing more I can do to help. If you won't cooperate, there's nothing more anybody can do." He dropped some money for the drinks on the table. "See you to your car, Gail?"

She shook her head, unable to speak. As the man walked out, she covered her beautiful face with her hands and the tears ran down between her fingers. "God help me," she whispered. "God help me!"

And He did.

Eight months later, last September, Gail Russell was on location in Big Bear, California, facing a movie camera for the first time in three long years. The picture was "Seven Men from Now," co-starring Gail

and Randolph Scott. And throughout the whole movie industry there was rejoicing not nearly so much because the girl was giving the kind of performance Hollywood had always known she could give, but because, night after night, when the day shooting was finished, she was joining the entire company at the bar. The rest of the company drank whatever strong stuff wanted. Gail drank gingerale.

Gail Russell had found her personal religion. She had joined a church. She wasn't talking about it, there on location for the picture. She isn't talking about now, except to acknowledge how true it that faith, prayer and the help of God have given her the strength that has cast off all her fear—and her one great weakness.

To understand the agonizing fears which drove this girl to drink to much, you must know two things about her fantastic touching and now inspiring story.

First of all, you must realize that "Seven Men from Now" is a Batjac production and Batjac is John Wayne's company. The fact that Gail makes her comeback under the Batjac banner is outwardly the visible proof of a loyal friendship, and spiritual the symbol of the fact that God performs His miracles in ways that originally may seem mysterious to the person being helped.

In Gail's case, of all the blows she took—the loss of Guy, her inability to stop drinking, her groundless fear of even the best of friends, her arrests for drunken driving and the subsequent headlines—the most heartless came in 1954, when Chata Wayne named her in the Wayne divorce case.

This attack hit Gail when she felt she couldn't sink any further—and only proved to her that she could. Distraught, she rushed into court to defend her reputation. So did John Wayne. In their separate testimonies they quickly prove Gail's innocence. Chata Wayne had said John's car had been parked in front of Gail's house for several hours one night five years before. The facts, as John and Gail quickly showed, were that he had driven her home from the final night shooting of their co-starring picture "Wake of the Red Witch." And he had gone into her house, had lingered for quite a while, but not only in Gail's company but also with Gail's mother, father and brother.

Completely absolved, a girl with a healthy nervous system could have forgotten about such baseless charges. But Gail in 1954, hadn't had a healthy nervous system in years. Even while John Wayne was getting his divorce, he was already in love again, with Pilar Pallete, to whom he is now so happily married. But then, as now—and as several years previously when he and Gail had made "The Angel and the Outlaw"—John admired her and protected her. When his divorce case was finally settled, he told Gail, "there's ever anything I can do, you let me. Do you get that?"

Actually, she needed John's help only a few days later, when she was arrested on another drunken-driving charge. She also needed \$450 for bail money. It was Guy, her ex-husband, who sent it. Gail's explanation for this new episode was that Chata Wayne's accusation had sent her into a spin.

It was all so sadly different from the time Guy and Gail had met, she twenty-three and he twenty-six, she the girl who had a wonderful contract with Paramount which had virtually come to her on a silver platter when she was seventeen. Guy's entrance into movies had been just as accidental as her own. A smart agent

Helen Ainsworth, had seen his photograph in a Navy magazine during the war. She had brought Guy to the attention of David Selznick, who gave him a two-minute bit in "Since You Went Away." The man-hungry girls of wartime had screamed for him and Selznick had signed him up, effective when he got out of uniform.

When Guy and Gail met, however, it was 1948. He was out of uniform—and he was out of his Selznick contract, because the postwar pictures he made proved he knew nothing about acting. He was just a good-looking kid. He'd even taken a whirl at playing in stock, without any success, when he met Gail. TV and *Wild Bill Hickok* was still three years away from Guy, so at the time of their meeting, it looked as if his career was just about over, while Gail's career was blooming. That Guy should be attracted to Gail was nothing amazing. All men, of all ages, were attracted to Gail at first sight and always had been. With Gail, however, it was quite different; she was attracted to Guy for a very Gail-like reason. Instinctively, she realized he wasn't as sophisticated as she. She liked him for the simplicity she sensed in him, his straightforwardness, his strength. And no one but Gail knew how much she needed strength and simplicity about her. Because Gail Russell realized what nobody else around her did: that she was out of her league and had been for some time—had been, actually, since the day William Meikeljohn, Paramount's talent head, had hunted her up at the University High School in Santa Monica to sign her to a contract.

She probably never would have gone near Paramount for her first screen test, after meeting Meikeljohn, if it hadn't been for her mother. It was another version of the old story: the mother who had wanted to be an actress and who hadn't made it, wanting her daughter to get the career she had yearned for.

The Russells were not well-fixed financially. Both Mr. and Mrs. Russell worked and the family was a "mover" from one suburban address around Los Angeles to another. Gail wanted to be an artist and did well in her drawing classes. At University High, the boys tagged her "the Iedy Lamarr of Santa Monica," which in 1942 was the equivalent of being called the Marilyn Monroe of Brooklyn today. Gail did nothing to encourage the title, except to be naturally beautiful. Nor did she make many friends in her class, perhaps by not going to the hamburger spots the others adored, or on the trips to the malt shop. She was an "aloners," and the girl who never was hungry, though she was always on a black coffee kick, sometimes consuming a dozen cups a day.

When Meikeljohn, having heard of her nickname, sought her out and offered her a screen test, Gail told him that she wasn't interested. And she wasn't. She had been in only one school play, and had been pushed into that because of her beauty.

Mrs. Russell, however, still clinging to her old dream, urged Gail to at least go for the Paramount test. Thus, wearing her first high heels, her first make-up and her first evening dress, Gail Russell faced her first camera, and was immediately put into "Henry Aldrich Meets Glamour."

After that, she discovered there was everything wrong with her in every way—and that everybody expected her to correct it. Paramount said she hung her head; she must learn to hold it up high. She bowed in; she must stop that. Her grammar was awful; she must perfect it. Nervous and trembling, Gail twisted her hands so much her first directors tied them to her sides with handkerchiefs when she went into scenes until she broke that habit. Her diction was impossible; she must

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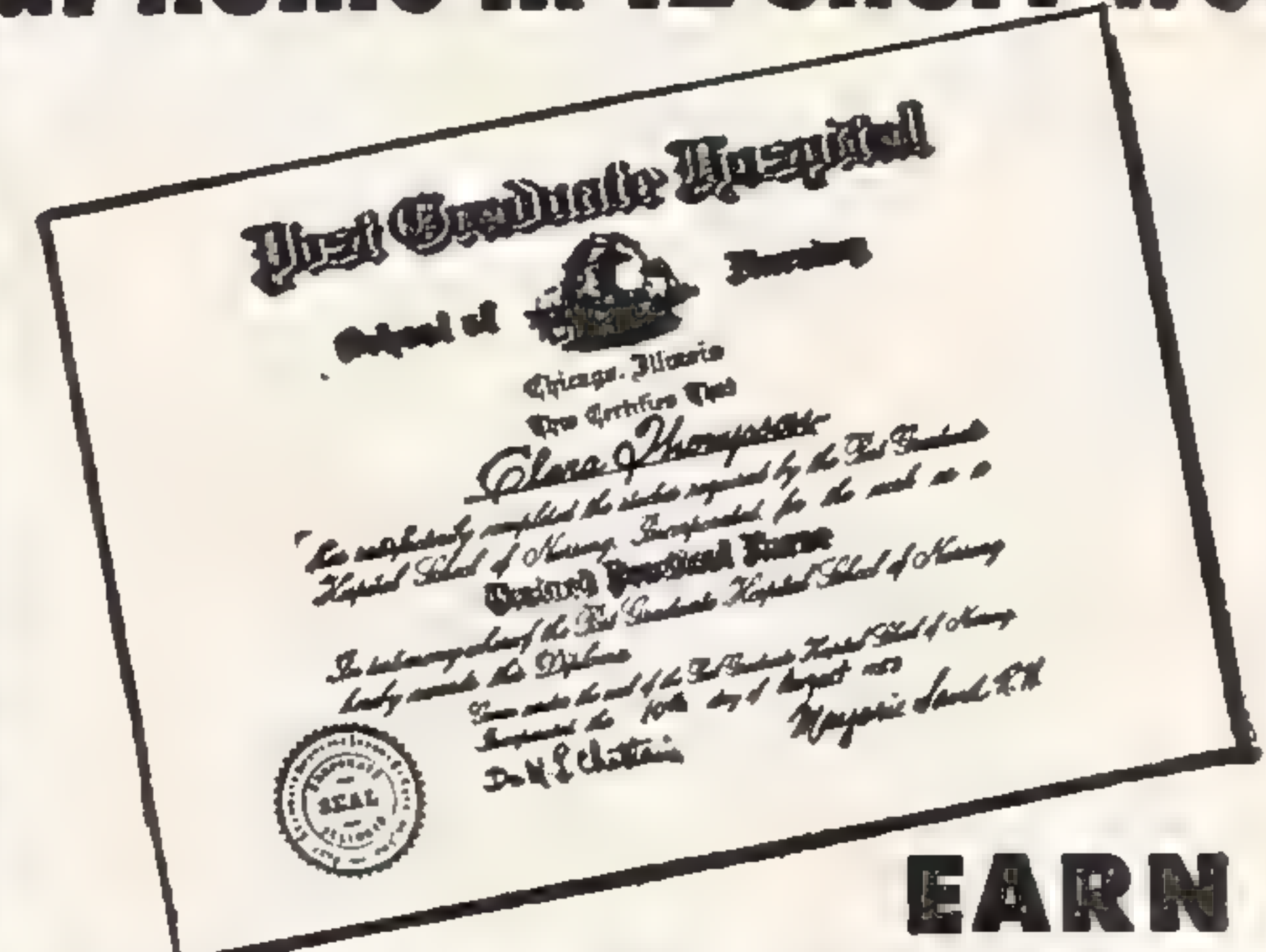
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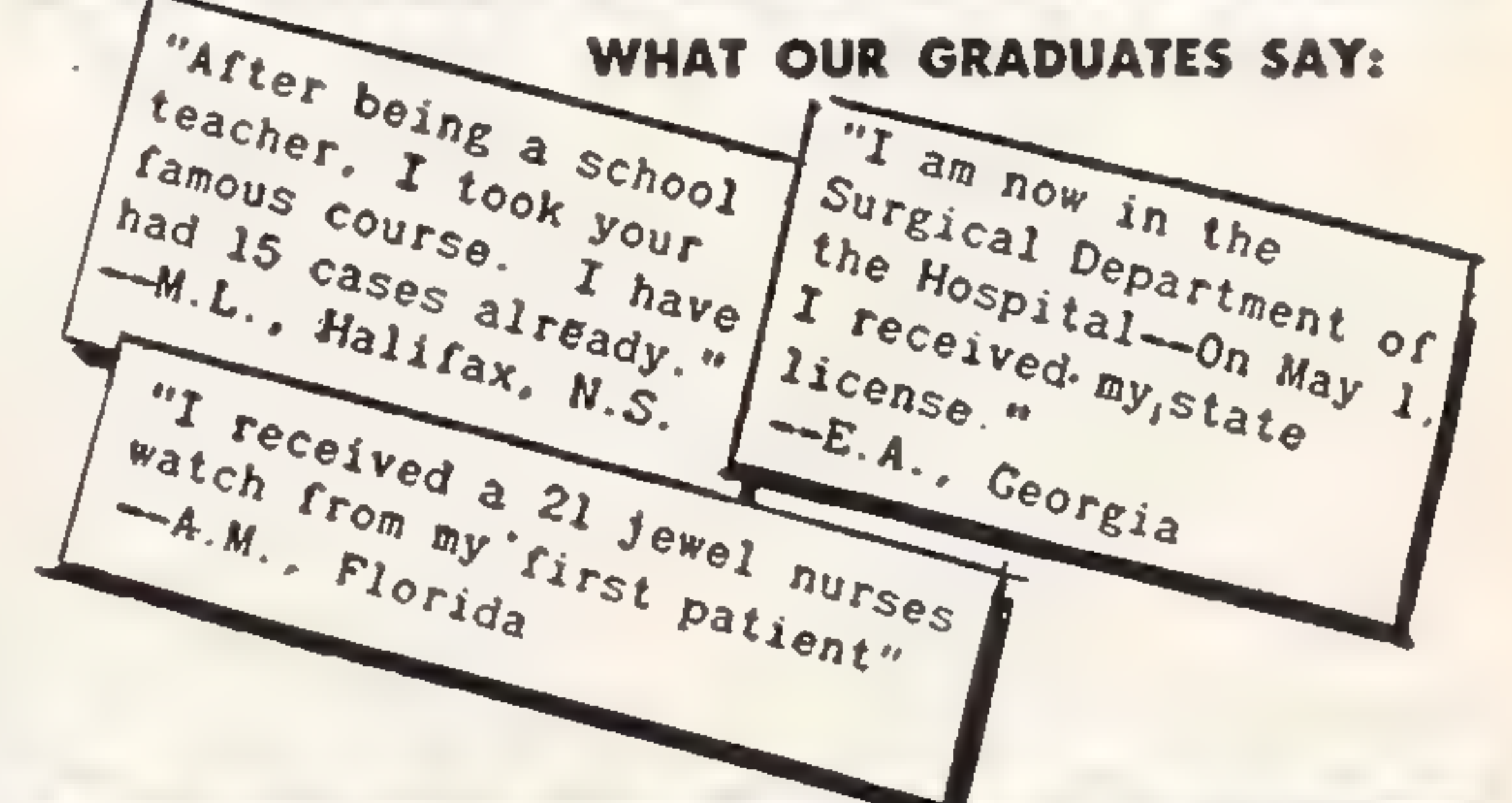
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make it flawless. She was comfortable in slacks, a shirt and loafers, except for the really relaxed moments when she went barefooted. Paramount said all that was to go. She was a glamour girl, she must dress like one, and if the clothes were so tight she could barely breathe and seldom sit, what of it? Wasn't she a movie star?

The other young girls, like Ava Gardner, at other studios found this just wonderful—it gave them poise, greater beauty, greater happiness. But all it did to Gail Russell was make her less assured, more nervous.

When they told her she would be a star with Ray Milland in "The Uninvited," that her role was really the lead and, in effect, she would be carrying the whole production, Gail was in such a nervous panic she felt she couldn't get through the first day's shooting. When, a little later, a critic who had seen a few of the rushes announced in print that she had "a genius quality," she nearly collapsed. And when it further turned out that one of the men in the cast was madly in love with her (and he very much married), seventeen-year-old Gail had no idea how to cope with any part of the situation at all.

In "The Uninvited," Gail—worried over her lines, worried over her scenes, fighting off the advances of this man old enough to be her father (and without any attraction for her whatsoever)—grew more and more desperate. Since she didn't know even the rudiments of how to conduct a flirtation, she certainly hadn't the vaguest idea of how to repulse a man who would not be snubbed. Then one day, somebody suggested that she have a drink to quiet her nerves. Liquor is not permitted on Hollywood sets, but there is always somebody around who will bootleg, if really necessary. The bootlegger was on "The Uninvited" set. Gail accepted the suggestion. She gulped a drink—and almost at once she felt unbelievably better, poised, assured, happy.

That started it, and at first it was wonderful. When in her next picture, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," she acquired the first close girlfriend she'd ever had, Diana Lynn, life was even better. Di took an occasional drink and knew lots of nice young men.

Di was methodical, intellectual, deeply serious about her music, a churchgoer, devoted to her parents. Everything about her charmed Gail, whose parents often quarreled, whose income was often scant. Gail was delighted to go on a couple of double dates with Di, and she didn't tell Missy Lynn that she was drinking two drinks, or three, to her one. She told nobody, not even herself.

And who knows? Maybe under Diana's sane young influence, Gail might have escaped the desperate years that lay ahead of her, if she had not gone next into "The Unseen," in which there was another married man who desperately pursued her. This man even went so far as to say he would get his divorce, if Gail would but listen to him.

She didn't listen, not even for one date. This man, too, was years older. Gail Russell wanted no part of such a relationship. In fact, less and less she wanted the life into which she had been so spectacularly tossed. Besides being rushed from one picture into another, posing for portraits, posing for fashion layouts and giving interviews, she had to go on personal appearance tours now, live in big city hotels, meet dignitaries, make tactful speeches. For more and more days on end, her stomach would tie itself into knots at the thought of food and she would keep herself going on black coffee, on the cocktails she consumed openly, and the other

ones she took whenever the studio representatives weren't looking.

Then she met Guy Madison. Nothing could have been more right for her, and at that time nothing could be more right for Guy, for both of them were, in a odd way, in the same spot. They were two handsome kids who had been picked up out of their natural environment and put in the path of a million dollars—and million pressures.

The crazy part of their first date was that Gail and Guy, double-dating with Diana Lynn and agent Henry Willson, liked one another because neither of them had the slightest talent for small talk. They went night-clubbing, and Gail, who adores dancing, discovered Guy couldn't dance. When he preferred drinking milk to anything heavier, she was enchanted.

As for Guy, he was completely captured by this beauty who was so non-aggressive so unlike every other stellar girl he had met in Hollywood. By the time of their second date, he was telling Gail she was easy on the nerves. When they were invited to the Alan Ladds—Gail had twice been Alan's leading lady and she and Sue had become great friends—Guy thought it was wonderfully feminine that Gail slipped away from the big party and spent the entire evening in the nursery with the Ladd children. He wasn't worldly enough to recognize this as a manifestation of Gail's fear of people, even when she was with devoted friends. Besides, how could a fellow gazing at a girl with heavily-fringed black lashes, shadowing green eyes, naturally curled dark hair and a perfect figure think of anything but love?

Yet, since he had been ardently courting Gail, Guy had become aware of several traits of hers, which she hardly knew she had. He sensed her moodiness, he feeling gay one time, depressed another. He came to know that if they planned a date well ahead, particularly if the date involved other people, Gail would back out at the last minute. Guy loved parties, but Gail feared them. Yet she loved dancing and horseback riding, so he learned to be an expert at both, and he taught her swimming and hunting, to which she responded with equal enthusiasm. Bit by bit, always taking her by surprise, always calling so near to date-time that she could just rush into her clothes and not have time to worry, Guy managed it so that they were together constantly.

They danced. They went to parties. Guy knew nothing about music but Gail knew a lot from her brother, George, so she bought records and spent long, enchanted evenings at her place, listening, making choices, criticizing. They went to the beach together, went hunting with bows and arrows. Other evenings they drove up the coast, talking little, being very much alone and very much aware of each other, trading, during their brief snatches of talk, little intimacies, recollections and beliefs.

They eloped on July 31, 1949, because Gail didn't want the fuss of a big wedding. All that summer they were lost in a dream of bliss, even though Gail's tenseness seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing. Guy finally called a doctor, who laid down a severe set of rules for Gail. She must not smoke. She must not drink, even coffee. She should be in bed and asleep every night by nine. And Gail was a natural "night flower," coming into her most wide-awake state when darkness fell. She was supposed to drink an average of at least a gallon of water daily, and after each meal she was ordered to swallow a relaxing pill.

Guy made Gail follow the rules when

was around—but he wasn't around when she was working. He wouldn't even buy a cigarette for her, at home. But actually the desperate secret she had been trying to hide from him became too apparent. They were home alone too much because she hated more and more to go out. They had fewer friends because Gail headed making them. And more and more evenings, Gail had to drink in order to sleep, and to bolster her screaming nerves. They had been married exactly thirteen months when the first of their separations occurred. It lasted for ten days, and then they were both virtually hysterical at being back in each other's arms. It was at this time that Guy's dormant career started to pick up—and Gail's brilliant career began slipping, not because she wasn't the superb, instinctive actress she had always been, but because her "bad health" began interfering with too many schedules. Guy was signed by Warners for "Turning Arrow" and, almost on the heels of that, he went into *Wild Bill Hickok* on 7, with good-natured Andy Devine. Andy was a wonderful influence on Guy, just because he was so friendly, so party, so happily married and such a good father. In contrast, a trip to a sanatorium hadn't done Gail the expected good. So, at a friend's urging, she went to several Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. But, though that organization has done such a terrific job for so many, for Gail it was not effective, probably because of her shyness.

The new year of 1953 dawned. Guy had definitely "come back," while Gail's career was status quo. Then in February the Russells separated for the second time—much longer time—then reconciled again. But later, Gail was caught in the first of her drunken-driving charges, fined fifty dollars and put on two years' probation. Guy never complained. To this day, if you want to make him angry, you have only to infer that he had a bad time in his marriage to Gail. One of the most even-tempered individuals, he will snap back, "I did not have a bad time. Being married to a girl like Gail was a very great experience, a very great privilege." Nevertheless, by the spring of 1954, Gail Russell was in the divorce court, charging "extreme cruelty," receiving alimony ranging between four to six thousand dollars yearly, depending upon Guy's income. In the months after that, things became darker than ever—more hospitals, more sanatoriums, the second arrest, the loneliness, the loss of her hope, most of her friends, most of everything, most particularly Guy.

Why Guy's becoming a father should have hurt her more painfully than his becoming a bridegroom is one of those mysteries of Gail's own psychology. Perhaps it will never be explained. But, more important was that night, when the will to really help herself became uppermost to Gail, the night she prayed, pleading so tearfully, "God help me!"

Gail did seek God—and find Him. She sought salvation and found it. She prayed for strength and received it.

After that it was relatively simple. Gail called an agent who had always remained her close friend. "Could you call John Payne?" she asked. "Would you tell him I'd like that help he promised me once?" In a matter of days she was in "Seven Men from Now." And at night, she was in the bar, unafraid—unafraid of anyone in the company, not afraid of making friends, full of laughter and wit, and drinking ginger-ale on the rocks.

Night after night. Forever and ever, Hollywood believes, its heart warm with tenderness for Gail Russell. THE END



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in love with Hollywood. As soon as we can transfer our activities from New York, we're going to buy a home in the San Fernando Valley."

Speaking of Jayne, who was so busy with her own career, she visited Steve's set exactly twice. The first time, U-I had engaged four hundred teenagers to recreate the riot of 1937, when the original King of Swing appeared at New York's Paramount Theatre. Benny Goodman himself provided the music for the picture and, when the kids got a load of it, they went wild. "Jayne nearly got killed," Steve grins. "And then the next time she came to the studio, she had to sit there the entire day and watch me do romantic clinches with beautiful Donna Reed, who plays my wife in the movie."

Happy Talk: Paris won't forget Tony Curtis and vice versa. At the end of each day, while working on "Trapeze" with Burt Lancaster, Frenchmen became familiar with the sight of Tony, sitting on a bench opposite the famous Georges V Hotel—eating a pizza pie! And when he learned he was to become a father, Tony literally turned cartwheels down the Champs Elysées. "All I have to do is have the baby," laughs Janet Leigh, "but you know how enthusiastic Tony is about everything. I honestly don't think he'll be able to wait until next July!"

Great Expectations: Mrs. Rock Hudson has her work cut out for her. Because he held out until he was thirty, the happy groom is anxious to raise a family. "But," he grins, "I'll be satisfied if Phyllis starts out by having triplets!" The Hudsons were still combing rice out of their hair when Rock gave Phyllis a blond mink stole and a black Ford Thunderbird. Rock was also planning to buy the adjoining lot and put in a pool for Phyllis' birthday. When the owner discovered the identity of the prospective buyer and doubled the price, instead of a pool, Rock gave Phyllis a poodle!

Goldfish Bowl: Now we know why Robert Wagner moved into his studio dressing room temporarily. It seems an Eastern socialite Bob had never met decided she was his dream girl. So she flew out to Hollywood and located his apartment. Then, whenever Bob went in or out, he found her camping on his doorstep. The embarrassed guy tried to be friendly but firm in urging the love-sick lass to return home. But, when she began making scenes, he had to stay away all the time, until she took the hint!

Dates And Dolls: Frank Sinatra knows what he wants and, like "Lola," whatever Frankie wants he gets. That's why the fabulous fellow got a date with Leslie Caron the night she took off for Europe. . . . Ben Cooper was about to go broke buying Peggy King recordings, so he finagled an introduction to George Gobel's singing star. Now Ben and pretty, perky Peggy are making beautiful music together, and a cuter couple we defy you to find! . . . We've got news for publicity-minded starlets who keep trying to pitch a little woo at John Wayne's son, Pat. The gals are playing a losing game, because the level-headed lad is only interested in one girl—his schooldays sweetheart.

Stop And Go: Terry Moore fooled the "experts" who were so sure her studio had lost all interest in her. Twentieth not only took up her option, Terry got a nice juicy raise. . . . And Virginia Mayo, supposedly "through" at Warners, has a new contract. So the Mayo-O'Sheas hope to find a ranch in Santa Fe and commute for picture commitments. . . . Barbara Rush says she loved U-I, but got her release because they had no good roles for her. But Dale Robertson makes no bones about saying he wasn't happy at Twentieth, and after a year's suspension asked for his release, too.

Cal Salutes: Kim Novak, for keeping a level head on those pretty shoulders. Scheduled to star in "Joseph and the Brethren"—originally intended for personally-involved Rita Hayworth—Kim recently returned to Chicago to visit her family. When Edward R. Murrow visited her there, via his TV show, someone suggested "dressing up" at home to make it look more glamorous. The beautiful blond really told 'em . . . Eva Marie Saint, who believes that home, husband and baby are more important than fame and fortune. Hollywood was astounded when she turned down roles in two super-colorful productions because, "This is a wonderful period in my baby's life and I wouldn't miss it even to see my name in lights on top of the Empire State Building!"

The Saddle Set: Although he's living on a strict budget these days, Dan Hunter couldn't resist buying Swizz, a stick, a horse that belonged to the late Mrs. Dan Dailey. "He's really a bargain," says Tab enthusiastically, "because I'm training him to face the camera, and by renting Swizz to studios, he'll be self-supporting!" . . . And, speaking of Dan Dailey, his hospitalization paid off after he suffered a fractured neck upon falling from his horse. During the weeks he was in traction, Dan composed two songs the studio will use in upcoming musicals.

Birds And Bees: No wonder Hollywood producers turn white overnight! M-C-M has so many wonderful roles lined up for Debbie Reynolds, 1956 is supposed to be her biggest year yet. So right in the midst of elaborate production plans, a national columnist announced that Eddie Fishers had dated the stork. The frantic front office called to check the story and were told: "Debbie is expecting the doctor and can't come to the phone." They nearly flipped until they learned their million-dollar boy had the flu and wasn't "expecting."

Twin Wanted: William Holden is in such demand, he never gets a day off. He finally made a New Year's resolution—"No more work for six months"—then producer Hal Wallis called him. Would Bill reconsider and make "The Rainmaker" if Katharine Hepburn was in the picture? "After seeing 'Summertime,'" says Bill, "I would have reported to the studio on a stretcher to work with Hepburn!" Now we'll tell you in on a little secret: Bill owns 10 percent of the play, "Oh Men, Oh Women." Twentieth is preparing it with Marilyn Monroe, after she finishes "Stop." We can hardly wait to see Bill and Marilyn together!

ry Dock: Now that she's free-lancing, says Esther Williams, "I have everything in life a woman could want." The day she started "The Gentle Web," co-star George Nader handed Esther a pretty package of—moth balls! Reason: for the first time in her film career, there isn't one scene in which the movie mermaid even goes near the water. So George—who's a frustrated publicity man at heart—thought up the gag of giving Esther moth balls for her bathing suits!

ove Thy Neighbor: In today's fast-moving world, Grace Kelly's neighbors have been touched by her homey and thoughtful attentions. Recently, the blond beauty made the rounds delivering home-made lasagna, in person! . . . Kindness certainly pays off for Ann Blyth. Five families live close by in the Toluca Lake district and the mother of each admires Ann so much, she'll come baby-sit for Mrs. McNulty at a moment's notice. . . . Audie Murphy, incidentally, found the house he wanted in the same neighborhood.

omance, Hollywood Style: Career-minded Joan Collins broke off with Syd Chaplin because she's dead-set against ready dating until she's divorced from Maxwell Reed. In the meantime, Syd met Dorothy Malone, fell for her, and proposed. But Dotty's a career girl, too, so she gave him the same answer she's been giving Scott Brady the last two years. . . . It started out as a publicity romance between George Nader and Jani Crayne, but now it's for real. Since Rock Hudson's marriage, George is the number one eligible bachelor at -I, and the studio wishes they hadn't been so eager to play Dan Cupid.

ig Business: Rory Calhoun is "nutty" in the nicest possible way. He already owns a paying dude ranch, two night clubs, a rug-cleaning business and a fishing boat. Now he's made the down payment on a walnut ranch and, with the first crop, every tree is loaded! . . . A la Bing Crosby, Jeff Chandler now wants to buy a motel in Palm Springs. When he divulged his plans to Perry Lewis, the comedian cracked: "How peachy! When you get it you can call the place The Motel No-Tell!"

uture Flickers: Marlon Brando is still a perfectionist—even when his own money is involved. It cost him \$50,000 to postpone the starting date of "To Have and Have Not," but he didn't like the script and insisted on a rewrite. . . . Montgomery Clift has turned down so many scripts, it's almost a habit. But a long-distance call from Elizabeth Taylor convinced him he wanted to play opposite her in "Raintree County." Clift will stay with the Michael Wildgen while he's in Hollywood. . . . Letters begging Ingrid Bergman to return to the screen have never ceased pouring in—which is why Darryl Zanuck finally persuaded the great actress to star in the movie version of "Anastasia." . . . Most miserable gal in town is Elaine Stewart, because she hasn't worked for a year. Even though her best for "The Opposite Sex" was terrific, the studio borrowed Joan Collins to play the role. When Elaine begged to be released from her contract, she got no for an answer. The studio, supposedly, has great plans for her.

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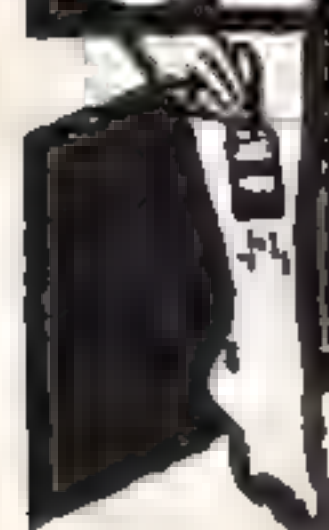
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A Girl's Best Line

Continued from page 5

sagging, unlovely lines to once-firm bosoms. But with the new figure-freedom, the growing accent on curves, it became evident that women less fortunately endowed, and those to whom nature had been more than generous, needed something more than the ordinary bra. Through tireless study of women's figure needs, years of experimentation, bras were designed for women with over-developed and under-developed bosoms. No need now for a fat girl to look like a pouter-pigeon. Or for a thin girl to use makeshift methods to pad out what nature had missed.

In these candid days, there is no need for any girl to be self-conscious about over-development, under-development of her bosom or means of altering either condition. This generation admits that bosom loveliness is quite as important as a clear skin, a head of well-groomed hair or even teeth. And just as there are ways of improving and glamorizing one's skin, hair or smile, so there are ways of enhancing the appearance of the breasts so that bosom health is protected, bosom comfort is provided, bosom loveliness is enhanced.

Authorities agree that the normal age to begin wearing a bra is around fifteen. But a well-developed girl may need one at twelve, the under-developed figure, not until eighteen. Teenagers' muscles are usually firm, so that they require no "holding in." But teenagers are also active, and over-exertion or strenuous physical activity can strain the breast muscles, eventually cause them to sag. Bras give needed youthful support, promote good posture, help prevent figure problems in later life.

There are three figure types—the Junior, the Average and the Full. The bandeau, with narrow or no band, is a good choice for the Junior figure with small, firm bosom. For the Average figure, the brassiere with wider supporting band, definite uplift through inner reinforcement or stitching and well-separated cups, is best. The long-line brassiere that controls the diaphragm and offers firm support, is the preferred garment for the full figure. Made of firmer fabrics and elastics, with boning that supplies comfortable support, it gives the full figure a more youthful look.

Another bra that has become a favorite for all-year-round wear is the strapless brassiere. It used to be strictly an item for the summer wardrobe. But with the plunging neckline, scooped-out neckline, and blouses in sheer materials, the strapless bra became an all-season favorite. According to the Corset and Brassiere Association of America, any but the *very* full bosom can be fitted with a strapless bra.

Although expert fitters, trained to recognize and understand figure problems, are employed by most department stores and specialty shops, women, as a rule, do not take advantage of their services. False modesty may deter some. Others say, "Oh, why bother, I know what I want." And so they go on experimenting in over-the-counter purchases of bras and girdles for years. This is neither a time-saver nor a money-saver. Corset fitters are women. Many of them share your problems. Some may have exactly your figure problem. So why be foolishly embarrassed? No dress, however skillfully designed, can be worn to advantage without a perfectly fitted bra. One is wedded to the other. You wouldn't

(Continued on page 110)



How to find your

1. Measure chest high under arms holding tape securely, not tight. Add 2" to measurement, for bra size. For example: 32+2=34 (your bra size)



How to put your

1. To put on your bra, first slide the straps over the shoulders, then lean forward from the waist. This allows bust to fall naturally into the cup

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For the Smaller Figure:

Light foam rubber-padded flatterer circular stitched two-section cups. White cotton. ABC cups. Jubilee (#404) \$

Strapless white batiste cotton bra with built-in sculpture padding, cushioned wired. AB cups. Celebrity (#1178) \$

Embroidered cotton plunge bra, elastic banded, with hidden, removable foam rubber contour pads. A cup. Lovabl (#931) \$1.50



bra and cup size

2. Now measure under breasts for bra type. Slim midriff—bra without band under cups. Average—with band. If midriff is fleshy—a long-line bra

3. Measure fullest part of bosom. If measurement is same as bra size, (1) you need an A cup; if 1" more, B cup; 2" more, C cup; 3" more, D cup



bra on properly

2. Reach back and fasten bra. Then straighten and adjust the shoulder straps. Make sure the straps lie flat, without cutting into the shoulders

3. Now, run finger under band across the back. If straps are adjusted correctly, band will fit smoothly, with no ugly bulges above or below

For a smooth line—waist length bra, marquisette and elastic, self-adjustable inner cups. AB. Tres Secrete (#160) \$6.95

For the Average Figure:

Designed for slim fashions—white cotton bra with foam rubber undercup band for a high line. ABC cups. Form-fit (#587) \$2.50

Strapless and cut low—embroidered cotton bra with uplifting flat ribbon wire. ABC cups. By Exquisite Form (#607) \$3.50

For the hard to fit—flexible, expandable Helenca stretch nylon bra for all cup sizes. 32-38. Munsingwear. (#143) \$2.50

Bra with a plus—embroidered cotton

with shirred cups, elastic banding, attached cotton shields. B cup. Kleinert (#1200) \$3

Fast-drying white Dacron bra, comfort-plus contour straps that round under the arm. ABC. Gossard (#2728) \$3.95

For the Fuller Figure:

Insured contours in a rounded cotton bra, undercups chemically treated for shape retention. ABC. Naturflex (#4077) \$1

For accentuation plus support, stitched-cup cotton bra, medium band for slimming, uplift. ABC. Maidenform (Chansonette) \$2

Hand-fashioned cotton bra, completely cushioned underwire insuring separation, uplift, control. BCD. Glamour (#640) \$5

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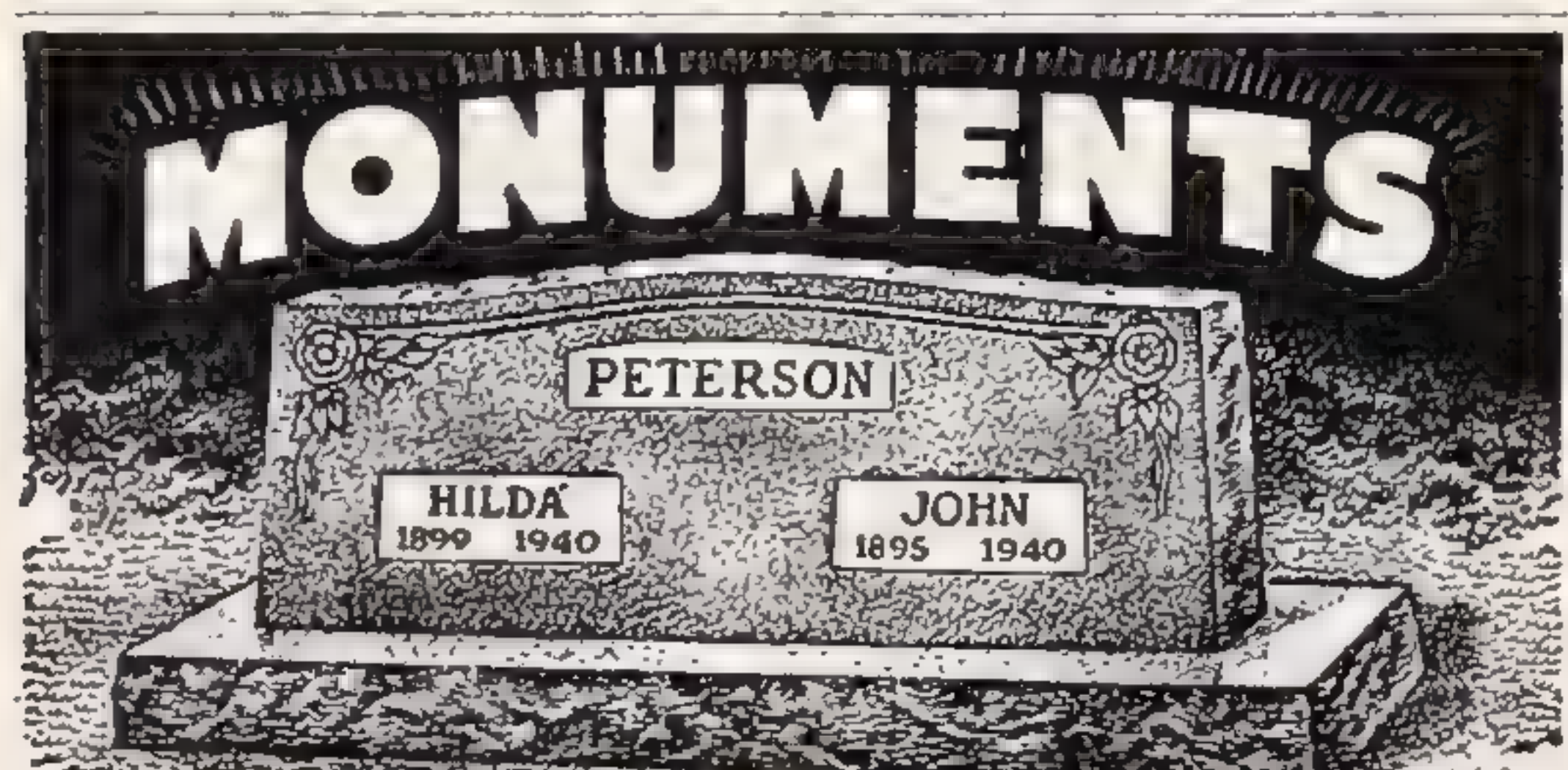
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buy a badly-fitted dress. Then why take chances with a bra?

Experts suggest you should buy at least three bras at a time—one to wear, one to wash, one to rest so that rubber webbing will give the longest possible use. But go back to your fitter at least once a year. Figures change—and bra manufacturers are always re-styling their models, bringing out new improvements.

Juel Park, who provides glamorous under-pinning for the majority of Hollywood's beauties, believes that in addition to the job of refining the lines of the young in years, and confining the lines of the young at heart, beautiful lingerie has an even more vital function: providing a sense of secret loveliness that is revealed by obvious poise.

Miss Park uses the most exquisite colors and fabrics imaginable in the lingerie sold by her shop; naturally, the prices reflect the engineering and the opulence that goes into such garments. However, Miss Park believes that any girl can improve the appearance of her wardrobe with a little ingenuity. Presuming that a girl owns a periwinkle suit and wants to dress to a periwinkle color scheme, she won't be able to find a periwinkle bra, girdle and slip in the average store. But she can buy white, and manufacture the exact color she wants by dyeing the garments.

And there are inexpensive ways of making a plain bra look like a party affair—for instance, a pink party bra can be made prettier by the addition of an edging of fluted pink nylon net, and satin love knots appliquéd onto a white bra will increase its aesthetic value.

At this point, there will be those who will complain that no matter how exquisite the bra, it alone doesn't make up for what nature forgot. Or adequately cover the girl with the most generous curves. True. But with the aid of modern magic, you can bury some of your troubles beneath an artfully designed bra that can be just as pretty in fabric as the bras worn by the girls with average figures.

Let's study the girl—or woman—with the over-abundant bosom. First, you must consult a fitter before buying any bra. Because that angel-in-disguise will take into consideration your age, figure requirements, as well as wardrobe needs. She will tell you whether you need an all-in-one corselet for all-over smoothness or whether one of the long-line bras, built up to control the flesh and with wide straps that will supplement the uplift of the bosom section, would be more satisfactory. For the heavy-bosomed girl, cups should be deep and spaced widely enough so that they will separate and uplift instead of

flattening or binding the breasts. The fabric must be firm—but it can be in nylon taffeta, satin, broadcloth—sometimes with double thickness of nylon marquisette felt-lined cups for reinforcement. So many women buy bras in a too-small cup size resulting in unlovely "tires" under a tight fitting dress. Fitters will help avoid this.

Now, for the girl whom nature forgot. Diet hasn't helped, exercises have helped. But the bra manufacturers can help. Today, all girls know about padded bras. But a lot of them have a psychological block toward them. They wear them, but they still feel they're cheating. But a padded bra isn't a deceit—it's an intelligent approach to a problem that's more universal than you think. The Corset and Brassiere Association of America reports that some six million pairs of bust pads and bras with stitched-in padding are sold every year! So you're not so different. And because you're usually the girl who so self-conscious about seeing a fitter, do urge you, the next time you're in store, to try her. You'll find her help utterly impersonal, because after all, this is her job and how do you know, maybe she's wearing a padded bra, too! And she's much more knowledgeable than you are about the type of padded bra you can wear—because there are infinite varieties, some with "fillers" of Dacron, making the bra soft while adding to the bust measure. Others have pockets into which pads may be inserted and removed for washing.

In Hollywood, there's a noted star who has had children, and whose bust measurement has dwindled to almost nothing after each pregnancy, who orders her bras custom built in a long-line style which lift what bosom she has to rest on uplift foam rubber pads which provide the lovely contours gracing her evening gowns.

And practically every actress in Hollywood wears supplemental foam rubber pads in her bathing suit. (Kathryn Grayson is one exception, having a 24-inch waist and a 39-inch bustline without padding of any kind; Janet Leigh's and Jane Russell's contours are authentic.) But the star of a night-club revue and a TV show, a girl whose frontal facade has made her famous, owes nearly 75% of her glory to the intricate arrangement of lifts and pads.

So you see, bosom beauty isn't for the privileged. It's for you and you and you—the Junior, the Average, the Full, the Underdeveloped and the Overdeveloped. With modern magic, you can achieve the look of beauty. With modern bras, you can solve your figure problems. And with the aid of the fitter, you can find the bra that was made just for you. After all, a girl's best line is her bosom.

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How Far Should a Parent Go?

(Continued from page 73)

words—it was vulgar, cheapening at my age, bad for my hair, made me look silly. And then she said, 'Monday, you're going to make a test for the next picture. How can you go with your hair like that? You're supposed to play a girl in junior high. With that hair you'll surely lose the part.'

"I began to feel some of the starch in my thirteen-year-old backbone melting away. For I wanted very much to get the part. I loved acting best of all—more even, than boys. When the director saw me, he wanted to know what I'd done with my hair. I felt miserable as I told him it was a fad at school. 'That's fine,' he said. 'We want you to look like a typical schoolgirl and we'll leave your hair that way. It'll be a good touch of characterization.'

"So, that was one time when Mother didn't know best.

"But the next time she did. I was just fourteen," Natalie remembered. "It was a boy this time. His name was Bill and I was violently attracted to him, maybe because he wasn't like the other well-bred boys in class. For one thing he was older, rebellious, a very poor student who day-dreamed in class, even slept there in boredom. But that didn't lessen his appeal as mysterious and forbidden. Every night on the telephone, I would talk on and on to my girlfriends—Bill was this, Bill was that. They didn't share my interest. Finally Mother asked, 'Who's this Bill?' Snug in my own personal stratosphere, I was non-committal. Then one day Mother and I went shopping, and who should come barreling down the street on his motor scooter—leather jacket, hair slicked back into a ducktail—but Bill. I pointed him out to Mother. 'I don't want you to have anything to do with that boy,' she said. 'He looks like a juvenile delinquent. If you must take an interest in boys, why don't you pick somebody nice like that Johnson boy up the street?'

"Oh, Mother, really! That character.' My disdain for him was no less violent than for the little-girl dresses both she and the mothers of my girlfriends made us wear. I couldn't forget Bill. Then one day he asked me to go to the movies. I told him I'd have to ask my mother and he gave me a funny look before he swaggered away. Mother said no, and I was crushed. But I wasn't strong enough to put on a one-girl rebellion. Weeks went by. Finally I began to see that Bill was crude, clumsy, kind of boring with his eternal, singular interest in hotrods and speeding. I decided both Mother and my girlfriends were right about him, and my infatuation vanished."

But then Mrs. Wood had decided that she'd been hasty in passing judgment on the boy without knowing him. She admitted her error and suggested that Natalie invite him to the house so she could meet him. "I explained to Mother," said Natalie, "that Bill wasn't my knight on a white horse any more. But it gave me a good feeling to see that Mother was willing to admit she might have been wrong, that she didn't set herself up as an absolute judge, that she was human like me."

Though Natalie Wood won't be nineteen until July 20th, she is extremely articulate, with an intellectual maturity far in advance of her years. Unlike many eighteen-year-olds, she has none of the fumbling for words, the giggling self-consciousness. Her years of association with adults on the studio lot have given her confidence, but no brashness. Last June, she graduated from Van Nuys High School with honor

grades and, in the school yearbook, was voted "most likely to succeed" as well as "prettiest girl in the class."

Natalie is still close enough to the mystifying world of adolescence to be aware of its emotional storms, its rebellion and stony despair at parental domination. Most parents with an adolescent daughter find themselves baffled and at cross-purposes when little Suzy suddenly becomes too old for dolls and too young for boyfriends. Then there is bound to be some conflict over the typical problems of choice of friends, dating and the desire to "go steady," clothes and make-up, and the even more touchy problems of staying out late, smoking, drinking and petting. A mother knows that, although the physical changes in her daughter's body have opened the door to the world of adult love, the rest of her is not mature enough or experienced enough for her to rush over its threshold without risking hurting herself seriously.

It's Natalie's feeling, as it is of other thoughtful teenagers, that in adolescence a certain amount of rebellion against parents is both healthy and normal. It is part of emotional progress toward future independence. "You just don't understand, Mother, and you never will," cries a rebellious daughter. In the turbulent teens such behavior toward parents is normal, even though it's difficult to accept. One of the biggest headaches about growing up is learning how to handle the new independence that goes with it. Sometimes this independence sticks out all over until a teen-age daughter is about as cozy to live with as a porcupine.

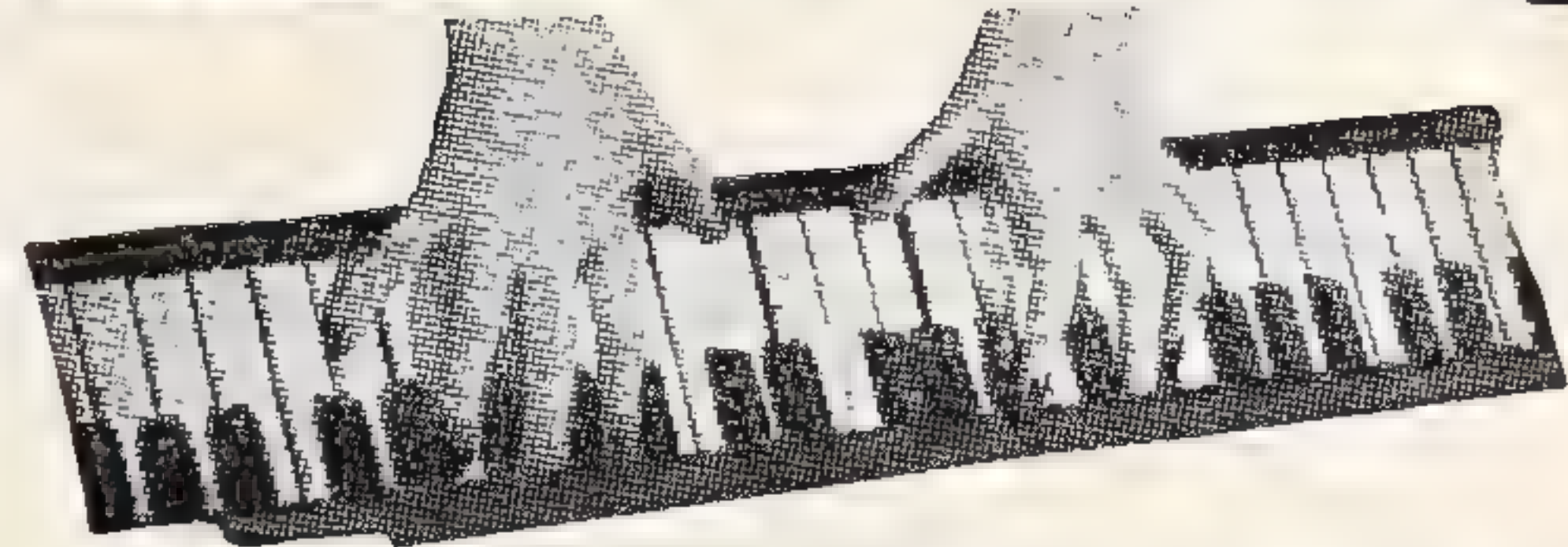
"That describes me—some of the time, at least," laughed Natalie. "I won't say that I didn't go through a bad period during my early teens; that I didn't make mistakes; that I didn't give my parents worries. We didn't always see eye to eye. Parents try to make their children become the best persons possible. But still it's a relationship of stress and strain. Parents try to provide adequate guideposts and boundary lines so that a daughter doesn't go too far and do unwise things which might get her into trouble. But parents make mistakes, as well as children. Parents may misinterpret facts and imagine things and then build on what they imagine rather than on what is true."

"I remember one incident that made me unhappy for a while. It was the first time a boy asked me to go to the Saturday matinee. I was thirteen. Mother said I was too young for a date but I could go with my girlfriends. Reluctantly, I told him and joined my friends. As we walked in, there was this boy. He asked me if he could sit with me. Naturally I was thrilled. When we emerged, my girlfriends tactfully melted away and the boy walked me home. It was a blissful walk, until I reached my door. Mother saw us and she was furious. Nothing I could say had any effect and I had to remain indoors the rest of the weekend."

Natalie's mother, a young, petite and pretty woman, didn't put too many restrictions on her daughter, but she expected the rules she did make to be followed.

Natalie remembers a friend whose whole life was such a burden of forbidding restrictions and demands that they overbalanced the chances of any independent action. Her parents became such supreme dictators, the girl lost her self-confidence and became afraid to act for herself in anything. Another girl might have reacted by becoming rebellious and

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thinking of parents merely as watchdogs. For, when parents put on the brakes too hard, they are apt to ruin their chances of knowing what their youngsters really are up to. Complete suppression often leads to secret disobedience.

Sometimes, though, what looks like disobedience may be youth's thoughtlessness. Natalie remembers one date last summer which started late in the afternoon. She told her mother that she and her date were going to a near-by miniature golf course for some practice. The hours flew and they found themselves starved. So the young man suggested dinner. Natalie had a momentary desire to phone her mother but forgot it when, at the restaurant, they ran into an actor-friend and his girl. At the end of a very amusing dinner Natalie's date looked at his watch and suggested that if they hurried they could make a movie he was in, so they all rushed to the theatre. After that someone suggested a little place off Sunset Strip where there was a real "hep" combo. During a lull, Natalie suddenly remembered that she hadn't phoned her parents—an oversight that had never happened before. At her front door, conscience-stricken, she took her shoes off and tiptoed into the house. Her father and mother confronted her.

"I listened to them and I apologized and told them it wouldn't happen again," recalled Natalie. "I didn't climb on my high horse, as some girls do, and I didn't say I resented being treated like a child now that I'd graduated from high school.

When I was younger, though, I did resist my mother's restrictions on the time to come home from parties and bedtime in general. At high school we used to sing, 'Early to bed and early to rise, but who will be dating my regular guys?'

"Though we all groused," Natalie confessed, "deep down we knew our parents were right. A teenager wants and needs the protection of sound rules and regulations to help her control her acts. My parents made an effort to find out the customs and rules among my friends.

"But in doing this, parents should be sure that what the crowd does is really so—not what daughter *wishes* existed." Natalie laughed in her remembrance of telling her mother once that "Janie doesn't have to stay home weeknights," while Janie told her mother, "Natalie doesn't have to stay home weeknights." A telephone call set that one straight.

"It doesn't make sense," Natalie said, "to lay down firm rules for all girls, because some grow up fast and some don't. Allowing a very naive girl of sixteen to go out with wolfish boys might be throwing her to the lions, while another girl only fourteen could hold her own."

Every girl wants to be like others her own age, wants to dress as they do, use make-up, talk like them, eat like them. She wants to follow the fads of crazy clothing and haircuts, collecting manias and outbreaks of specialized slang that take adolescents by storm at regular intervals—fads which often seem to grown-ups like a sort of disease. A mother must remember that, in being like others her own age, daughter feels she belongs. She is one of them, a kind of many-headed, many-legged version of herself. She feels safer and surer when she sees a lot of other *me's*. At the same time, she is groping to find her own identity—to be herself. Yet she is happiest as part of the group and shouldn't be forced to be exceptional in any way.

The greatest thing in adolescence is to grow up feeling worthy and worthwhile. Experts know that lack of love and sympathy, combined with too much domination, are the twin evils which crop up in

the background of almost all delinquents. Study has shown that most promiscuous girls are simply seeking from boys the love and affection they are denied at home. They feel unnecessary, unwanted, and it triggers them into delinquent activity. Natalie, like all secure teenagers, knows that devoted parental love and the interest that grows out of it are the parents' supreme gift to a child. There is no substitute for it.

"I always felt secure," Natalie said with deep sincerity, "because my parents not only loved me but let me know it. My two sisters, I know, feel the same way. I always seemed to be wanted. I wasn't a 'bother' to them as some of the children at school were to their parents. I knew I always 'belonged' to the family. When I was making 'Rebel Without a Cause,' this tragic lack of love and understanding was brought home to me sharply. If parents withhold love, a child grows up feeling, 'How can others like me when I feel so unlikable?' For, unless a person can like himself securely, he is bound to feel uncertain of others liking him. Unless he can like himself securely he is apt to get mixed up in his strivings and many dreadful things can result. 'Rebel' brought this out so strongly. What an adolescent needs and craves is not only blind love but understanding. And, if parents remain sympathetically aware of a child's feelings, then they can deal firmly with controls that are needed for his acts."

Natalie, poised at the edge of womanhood, is growing up into one of Hollywood's finest actresses as well as an authentic beauty. But she hasn't escaped the ordinary eighteen-year-old's adolescent strivings. If she had, she wouldn't be normal. And Natalie is normal in all her desires. One very common one is her tearing desire to be grown-up—to leave the frustrating teens behind and take her place as a mature woman. Graduation from high school brought her a spanking new Thunderbird. Another wish was to play grown-up roles, and she finally won this battle with her first mature role in "Rebel Without a Cause." This striving to be grown-up shows in her crushes on older men—now it's Marlon Brando and Raymond Burr, who is in his mid-thirties, a knowledgeable man versed in the Broadway theatre, with whom she is currently working. Older men make her feel older, says Natalie, and her greatest longing is to portray girls older than herself. As a child she played screen daughters to some of Hollywood's biggest stars—notably with Bing Crosby in "Just for You," with Jane Wyman in "The Blue Veil," and Bette Davis in "The Star." "But now I can play a *femme fatale*, too," she's convinced, "not just the daughter of one."

Born in San Francisco on July 20, 1937, Natalie's legal name is Natasha Nicholas Gurdin. When she was four, her parents moved to Santa Rosa, California. Director Irving Pichel was filming "Happyland" there, and he employed some of the town-folk as extras. Natalie's mother, for a lark, joined the group with her daughter. The child's natural acting ability and quick intelligence made a deep impression on the director and two years later he sent for her for another role. Then followed parts in almost twenty-five films, in radio and TV, as Natalie escaped that bane of child actors—the awkward, gawky age. The recipient of fine critical acting notices and many acting awards and honors, she is today a dedicated actress. Her older sister, Teddy, married and the mother of two youngsters, was never interested in dramatics, but their younger sister, Lana, is already following in Natalie's footsteps.

Long ago, when Natalie decided that a

full career on screen, stage and TV was what she wanted—that it would be worth all the cost and effort—she began to devote a full measure of her time to her career. Today, she realizes that marriage and even steady dating must wait. But fun dates, mainly with young actors, are very much all right. Dinner and dancing with Tab Hunter, Ben Cooper, Martin Milner, Nick Adams or Dennis Hopper, keep her in a whirl.

Natalie's pretty, Early American bedroom, with its frilly Priscilla curtains, its flowered wallpaper and quilted sofa, houses her collection of shaggy, stuffed monkeys, her bop and classical records, her jewel boxes overflowing with costume jewelry. Her dressing table resembles that of any other 'hep' teenager—a mirror with snaps of boy- and girlfriends and family photos encircling every bit of it, and a fabulous collection of perfumes, colognes and knickknacks. Her personal menagerie consists of her black poodle, "Rebel du Bois" (Rebel Without a Cause), a big police dog, two handsome Siamese cats, one cockateel, five parakeets, plus two finches!

"I'm no walking Declaration of Independence to my parents," says Natalie. "I have no desire at present to have an apartment of my own; I have all the freedom I want at home. In my own case, I know I'm still too dependent on my parents—still emotionally immature. If it weren't for the demands of my career, I think I'd have more time to learn how to take care

of myself and be more mature. This past year I haven't had a single day to myself, as I've gone from picture to picture. And I'll be just as busy in the future. I've never learned to cook because I haven't had time, what with school and the studio. And it's just been easier for me to let my parents handle my financial affairs. My check goes to my parents and they bank it after putting aside the twenty percent for bonds as required by law. When I need clothes I just buy them. I've never lived on an allowance or budget. Because I'm under age, I have to have a welfare worker with me at all times on the lot even though I've already graduated from high school and don't have a tutor any more. It's easier just to let my parents handle everything."

Natalie, so busy with a time-consuming career, may find it easier to be dependent on her parents, but experts would undoubtedly feel that her intellectual maturity has outraced her emotional maturity. She should learn how to cook and perform other household tasks, how to live on a budget and handle money. Eventually she will need the ability to manage her own financial affairs. With the understanding of her parents, there is no doubt that, by the time she is ready to vote, Natalie will have bridged the gap between adolescence and maturity.

Meanwhile, she is finding life exciting and rewarding. And these days she scarcely ever hears her parents say, "No, my darling daughter!"

THE END

She Ain't Fooling, Men!

(Continued from page 53)

Now I've known Kim for a couple of years and have had many a talk with her, but somehow I'd never suspected her as being capable of such critical opinions.

Yet, I had to admit that what she'd said was pretty sound.

You see, Kim wants to do stories that are worthwhile—and that's when I began to wonder whether she could be a Garbo in the making.

Looking so beautiful in her tight blue sweater with her fluorescent-colored hair, Kim sat back in the taxi and revealed other things about herself. She was still glowing from the experience of making "The Man with the Golden Arm," with Frank Sinatra.

"How long did you work with Frank?" I asked.

"Not long enough!" she answered. "That picture was such an experience for me. Every night I'd look forward to going to work next morning.

"Otto Preminger's the greatest director I ever worked with," she added, "and then to watch Frank Sinatra work!"

Kim has taken to reading a lot, lately. She goes to many movies, too—not just to be entertained, "but to learn things."

This same day she revealed a deep introspective streak I hadn't noticed before. She seemed quite depressed. This I couldn't understand, because she seemed to have many reasons for being delirious with happiness.

"I don't want to become too contented," she told me.

"Why not? Everybody wants to be happy," I argued.

"I've always been like this," she replied. "Even when I was a little girl. In the fall, when all the leaves came down and the other children would trample on them, I'd say, 'Stop that. They're so beautiful!' They'd stamp on them and I'd say, 'Please quit, don't you see that something is being killed?' They'd tear flowers out of the yard, just to hurt me."

Then Kim started to tell me her theory that an actress must be unhappy to be successful.

Contented actresses, she pointed out, don't work hard on their parts—because they are contented. When they've become contented, they've achieved their ambitions. "They've had it," she said.

"It's a little like children praying," Kim continued. "When things are going bad, they pray and they promise what they'll do. They're very serious. They work hard. But, when they get what they want, they may forget what they promised to do. Or they may say, 'Thank you, God,' in a hurry, then not carry out their pledge. I think it can be the same with actresses. They want to do their best, but when they get to be stars sometimes they don't go ahead and do their best."

I must say that I listened in astonishment. These were strange words coming from this beautiful girl whom so many fans have thought of only as a sexpot.

"It must be wonderful to have such a sudden success," I ventured, still clinging to the conventional idea of happiness.

"But it has its drawbacks, too," Kim answered, unable to get over the sadness that gripped her.

"Drawbacks! But you're getting the super-A treatment here in New York!"

And she certainly was. On previous trips, Kim had stayed at a less ostentatious hotel. This time her studio had lodged her in a suite leased by Columbia Pictures and generally used by nobody except the boss of the company, Harry Cohn. As Kim herself pointed out, it has eight rooms, nine telephones, and several baths. And each bathroom, she admitted, was as big or bigger than her living quarters at the Studio Club in Hollywood.

"Big deal," she said.

"You can't dislike this," I insisted.

But Kim thought it was all part of the pattern of "contentment" that might make her a less effective actress.

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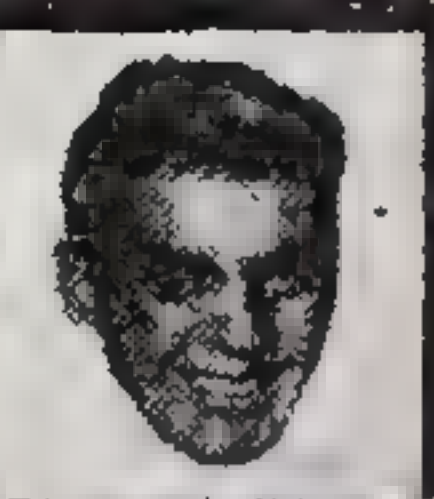
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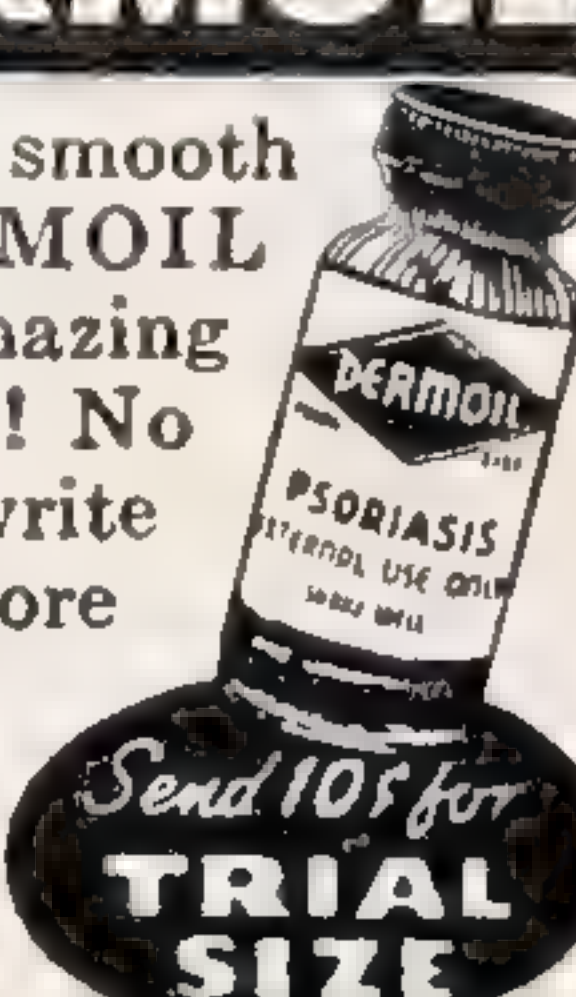


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"Nobody will believe you are honest or that you want honesty," she said. "Before this, when I went on an out-of-town trip, nobody paid much attention to me. Do you know, that was all right with me?"

"But get me now," she said, pretending to be snobbish. "I walk into a suite and it's filled with flowers. The phones are all ringing. Everybody's there from the studio to greet you. Everybody's waiting on you. They say, 'Can I get you this?' or 'Can I do that?' They send somebody just to buy something down at the drugstore. Well, I like simple things, I just don't want that, and sometimes I find it a little annoying."

Whoever heard of a star being waited on too much before?

But Kim's so much different than the average . . . I just hope she never changes.

"Besides," she continued, "I'm not a big star now."

"I thought you were," I said.

"That's what people are saying—people who are guessing and are trying to make it come true. But who knows? I think the pictures I've made are good. But it's up to the public to decide. A movie company can't tell you."

Truly, an amazing female!

During one of her reading spells, Kim was inspired one day. She felt she had to play "Picnic." Until then, she had done only sexy parts. She mentioned to a studio publicity man that she'd like to do "Picnic." He practically laughed at her. But he wasn't the first who did.

"Please, Kim," the publicist said, "you couldn't do that part. That's a sweet Kansas girl. You play sexpot parts and you should be happy doing those."

Kim saw she was going to have to convince a lot of people.

"How I worked on that role!" she recalled to me. "I worked with Benno Schneider, coaching for the part. It took me a long time to convince people around the studio, then I ran into another obstacle—Josh Logan, the director."

"He didn't want me for the part. He wanted Janice Rule, who'd played it on Broadway."

"He said it to everybody, and I'm afraid that about everybody else said it, too."

"Finally Josh said he'd let me do it if I'd dye my hair red. I had fallen in love with Marjorie. I knew her through and through. Now Josh says I was born to play the part—which is very nice of him but which I don't think is true. I worked on it."

Yet, aside from all this deeper thinking, Kim is a believer in lucky numbers, omens and such. She claims 3 and 13 are her lucky numbers. When she was given the star pitch at Columbia and permitted to choose her own dressing room, she could have inherited Rita Hayworth's.

"Instead, I picked 303," she says, "because it had my lucky number in it."

For one week during the filming of "Picnic," Kim lived on the lot because she had to be there at 4:30 A.M. to have her hair washed, set and colored every day. Characteristically, Kim has no Cadillac, no Thunderbird—no car of any kind. Therefore, she couldn't get around the place very easily at 4 or 4:30 in the morning.

Not having a car is part of the simple life that she's cut out for herself. "For one reason, I haven't had a chance to learn to drive," she says.

Shooting around town in a convertible would be the sort of "contentment" that Kim fears would hurt her acting. And, from a practical standpoint, there's the money involved. Like all starlets suddenly graduated into stars, Kim finds herself needing considerable money—and the salary raises are very, very welcome indeed.

Therefore, she still clings to the Studio Club setup, and to taxis or whatever transportation may be available.

"Having too much contentment is a little like eating too much," Kim said, returning to that theme she likes. "If you eat too much, you don't work well."

I interrupted the conversation to mention a Broadway vulgarism sometimes used in describing actors who've become successful. It's said that "you have to be hungry to be your best," because then you're trying your hardest. But when you're not hungry any more you don't try so hard. The Broadway expression goes like this: "When an actor gets the wrinkles out of his belly, he gets lousy."

That, Kim agreed, fits in neatly with her own theory.

Perhaps, though, this has been all too serious, and you might think Kim is too "deep" to enjoy nowadays. Actually, at the time, she did have much on her mind that limited her activities.

"Gee," she mused, "the president of my fan club is upset because I couldn't have lunch with him this trip, and I don't blame him. He said, 'But I don't understand,' and it was hard to explain. His name is Irwin Gottlieb; he puts out a wonderful journal."

Kim was also concerned about her appearance on Edward R. Murrow's *Person to Person* TV show. She asked me with great interest about the hidden microphone that's put in the ladies' bodices.

Kim had other problems, suddenly, but none quite as important. For example, on gossip columnist had reported slyly that she had a new boyfriend and had been seeing him in Connecticut.

"I've never even been in Connecticut," Kim told me.

I mentioned the name of the supposed "new guy."

"I don't know anybody by that name."

Kim's fans would like to know whether she'll marry businessman Mac Krim, and so would the columnists. As she grows more successful, will Kim find an actor of an intellectual more to her taste? Have she and Mac become too accustomed to each other over the past couple of years? I don't think even Kim or Mac can answer these questions right now. But then, to protect myself, I can add that I wouldn't be astonished to hear at any time that they are getting married.

In Kim's lighter moments, she also mentioned to me that the letter P seemed to fit symbolically into her life some way. For example, her first three pictures—there's that figure 3 again—were "Pushover," "Phffft," and "Picnic."

To me, though, an unforgettable confession from Kim was her description of her dying scene in "The Eddy Duchin Story," in which she plays Duchin's first wife who died in childbirth.

"The crying part was so hard for me," Kim said, "because I'm too inexperienced to know how to cry technically."

"How about onions?" I asked.

"Oh, I couldn't use those. It would have spoiled my wonderful, beautiful death. I wanted to die real beautifully. You couldn't do that with onions!"

"And so," Kim said, her voice filling with emotion, "somebody said I should think back to all the sadness of my life. I tried it and that wouldn't work. Somebody else said try to think of myself as dead."

"Well, I did it so well," Kim continued, "that my hair straightened out, my throat rattled, I got so cold and clammy that—I thought I really was dead!"

It gave me the shivers just hearing her talk about it. I'm glad to say, though, that when I saw Kim bouncing along the street in that pretty sweater, I knew positively there was nothing dead about her. She's about the liveliest actress we have, and believe me, she'll go far. Not only that, but there are several million young men who wish they could go with her! THE END

So This Is Hollywood!

(Continued from page 51)

Mr. Milkman commented: "Say, I caught our husband on that show last night." "Oh, yes?" I replied, waiting. "Yeah. He was great."

Then he went one step further. "Who did they get to impersonate you?"

This goes on all the time, and all I can say is that I wish some of the well-roomed New Rochelle residents could have seen Cinderella-me the next day, riding in a four-engine, winged pumpkin with a blissful smile, a dozen air-sickness tablets and forty-five pounds of extra luggage (no dungarees!).

My husband Arnold has the happy facility for working in absolutely any entertainment medium—although I wouldn't throw him in with the Japanese Kabuki dancers—and cross-country commuting is old stuff to him. But for me this trip was special.

First, Arnold had a very unusual part, parrow, in a very unusual picture, "The Man with the Golden Arm"—and I was going to watch him do it. Secondly, it was my first trip to Hollywood minus the children—and the stuffed bunnies, clay-filled pockets, soggy Kleenex and scraped knees that accompany them. I felt practically like a person.

Flying cross-country is to me like sitting in a trolley car for nine hours. But if traveling across the United States is uneventful, landing in Los Angeles is positively anti-climactic.

I think you have to go to L.A. to realize what a flat, spread-out town it is. As the plane circles for a landing, all you can see for miles are thousands and thousands of one-story dwellings. If you're from New York and are used to big buildings and traveling miles into the suburbs for a bit of green grass to go with your home, it's hard to realize that in Los Angeles the residential areas are all over, and that a block away from Hollywood and Vine, the prests of yucca-pink bungalows begin.

A second adjustment has to be made to those crazy palm trees. Nobody has yet convinced me they're real.

Driving into town from International Airport, the most persistent feature of the terrain is the stream of stands and drive-ins, all with prominent signs featuring French-dipped Pastrami." I don't know what that is, except that all Los Angeles residents seem to react violently, pro or con, at just a mention of the subject.

After the pastrami comes a whole mess of oil derricks, and after the derricks—Beverly Hills.

Hollywood has been glamorized as the place where movies are made, and it's true. The studios are mostly in Hollywood, and it's there that the stars come to work at 8 A.M. But Beverly Hills is where you will see people such as Lana Turner and ex Barker riding in a Cadillac convertible. Beverly Hills is comprised of blocks and blocks of elegant shops and chic department stores, and elegant homes. Even the modern houses have an air about them of an old Southern plantation mansion. But, with a few exceptions, these houses have one striking similarity—one is never more than spitting distance away from the next.

Arnold had gotten an apartment in Hollywood for our stay. This was plebian—it is considered poor taste to live farther south than the Sunset Strip—but convenient when you have to report to the studio practically at dawn.

One thing a wife visiting her husband who is making a movie in Hollywood learns very quickly is that your schedule

will be exactly the same as it was at home, except that you won't have to pin a handkerchief on anybody's snowsuit.

You get up at 6:45 A.M., just like home, so you can be out of the shower by 7, and can lead your groggy husband (I have discovered there is a great streak of German shepherd in me) over to his coffee by 7:15. Arnold slept until that late hour because he had no morning shaving problem. He had to maintain a three days' growth of beard while making the picture and, consequently, we ate our dinners in some of the dimliest lit restaurants in Los Angeles. Even in a dinner jacket Arnold, who is very meticulous, was miserably convinced the beard made him look "sloppy."

At 7:40 A.M., we'd be on our way to the studio. There were many mornings, I must admit, when I'd open one eye, look out at the smog, and say to myself, "Look, this is supposed to be a vacation. You don't have to go to the studio today. Why not get breakfast, then go back to bed?" But I never could. I got so that I just couldn't bear to spend any time away from the set—the picture was too exciting.

"The Man with the Golden Arm" is a movie about dope addiction. The addict, Frankie Machine, is played by Frank Sinatra, and Frank does it with terrifying insight into the trapped-animal feeling every addict must have. I had been on movie sets before, but never one on which everybody—from the stars to the electricians and carpenters—showed such tremendous enthusiasm for the work they were doing. It is an old Hollywood legend that, no matter how big a budget a picture has, no matter how important the people are who are doing it or how highly it is talked about, the group who will sense immediately whether it is really good, bad or mediocre is the crew. And it was obvious that the crew on "Man" knew they had a "good" one.

Otto Preminger, who produced and directed the picture, and Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker and Kim Novak who starred in it, were revelations to me. I had never been associated so closely, on a day-to-day basis, with people busy making a movie. And, after the things I had "heard" about Mr. Preminger and Mr. Sinatra, I found I was very poorly prepared for the truth.

No matter where you live—in London, Bangkok, or Kalamazoo—you "hear" things about the people in Hollywood. That's because Hollywood is a town where gossip is a top commodity—almost an industry in itself. Crumbs of gossip are paid for—if not in actual money, then by favors in return. This isn't an entirely pleasant situation. At the height of the lunch hour in the plush Beverly Hills restaurants, you'll find the gossip-mongers and their informants busily sorting and hawking the next day's column items.

Anyway, the things I'd heard about Mr. Preminger led me to believe that he directed his pictures like the Prussian generals he once portrayed in pictures. I kind of expected to see him arrive for work wearing puttees and carrying a riding crop.

But Mr. Preminger turned out to be one of the most completely charming men I've ever met. And he is treated with respect and deference by the people working with him because they admire his ability as a director and an executive.

Many of the printed reports about Frank Sinatra would lead you to believe that he alternates between gadding about with lovely ladies and having public fits of temper. All I can say is that you should

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have been the "playboy" reporting at the studio at 7:45 every morning for his twelve-hour day. And, in the two weeks I visited on the set, I never saw anything remotely resembling a "fit of temper"—not by Frank, or anyone else.

It is probably difficult for the average moviegoer to realize how grueling it is to make a highly emotional and dramatic picture like "The Man with the Golden Arm." Shooting went on every day, six days a week, from 8 A.M. until about 6:30 at night. By the time the actors got their make-up off and saw the "rushes"—rough scenes from the previous day's shooting—it was 7:30 P.M.

After each workday came to a tired end, Arnold and I would then go to some near-by restaurant for dinner, then back to the apartment. Arnold would look over his next day's lines, then go to bed. At about 9:15, after I'd finished washing his socks (just like home, remember?), I'd tiptoe into the bedroom where he'd have fallen asleep sitting bolt upright—doing an imported *New York Times* crossword puzzle—nudge him and whisper, "Wake up and go to sleep, honey." He would then open one eye, put down the pencil and puzzle, and lie down—all purely by reflex action.

At that, Arnold was lucky he could sleep. Frank Sinatra told us one day that he would arrive home in a state of almost complete exhaustion, get into his pajamas, have his dinner on a tray, then go to sleep—for four hours. After that he'd be unable to sleep any more and, to combat the insomnia, he'd read.

"I have become," Frank said with a tired smile, "an expert on weather-casting. After I'd finished every book in the house, I found one about predicting weather trends. I thought a book on weather-casting would surely put me to sleep. But it didn't, and now I'm a specialist in cumulus clouds."

Of course, there were lighter moments. One evening during the rushes, we were watching a scene where *Frankie Machine*—whose big ambition is to become a band drummer—is showing his wife Zosh (played by Eleanor Parker) his new prowess as a musician. In the scene, he drums energetically for several minutes, then looks up and says, "How's that? How's that, Zosh?"

From the inky depths of the projection room, as he sat watching himself on the screen, Sinatra's voice rang out clearly, "Nothin'."

Every woman at one time or another, I imagine, has daydreamed about being taken over by one of those omnipotent studio make-up departments, being completely "redone," to emerge looking like Elizabeth Taylor. Something like that happened to me during my visit and, while I don't think Miss Taylor should lie awake nights worrying, I was very pleased with the outcome.

For several days after I had first started visiting the set, I had been aware of a tall, dark-haired man staring at me. Sometimes he would just stand there and stare glumly in my direction. Other times he would just shake his head sadly. Now I have always considered myself a fairly presentable specimen of womanhood (I wish I could say girlhood, but I can't any more), so finally I asked Arnold, "Who is that man over there? Did I say something to offend him?"

At that point, our stranger walked over and, poking a finger at me, said, "You be in make-up at nine o'clock tomorrow."

As it turned out, the finger-poker was Benny Lane, head make-up man for the picture, as well as many other top movies, including "Guys and Dolls." When I dutifully reported to the make-up the next

morning, Benny sat me down in front of a three-sectioned mirror under a light that illuminated every pore in my head. Then he proceeded to tell me how badly I was made up.

Oh, he said it very kindly, and I knew he was right, especially when he criticized my eyebrows. My eyebrows are quite sparse, and I thought that, with thin eyebrows, the only thing you had to do was fill them in. But still mine never looked right. They never looked like the graceful, winging things on the girls in *Vogue*.

So I sat in mute agony while Benny plucked them for forty-five minutes. At one point he took pity on me and offered the tweezers to me, but I waved them away nobly. I didn't have the courage to use them anyway.

Then Benny showed me how to use an eyebrow pencil sparingly, just over the tops of my brows. And how to brush them upwards, with a small eyebrow brush. I made out pretty well on my own with the eye shadow, mascara and powder base, but Benny taught me valuable things about lipstick and rouge.

Heretofore, I had been firmly convinced that rouge was passé—a relic of the flapper era—to be used only if you wanted

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to look like a circus clown. Benny cured me of that notion. First, he produced the largest-sized artist's brush—thirteen inches long!—with bristles that looked like a shorn-off horse's mane. He took this object, dabbed it ludicrously into a tiny, inch-square compact of dry rouge, then made one swift swipe with it on each of my cheekbones. The result was just a faint hint of color in my face, which further emphasized my eyes.

When we were all finished, my eyes—which I am very vain about anyway—looked larger and more deeply set. I thought the rest of my face looked awfully nice, too. Benny nodded, this time approvingly. But the *piece de resistance* of criticism was offered by Arnold—he whistled.

That afternoon Arnold and I had a date for lunch with Jack and Cynthia Lemmon and their baby Chris. After lunch, Arnold and Jack took turns holding Chris outside art supply stores throughout Brentwood and Westwood while, inside, Cynthia and I searched for a large artist's brush for my rouge.

I'm sure Jack and Arnold thought I was patently insane, but Cynthia—who is a wise girl as well as a beautiful blonde—was just as absorbed in the search as I was. "After all," she said sensibly, "it would be silly to be shown all those things and then go home and forget about them."

I have always believed that, whether

you happen to be plain or pretty, you're only as beautiful as your husband thinks you are. I am very lucky because my husband tells me I am beautiful at least once a day, sometimes twice. Arnold and I are generally quite uninhibited about letting people know we are happily married—which, incidentally, led to some difficulty when the picture started. In "Man," Arnold plays the part of *Sparrow*, who is not married. Consequently, his first day before the cameras, he was asked to take off his wedding ring. But Arnold maintained that he hadn't taken it off since September 21, 1949—the day we were married—and he wasn't going to take it off now. He got teased about it pretty unmercifully, but he won his point and, instead of removing the ring, he did the movie with a Band-Aid wrapped around his third finger, left hand.

When you're making a picture, Saturday night is the big night to go out in Hollywood, because you don't have to shoot on Sunday. That is, it's the big night to go out if you have the strength left—and if there's any place to go.

Contrary to the glittering, glamorous stories, Los Angeles is a very quiet town. There is no "legitimate" theatre to speak of, and no abundance of night clubs. People who have lived there for years frequently describe the night life as "dull." Those who have migrated from Manhattan, when quizzed on the subject, know better than to answer. But inevitably they roll their eyes in amazement and sigh.

Most of the fun is generated by people entertaining a few friends in their own home. Gene Kelly's Saturday-night gatherings, for instance, are a weekly institution—but Gene's "few" friends are likely to number twenty or thirty. Nobody is ever really invited, but if you know Gene and happen to be in town, you're kind of "expected."

Once, on a previous trip to the West Coast, Arnold and I stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel, which is just up the block from Gene's home. One weekday evening, as we drove past his house, I exclaimed to Arnold, "Holy Hannah, what are all those cars doing in front of Gene's on Wednesday?"

"That's easy," Arnold replied, "they're lining up for Saturday night."

An evening at the Kellys would permanently debunk, I imagine, any of those notions you might have about "wild" Hollywood parties. One recent Saturday night, Arnold and I walked in on a fairly typical group at Gene's: Judy Holliday, Betty Comden and Adolph Green (who've written many of Gene's pictures), choreographer Jerome Robbins, Ruth and Milton Berle, Sydney Chaplin, Arthur Loew, Jr., plus a host of others.

Some of those present were dressed quite informally, but many were in fairly formal dinner clothes. Everyone sat around talking and having a quiet drink, waiting for the big attraction of the evening: at eleven o'clock they were all going to watch an old Charlie Chan movie on television.

As a matter of fact, when I got back to New Rochelle, I would have liked to have deflated a lot of ideas people have about Hollywood. I would have liked to have told everyone what a relatively sedate community it really is. But the morning I turned up at school again and began talking eagerly to the other mothers, now sleekly storm-coated, I realized with a start that I was back in my dungarees (I still had one wall in four-year-old Deborah's room to finish), and that they would never believe I had even been to Hollywood, much less that I had any rights to any opinions about the place.

THE END



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